

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HD WIDENER



HW NQCU B

280.830.270



Harvard College Library

FROM

*The Harvard
Divinity Library*

THE

ELOCUTIONIST,

CONSISTING OF

DECLAMATIONS AND READINGS,

IN PROSE AND POETRY;

FOR THE USE OF COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS.

BY JONATHAN BARBER,
Late Instructor in Elocution in Yale and Harvard Universities.

SECOND EDITION.



Yale College.

NEW-HAVEN: A. H. MALTBY.

**NEW-YORK: COLLINS, KEESE & CO., N. & J. WHITE, AND LEAVITT,
 LORD, & CO.—BOSTON: GOULD, KENDALL, & LINCOLN.—
 PHILADELPHIA: GRIGG & ELLIOT.—ALBANY: OLIVER
 STEELE.—BALTIMORE: CUSHING & SONS.—
 CINCINNATI: TRUMAN & SMITH.**

1836.

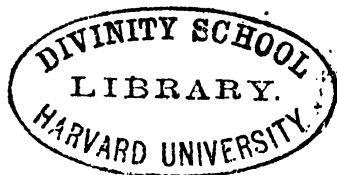
9280.830:270

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
TRANSFERRED FROM THE
HARVARD DIVINITY LIBRARY

Nov. 27, 1926

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1836,
BY A. H. MALTBY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Connecticut.

HITCHCOCK & STAFFORD, PRINTERS.



PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE pieces contained in "THE ELOCUTIONIST" have been selected as exercises in public speaking and reading, with a special view to the improvement of classes in colleges and schools.

The selections are divided into DECLAMATIONS, READINGS, POETRY, AND DIALOGUES.

Extracts for declamation should possess UNITY, FORCE, and BREVITY. Without the first and second of these qualities, they will be deficient in interest; and students are apt to shrink from the task of committing *long* pieces to memory. But the compiler has not, systematically, curtailed the flow of eloquent argument, merely to propitiate indolence; nor has he meted out every extract by a uniform number of lines, that the book may *look* sufficiently like other manuals *adapted to the use of schools*. He has, however, consulted brevity whenever it was compatible with an adequate exhibition of the argumentative power and eloquence of the author, and has never so far lost sight of it as to impose an unreasonable task on the memory of the student.

The declamations, generally, will be found to consist of business-like, practical oratory, and to present, (unless the compiler's taste has greatly misled him,) some of the finest specimens of English and American eloquence. In the readings, variety has been aimed at, and the exclusion of every thing objectionable in sentiment, and language. They are grouped according to their respective subjects and style, and embrace narrative, descriptive, argumentative, humorous and solemn composition. In the present edition, the attempt has been made to render this compilation more perfectly adapted to its objects, by considerable changes in its contents. These changes, the compiler hopes, will be thought improvements. He has endeavored to make the work as much as possible an *unobjectionable* compilation. With this view, he has removed all pieces that seemed to him liable to any objection, whether on sectional, political, or religious grounds.

He has also withdrawn some others, which, by frequent repetition in works of this kind, have become too hackneyed for his purpose. The vacancies thus caused, he has filled chiefly with new matter, not yet commonly introduced into our selections. In the former edition, the pieces generally were divided into short and nearly equal paragraphs. This course was adopted on account of the convenience it was thought likely to afford both to the teacher and to the class, in the exercise of reading. A greater evil was however found to result from it. The more important paragraphic transitions of the voice, which the sense required, were often necessarily lost sight of. The original unequal division of the paragraphs has for this reason been restored in this edition.

The compiler would advise students not to attempt the *recitation* of the speeches until they can *read* them in an impressive manner. He would further remark, that, it is not by running over *many* pieces in a short time, but by the frequent repetition of a few, until their intonation is impressed upon the ear, and intimately associated with the sense in the mind, that the art of elocution will be most speedily acquired.

CAMBRIDGE, April, 1836.

TO THE

REV. CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, A. M.

Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Yale College.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to commend the following selections to your notice, and to request your acceptance of them as an intimation of my respectful sentiments towards you.

My temper does not dispose me to flattery—nor do I offer any in saying, that, you have a claim to the grateful thanks of those who desire to see that branch of rhetoric which relates to DELIVERY, assume an elevated rank in public estimation. You appreciate the importance of elocution. You perceive the immense accession it might be made to bring to the force of eloquent composition, and you do not conceal your opinion. Your labors have been steadily devoted to the improvement of the students in Yale College, in the art of public speaking, and those labors *have* raised the art in that Institution above the usual standard. You had, moreover, adopted an original and ingenious method of analyzing written language, of great practical importance to the art of delivery, when little or no light was to be derived, as to this particular, from books on elocution. Thus qualified yourself, you liberally encouraged foreign aid, when you thought it would be useful to the

College. Such facts might seem very properly to ex-
tort from me these acknowledgments, if I did not make
them, as I do, with grateful pleasure.

I am, Sir, with esteem and consideration,
your obedient servant,

JONATHAN BARBER.

NEW-HAVEN, July 16, 1829.

CONTENTS.

DECLAMATIONS.

	Page.
I.—Remarks of Mr. Clinton in the senate of the United States, on threats of disunion among the States, - - -	13
II.—Extract from Mr. Madison's speech on the federal constitution, - - -	14
III.—On the dissolution of the Irish parliament, - - -	16
IV.—Speech of Mr. Plunket, on the competency of the Irish parliament to pass the measure of union between Ireland and England, - - -	18
V.—Further continuation of the argument, - - -	20
VI.—Reply of Mr. Pitt to the charge of youthful inexperience, - - -	23
VII.—Apostrophe to the Queen of France, - - -	25
VIII.—On conciliation with America, - - -	26
IX.—Address to the surviving soldiers of the revolution, - - -	28
X.—Mr. Hamilton's speech on the federal constitution, - - -	30
XI.—Morality essential to true greatness, - - -	32
XII.—Supposed speech of John Adams, - - -	34
XIII.—Extract from Mirabeau's speech on Neckar's Finance, - - -	37
XIV.—Erskine's speech on Paine's Age of Reason, - - -	39
XV.—Lord Chatham's speech in the house of lords, on the address to the throne, Nov. 18, 1777, - - -	43
XVI.—Speech of Patrick Henry, - - -	47
XVII.—Hamlet's address to the players, - - -	50
XVIII.—Curran for Finnerty the printer, - - -	51
XIX.—Extract from Mr. Webster's speech on the Greek revolution, - - -	54

XX.—Extract from a speech of Mr. Burke's on Junius,	-	55
XXI.—Reply of lord Thurlow to the duke of Grafton,	-	56
XXII.—Extract from the plea of Thomas Muir, esq.	-	57
XXIII.—On dueling,	-	59
XXIV.—Erskine for Cuthell,	-	60
XXV.—Curran's remarks on Armstrong,	-	62
XXVI.—Duty of a member of parliament,	-	64
XXVII.—Tribute to the enterprising spirit of the New-England colonists,	-	65
XXVIII.—Mr. Burke's opinion relative to the right of taxing America,	-	67
XXIX.—Mr. Ames on the British treaty,	-	68
XXX.—Extract from a speech of Mr. Fox on the French war,	-	70
XXXI.—Curran on the employment and character of Informers,	-	71
XXXII.—Unprecedented growth of American population,	-	73
XXXIII.—Rapid growth of America,	-	74
XXXIV.—Speech of Philips for a gardener,	-	76
XXXV.—On an address to the throne,	-	82
XXXVI.—Extract from general Washington's address to the American army, in 1783,	-	84
XXXVII.—Speech of Mr. James Otis,	-	86
XXXVIII.—Extract from an appeal to the Irish parliament,	-	88
XXXIX.—Col. Barre's speech on the stamp-act bill,	-	90
XL.—Extract from Mr. Quincey's speech on foreign relations,	-	91
XLI.—Extract from a speech of Mr. Fox in the British parliament,	-	93
XLII.—Extract from the speech of Sir James Mackintosh,	-	97
XLIII.—Extracts from Erskine's speech for Stockdale,	-	100
XLIV.—Hyder Ali,	-	109
XLV.—Advantages of an English origin,	-	112
XLVI.—Destruction of Scio,	-	114
XLVII.—Potent agency of steam,	-	115
XLVIII.—Conclusion of Rev. Robert Hall's sermon before the volunteers of Bristol, in the prospect of invasion by France,	-	117
XLIX.—On the death of Hamilton,	-	119
L.—The upright lawyer,	-	121
LI.—Characteristics of a christian patriot,	-	123
LII.—Secrets of guilt never safe from detection,	-	125

LIII.—Redgauntlet's address to his nephew,	-	-	128
LIV.—Falstaff's ragged regiment,	-	-	131
LV.—Reply of Rob Roy McGregor to Mr. Osbaldistone,	-	-	132
LVI.—The philosophy of hatred,	-	-	134
LVII.—The miseries of war,	-	-	136
LVIII.—Defence of J. A. Williams;	-	-	139
LIX.—On atheism,	-	-	140
LX.—The present systems of education defective,	-	-	142

READINGS.

LXI.—Conclusion of Dr. Rush's chapter on the mode of instruction in elocution,	-	-	-	145
LXII.—Industry necessary to the attainment of eloquence,	-	-	-	147
LXIII.—Discovery of America by Columbus,	-	-	-	149
LXIV.—Execution of the earl of Argyle,	-	-	-	156
LXV.—Battle of Hastings,	-	-	-	158
LXVI.—Description of Cadiz,	-	-	-	162
LXVII.—Character of Cromwell,	-	-	-	163
LXVIII.—Character of Howard,	-	-	-	167
LXIX.—Character of Cowper's poetry,	-	-	-	169
LXX.—Anecdotes of Mozart,	-	-	-	173
LXXI.—Influence of the natural laws on the happiness of individuals,	-	-	-	176
LXXII.—Same subject continued,	-	-	-	183
LXXIII.—On happiness of temper,	-	-	-	187
LXXIV.—Description of a tournament,	-	-	-	190
LXXV.—Animated description of a battle,	-	-	-	196
LXXVI.—Interview between Waverly and Fergus Mac-Ivor, at Carlisle, previous to the execution of the latter,	-	-	-	200
LXXVII.—Death of Morris, the Spy,	-	-	-	205
LXXVIII.—Funeral of Steenie Mucklebackit,	-	-	-	208
LXXIX.—Post-office in Fairport,	-	-	-	216
LXXX.—Destruction of a family of the Pilgrims by the Pequod Indians,	-	-	-	223
LXXXI.—Stage-coach,	-	-	-	231
LXXXII.—Diedrich Knickerbocker's New-England farmer,	-	-	-	235
LXXXIII.—Not at home,	-	-	-	237

LXXXIV.—Case of Lord Mansfield's wig,	239
LXXXV.—The mice,	244
LXXXVI.—A state of probation considered with reference to Divine goodness,	245
LXXXVII.—The telescope and microscope,	249
LXXXVIII.—On sincerity,	250
LXXXIX.—Religion the only basis of society,	252
XC.—Without God in the world,	253
XCI.—On gaming,	255
XCII.—Mementos of the instability of human existence,	257
XCIII.—Effects of the bible on the intellectual character,	261
XCIV.—On the memory of our fathers.	264
XCV.—Revelations, Chapter v.	266
XCVI.—Psalm cxxxix.	267

POETRY.

XCVII.—Ode to Disappointment,	268
XCVIII.—Lucy,	270
XCIX.—Grave of the mother of Washington,	271
C.—Ode sung at the funeral of Dr. Spurzheim,	273
CI.—To a waterfowl,	274
CII.—The Chevalier's lament,	275
CHL.—Nourmahal,	275
CIV.—Catherina,	276
CV.—The Old Man,	278
CVI.—On Prayer,	280
CVII.—What is Time,	281
CVIII.—The Poplar Field,	282
CIX.—Elegy in a country church yard,	283
CX.—Inscription for the entrance into a wood,	286
CXI.—Gertrude,	287
CXII.—Greece,	289
CXIII.—Against Procrastination,	290
CXIV.—Discipline,	291
CXV.—The Apostrophe to Light,	294
CXVI.—The Millennium,	295
CXVII.—Morning Hymn,	297

CXVIII.—Address to the Ocean,	-	-	-	299
CXIX.—The Thunder Storm,	-	-	-	301
CXX.—Address to a Mummy,	-	-	-	303
CXXI.—To a Musquito,	-	-	-	305
CXXII.—Frost,	-	-	-	307
CXXIII.—Epistle to Joseph Hill, esq.	-	-	-	308
CXXIV.—The Cameleon,	-	-	-	310
CXXV.—Report of an adjudged case,	-	-	-	312
CXXVI.—Paper, a conversational pleasantry,	-	-	-	313
CXXVII.—The country Bumpkin and Razor seller,	-	-	-	314
CXXVIII.—The Gascon Pensant and the Flies,	-	-	-	316
CXXIX.—Lodgings for Single Gentlemen,	-	-	-	318
CXXX.—The fat Actor and the Rustic.	-	-	-	320
CXXXI.—The Old Cheese,	-	-	-	321
CXXXII.—The March to Moscow,	-	-	-	323
CXXXIII.—The New Castle Apothecary,	-	-	-	326
CXXXIV.—The Modest Retort,	-	-	-	328
CXXXV.—To a Pig,	-	-	-	329
CXXXVI.—Hotspur's Description of a Fop,	-	-	-	331
CXXXVII.—The Sailor Boy's dream,	-	-	-	332
CXXXVIII.—The battle of Blenheim,	-	-	-	334
CXXXIX.—The Isles of Greece,	-	-	-	336
CXL.—Ode to Madness,	-	-	-	338
CXLI.—Funeral of Arvalan,	-	-	-	341
CXLII.—Casabianca,	-	-	-	347
CXLIII.—Marco Bozzaris,	-	-	-	348
CXLIV.—Hohenlinden,	-	-	-	350
CXLV.—Satan calling the Fallen Angels,	-	-	-	351
CXLVI.—Othello's Address to the Senate,	-	-	-	353
CXLVII.—Speech of Henry V. before Harfleur,	-	-	-	354
CXLVIII.—Antony's Funeral Oration,	-	-	-	356
CXLIX.—Antony's Address to Cæsar's body,	-	-	-	358
CL.—Meeting of Satan and Death at the gate of Hell,	-	-	-	359

DIALOGUES.

CLI.—Scene from the Tragedy of King John,	-	-	362
CLII.—Tent scene between Brutus and Cassius,	-	-	366
CLIII.—Coriolanus and Aufidius,	-	-	370

CLIV.—Cardinal Wolsey and Cromwell,	-	-	-	373
CLV.—Hamlet and Horatio,	-	-	-	376
CLVI.—Antonio and Shylock,	-	-	-	379
CLVII.—Hamlet, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,	-	-	-	383
CLVIII.—Prince Henry and Falstaff,	-	-	-	385
CLIX.—Dogberry and Verges setting the Watch,	-	-	-	390

THE ELOCUTIONIST.

I.

REMARKS OF MR. CLINTON IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, ON THREATS OF DISUNION AMONG THE STATES.

Mr. Speaker—THE mover of the bill has menaced us with an insurrection of the western States. Such threats are doubly improper—improper as they respect the persons to whom they are addressed, because we are not to be terrified from the performance of our duty by menaces of any kind, from whatever quarter they may proceed; and it is no less improper to represent our western brethren as a lawless, unprincipled banditti, who would at once release themselves from the wholesome restraints of law and order; forego the sweets of liberty; and either renounce the blessings of self-government, or like the Goths and Vandals, pour down with the irresistible force of a torrent upon the countries below, and carry havoc and desolation in their train. A separation by a mountain, and a different outlet into the Atlantic, cannot create any natural collision between the Atlantic and western States: on the contrary, they are bound together by a community of interests, and a similarity of language and manners; by the ties of consanguinity and friendship, and a sameness of principles. There is no reflecting and well principled man in this country, who can view the severance of the States without horror; and who does not consider it as a Pandora's box which will overwhelm us with every calamity: and it has struck me with not a little astonishment, that on the agitation of almost every great political question, we should be menaced with this evil.

Last session, when a bill repealing a judiciary act was under consideration, we were told that the *eastern* States would withdraw themselves from the Union, if it should obtain; and we are now informed, that if we do not accede to the proposition before us, the *western* States will hoist the standard of revolt and dismember the empire. Sir, these threats are calculated to produce the evil they predict, and they may possibly approximate the spirit they pretend to warn us against: they are at all times unnecessary, at all times improper, at all times mischievous, and ought never to be mentioned within these walls. If there be a portion of the United States peculiarly attached to republican government and the present administration, I should select the western States as that portion. To represent a people so republican, so enlightened, and so firm in their principles, as ready, without any adequate cause, (for no government could watch over their interests with more paternal solicitude than the present, upon the present question,) to violate their plighted faith and political integrity, to detach themselves from the government they love, and to throw themselves under the protection of nations, whose political systems are entirely repugnant to their own, requires an extent of credulity rarely equaled, certainly never surpassed.

II.

EXTRACT FROM MR. MADISON'S SPEECH ON THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

Mr. Speaker—It is urged, that the consolidated nature of the federal constitution, joined to the power of direct taxation, will give it a tendency to destroy all subordinate authority; that its increasing influence will speedily enable it to absorb the State governments. I

cannot bring myself to think that this will be the case. If the general government were wholly independent of the governments of the particular States, then, indeed, usurpation might be expected to the fullest extent : but, sir, on whom does this general government depend ? It derives its authority from these governments, and from the same sources from which their authority is derived. The members of the federal government are taken from the same men from whom those of the State legislatures are taken. If we consider the mode in which the federal representatives will be chosen, we shall be convinced, that the general will never destroy the individual governments ; and this conviction must be strengthened by an attention to the construction of the Senate. The representatives will be chosen, probably under the influence of the members of the State legislatures : but there is not the least probability that the election of the latter will be influenced by the former. One hundred and sixty members representing this commonwealth in one branch of the legislature, are drawn from the people at large, and must ever possess more influence than the few men who will be elected to the general legislature. Those who wish to become federal representatives, must depend on their credit with that class of men who will be the most popular in their counties, who generally represent the people in the State governments : they can, therefore, never succeed in any measure contrary to the wishes of those on whom they depend. So that on the whole, it is almost certain, that the deliberations of the members of the federal House of Representatives, will be directed to the interests of the people of America. As to the other branch, the Senators will be appointed by the legislatures, and though elected for six years, I do not conceive they will so soon forget the source from whence they derive their political existence. This election of one branch of the federal, by the State legislatures, secures an absolute dependence of the former on the latter. The biennial exclusion of one

third, will lessen the facility of a combination, and preclude all likelihood of intrigues. I appeal to our past experience, whether they will attend to the interests of their constituent States. Have not those gentlemen who have been honored with seats in Congress, often signalized themselves by their attachment to their States? Sir, I pledge myself that this government will answer the expectations of its friends, and foil the apprehensions of its enemies.

III.

ON THE DISSOLUTION OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Plunket.

Mr. Speaker—I ask the minister what there is in the theory he has advanced to be set against the proof from experience, that a common king and separate parliaments produce a good practical system of liberty and connexion? The two parliaments may clash! So in Great Britain may *king* and *parliament*; but we see they never *do* so injuriously.

This proposition to transfer our legislative rights to England is, under all its circumstances, the most extravagant demand ever made by one nation from another. Ireland, a happy little island, with a population of between four and five millions of people—hardy, gallant, and enthusiastic—possessed of all the means of civilization—agriculture and commerce well pursued and understood—laws well arranged and administered—a constitution fully recognized and established; her revenues, her trade, her manufactures thriving beyond the hope or example of any other country of her extent, within these few years advancing with a rapidity astonishing even to herself; not complaining of her deficiency in any of these respects, but enjoying and acknowledging

her prosperity, is called upon to surrender them all to the control, of whom? To a great and powerful continent, to whom nature intended her as an appendage? To a mighty people, totally exceeding her in all calculation of territory and population? No—but to another happy little island, placed beside her in the bosom of the Atlantic, of little more than double her territory and population, and possessing resources not nearly so superior to her wants; and this too an island, which has grown great and prosperous, and happy, by the very same advantages which Ireland enjoys—a free and independent constitution, and the protection of a domestic superintendent parliament. The wealth, and power, and dignity of Great Britain, (in which no man rejoices more sincerely than I do) are the most irresistible arguments against an union—a little clod of earth, by the enjoyment of freedom, has generated strength and wealth, and majesty; she has reared her head above the waters, and has dictated to the unwieldly, lethargic despotisms, and to the unripened, servile dependencies of Europe.

For the present constitution I am ready to make any sacrifice—I have proved it. For British *connexion* I am ready to lay down my life—my actions have proved it—But why? Because I consider that connexion essential to the *freedom* of Ireland? I do not hesitate to declare, that if the madness of the revolutionist should tell me you must *sacrifice* British connexion, I would adhere to that connexion in preference to the *independence* of my country; but I have as little hesitation in saying, that if the wanton ambition of a minister should assault the freedom of Ireland (and compel me to the alternative,) I would fling the connexion to the winds, and I would clasp the independence of my country to my heart. I trust the virtue and wisdom of the Irish parliament and people will prevent that dreadful alternative from arising—if it should come, be the guilt of it on the heads of those who make it necessary.

IV.

SPEECH OF MR. PLUNKET, ON THE COMPETENCY OF THE
IRISH PARLIAMENT TO PASS THE MEASURE OF UNION
BETWEEN IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

Sir—I in the most express terms deny the *competency* of Parliament to abolish the Legislature of Ireland. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution—I tell you, that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass an act which surrenders the government of Ireland to the English parliament, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me, to take down my words;—you have not been elected for this purpose—you are appointed to make *laws* and not *legislatures*—you are appointed to *act under* the constitution, not to *alter* it—you are appointed to *exercise* the functions of legislators, and *not to transfer them*—and if you do so, your act is a *dissolution* of the government—you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Sir, I state doctrines which are not merely founded in the immutable laws of justice and of truth. I state not merely the opinions of the ablest men who have written on the science of government, but I state the practice of our constitution as settled at the era of the revolution, and I state the doctrine under which the house of Hanover derives its title to the throne. Has the king a right to transfer his crown? Is he competent to annex it to the crown of Spain or any other country? No—but he may abdicate it; and every man who knows the constitution knows the consequence; the right reverts to the next in succession—if they all abdicate, it reverts to the people. The man who questions this doctrine, in the same breath, must arraign the sovereign on the throne as an usurper. Are you competent to transfer

your legislative rights to the French council of five hundred? Are you competent to transfer them to the British parliament? I answer, no. When you transfer you abdicate, and the great original trust reverts to the people from whom it issued. Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish—it is enthroned in the hearts of the people—it is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution—it is immortal as the island which it protects—as well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should extinguish his eternal soul. Again, I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power. Sir, I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution. Whenever such a case arises it must be decided on its own merits—but that is not this case. If government considers this a season peculiarly fitted for *experiments* on the constitution, they may call on the people. I ask you, are you ready to do so? Are you ready to abide the event of such an appeal? What is it you must in that event submit to the people? Not this particular project, for if you dissolve the present form of government, they become free to choose any other—you fling them to the fury of the tempest—you must call on them to unhouse themselves of the established constitution, and to fashion to themselves another. I ask again, is this the time for an experiment of that nature?

Thank God, the people have manifested no such wish—so far as they have spoken, their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favor, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom; if you knew how to appreciate that silence, it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition—you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the

peal of the thunder! But, sir, we are told we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am told I should be calm, composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned in such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gewgaws, fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! we see a PERRY re-ascending from the tomb and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man, are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

V.

FURTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ARGUMENT.

Mr. Speaker—Let me ask you, how was the rebellion of 1798 put down? By the zeal and loyalty of the gentlemen of Ireland rallying around—what? a reed shaken by the winds? a wretched apology for a minister who neither knew how to give or where to seek protection? No—but round the *laws and constitution and independence of the country*. What were the *affections and motives* that called us into action? To protect our families, our properties and our liberties. What were the *antipathies* by which we were excited? Our abhorrence of French principles and French ambition. What was it to us that France was a republic? I rather

rejoiced when I saw the ancient despotism of France put down. What was it to us that she dethroned her monarch? I admired the virtue and wept for the sufferings of the man, but as a nation it affected us not. The reason I took up arms, and am ready still to bear them against France, is because she intruded herself upon our domestic concerns—because, with the rights of man and the love of freedom on her tongue, I see that she has the lust of dominion in her heart—because, wherever she has placed her foot she has erected her throne, and that to be her friend or her ally is to be her tributary or her slave.

Let me ask, is the present conduct of the British minister calculated to augment or to transfer the antipathy we have felt against that country. Sir, I will be bold to say, that licentious and impious France, in all the unrestrained excesses which anarchy and atheism have given birth to, has not committed a more insidious act against her enemy than is now attempted by the professed champion of civilized Europe against a friend and an ally in the hour of her calamity and distress—at a moment when our country is filled with British troops—when the loyal men of Ireland are fatigued with their exertions to put down rebellion—efforts in which they had succeeded before these troops arrived—whilst our Habeas Corpus Act is suspended—whilst trials by court martial are carrying on in many parts of the kingdom—whilst the people are taught to think that they have no right to meet or deliberate, and whilst the great body of them are so palsied by their fears, and worn down by their exertions, that even the vital question is scarcely able to rouse them from their lethargy—at a moment when we are distracted by domestic dissensions—*dissensions artfully kept alive* as the pretext for our present subjugation and the instrument of our future thralldom!! These are the circumstances in which the English government seeks to merge the national legislature of Ireland in her own.

Sir, I thank the administration for attempting this measure. They are, without intending it, putting an end to our dissensions—through this black cloud which they have collected over us, I see the light breaking in upon this unfortunate country. They have composed our dissension—not by fomenting the embers of a lingering and subdued rebellion—not by halooing the Protestant against the Catholic and the Catholic against the Protestant—not by committing the north against the south,—not by inconsistent appeals to local or to party prejudices—no—but by the avowal of this atrocious conspiracy against the liberties of Ireland, they have subdued every petty and subordinate distinction. They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject, and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution and merge every consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence, and with the last drop of my blood ; and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar, and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.—Sir, I shall not detain you by pursuing this question through the topics which it so abundantly offers. I should be proud to think my name might be handed to posterity in the same roll with those disinterested patriots who have successfully resisted the enemies of their country—successfully I trust it will be—in all events I have my “exceeding great reward”—I shall bear in my heart the consciousness of having done my duty, and in the hour of death I shall not be haunted by the reflection of having basely sold, or meanly abandoned, the liberties of my native land. Can every man who gives his vote on the other side, this night lay his hand upon his heart and make the same declaration? *I hope so*—it will be well for his own peace—the indignation and

abhorrence of his countrymen will not accompany him through life, and the curses of his children will not follow him to his grave.

VI.

REPLY OF MR. PITT, (THE LATE EARL OF CHATHAM,) TO THE CHARGE OF YOUTHFUL INEXPERIENCE, AND THEATRICAL ANIMATION.

This illustrious father of English Oratory, having expressed himself, in the House of Commons, with his accustomed energy, in opposition to one of the measures then in agitation, his speech produced an answer from Mr. WALPOLE, who, in the course of it, said, "Formidable sounds, and furious declamation, confident assertions, and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the honorable gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments." And he made use of some expressions, such as vehemence of gesture, theatrical emotion, &c., applying them to Mr. PITT's manner of speaking. As soon as Mr. WALPOLE sat down, Mr. PITT got up and replied:

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny: but content myself with wishing—that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth; and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining—but surely, age may become justly contemptible,—if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to

prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch that, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder—and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more is he to be abhorred—who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation: who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remainder of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.

A theatrical part, may either imply—some peculiarities of gesture,—or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty (like every other man) to use my own language: and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition,—yet to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, or very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien; however matured by age, or modeled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain: nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves; nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment: age, which always brings one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But—with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion—that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal

for the service of my country, which neither hope, nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded ; nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors (at whatever hazard) to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice—what power soever may protect the villany, and whoever may partake of the plunder.

VII.

APOSTROPHE TO THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.—*Burke.*

SIR, it is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles ; and surely, never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in :—glittering, like the morning star ; full of life, and splendor, and joy.

Oh ! what a revolution !—and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall ! Little did I dream—that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom ;—little did I dream—that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, —in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded ; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex,—that proud submission,—that dignified obedience,—that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap de-

fense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone ! It is gone,—that sensibility of principle,—that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound;—which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity,—which ennobled whatever it touched ; and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness.

VIII.

ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.—*Burke.*

Mr. Speaker—For national service of whatever kind, whether of revenue, trade, or empire, my trust is in the *interest* of the colonies in the British constitution. My hold of them is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties, which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government ; they will cling and grapple to you ; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another ; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation ; the cement is gone ; the cohesion is loosened ; and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution.

As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have. The more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have any where. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia. But until

you become lost to all feelings of your true interest and your national dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation which binds to you the commerce of the colonies, and through them secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond, which originally made, and must still preserve the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, your cockets and your clearances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government, dead instruments, passive tools as they are ; it is the spirit of the English constitution that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies, every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member. Is it not the same virtue which does every thing for us here in England? Do you imagine then, that it is the land tax which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply, which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people—it is their attachment to their government from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians who have no place among us ; a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross

and material ; and who therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence, are in truth every thing, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom ; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. Let us get an American revenue as we have got an American empire. English privileges have made it all that it is ; English privileges alone will make it all that it can be.

IX.

ADDRESS TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

Daniel Webster.

VENERABLE MEN ! you have come down to us, from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now, where you stood, fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers, and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered ! The same heavens are indeed over your heads ; the same ocean rolls at your feet ; but all else, how changed ! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and the dying ; the impetuous charge ; the steady and successful repulse ; the loud call to repeated assaults ; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance ; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death ;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and coun-

trymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with an universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amidst this broken band: You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance, and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived, at least, long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of liberty you saw arise the light of peace, like

"another morn,
Ris'n on mid-noon;"

and the sky, on which you closed your eyes, was cloudless.

But—ah!--him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands; whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his

own spirit ; Him ! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom ; falling, ere he saw the star of his country rise ; pouring out his generous blood, like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage ! how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name !——Our poor work may perish ; but thine shall endure ! This monument may moulder away ; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea ; but thy memory shall not fail ! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found, that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit !

X.

MR. HAMILTON'S SPEECH ON THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

A proposition to amend the constitution was brought before the convention, the object of which was, materially to abridge the power proposed to be conferred upon Congress, relative to imposing excise and laying direct taxes, in opposition to which, Mr. Hamilton delivered a speech, from which the following extract is taken :

Mr. Speaker—When we have formed a constitution upon free principles ; when we have given a proper balance to the different branches of administration, and fixed representation upon pure and equal principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government. The great *desiderata* are a free representation, and mutual checks. When these are obtained, all our apprehensions of the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary.

What then is the structure of this constitution ? one branch of the legislature is to be elected by the people

—by the same people who choose your state representatives. Its members are to hold their office two years, and then to return to their constituents. Here, sir, the people govern : here they act by their immediate representatives. You have also a senate, constituted by your state legislatures—by men, in whom you place the highest confidence, and forming another representative branch. Then, again, you have an executive magistrate, created by a form of election, which merits universal admiration. In the form of this government, and in the mode of legislation, you find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers, have ever conceived. What more can reasonable men desire? Is there any one branch in which the whole legislative and executive powers are lodged? No. The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, properly balanced : the executive authority is divided between two branches ; and the judicial is still reserved for an independent body, who hold their offices during good behavior. This organization is so complex, so skillfully contrived, that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass the great scrutiny with success. Now, what do gentlemen mean, by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say we ought to limit its powers, to disable it, and to destroy its capacity of blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested—has experience taught, that such a government ought not to be trusted with every thing necessary for the good of society? Sir, when you have divided and nicely balanced the departments of government ; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interest ; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms can be—you must place confidence ; you must give power.

XI.

MORALITY ESSENTIAL TO TRUE GREATNESS.—*Story's Discourse on the Character of Marshall.*

Of the great men who have appeared in the world, many have been distinguished by the splendor of their birth or station; many by the boldness or variety of their achievements; and many by peculiarities of genius or conduct, which, from the extraordinary contrasts presented by them, have awakened the curiosity, or gratified the love of novelty, of the giddy multitude. I know not how it has happened, but so, I fear, the fact will be found to be, that high moral qualities are rarely the passport to extensive popular favor or renown. Nay, a calm and steady virtue, which acts temperately and wisely, and never plunges into indiscretion or extravagance, is but too often confounded with dullness or frigidity of temperament. It seems as if it were deemed the prerogative, if not the attribute, of genius, to indulge itself in eccentricities, and to pass from one extreme to another, leaving behind it the dark impressions of its vices or its follies. The deeper movements of the soul, in the inmost workings of its thoughts, are supposed to display themselves, like volcanoes in the natural world, by occasional explosions, which awe, but at the same time excite, the crowd of eager spectators. They are struck with admiration of what they do not comprehend; and mistake their own emotions for the presence of superior power. They are bewildered by the shifting exhibition, alternately of brilliant deeds, and debasing passions, of intellectual efforts of transcendent energy, and paradoxes of overwrought ingenuity; and being unable to fathom the motives or sources of such anomalies, they confound extravagance with enterprise, and the dreams of wild ambition with lofty and well considered designs.

And yet, if there is any thing taught us, either by the precepts of christianity, or the history of our race,

it is, that true greatness is inseparable from sound morals; that the highest wisdom is but another name for the highest talents; that the genius, which burns with a pure and regulated flame, throws far and wide its beneficent light to guide and cheer us; while occasional corruscations serve only to perplex and betray us, or (to borrow the language of poetry) serve but to make the surrounding darkness more visible. The calm and patient researches of Newton and Locke have conferred far more lasting benefits on mankind, than all the achievements of all the mere heroes and conquerors of ancient or modern times. One patriot, like Epaminondas, Scipio, or Washington, outweighs a host of Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons. The fame of Justinian, as a fortunate possessor of the imperial purple, would have long since faded into an almost evanescent point in history, if his memorable codes of jurisprudence had not secured him an enviable immortality, by the instruction which they have imparted to the legislation of all succeeding times. He, who has been enabled by the force of his talents, and the example of his virtues, to identify his own character with the solid interests and happiness of his country; he, who has lived long enough to stamp the impressions of his own mind upon the age, and has left on record lessons of wisdom for the study and improvement of all posterity; he, I say, has attained all that a truly great man aims at, and all that a truly great man should aspire to. He has erected a monument to his memory in the hearts of men. Their gratitude will perpetually, though it may be silently, breathe forth his praises; and the voluntary homage paid to his name will speak a language more intelligible and more universal, than any epitaph inscribed on Parian marble, or any image wrought out by the cunning hands of sculpture.

XII.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN SUPPORT OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—*Daniel Webster.*

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up the war? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be

raised, for defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded, by submitting to the course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before

them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army, every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed or honor. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake

upon it; and I leave off as I begun, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence *now*; and **INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.**

XIII.

EXTRACT FROM MIRABEAU'S SPEECH ON NECKAR'S PLAN OF FINANCE.

The following is considered one of Mirabeau's most powerful speeches. He proposes to adopt *without examination* a scheme of M. Neckar, recommending among other *desperate* measures, a property tax of five per cent. His argument is the peril of national bankruptcy.

Gentlemen—We have heard a great many violent speeches; I shall endeavor to direct your attention to a few simple questions, and *earnestly entreat you to listen to them*. Has not the Minister of finances drawn a most alarming picture of our present situation? Has he not told you that delay must aggravate the evil—that a day—an hour—a moment—may render it irremediable? Have we any other plan to substitute for the one he proposes? One of this assembly answers, yes! I conjure that member to recollect that his plan is unknown, that it would require time to explain and examine it, that were it now in discussion, its author may perhaps be mistaken; or if not, that we may think he is, and that, without the concurrence of public opinion, the greatest possible talents would be of no avail in the present circumstances. I, too, am far from thinking that Mr. Neckar has proposed the best possible ways and means; but God forbid that at this critical moment I should place my views in opposition to his. However preferable I may think them, I know that it is in vain for me

to pretend to his prodigious popularity, the reward of such distinguished services, to his long experience, to his reputation of the first financier in Europe, or to the singular and unprecedented good fortune, which has marked his career, more perhaps than that of any former statesman.

We must therefore come back to the plan of Mr. Neckar. But why adopt it without deliberation? Do you think, then, that we have time to examine it in detail, to discuss the principles, and go over all the calculations? No, no, a thousand times no. We can only propose insignificant questions and superficial conjectures. What, then, shall we do by deliberating? Lose the decisive moment, involve ourselves in disputes about the details of a scheme, which we really do not understand, diminish, by our idle meddlings, the minister's credit, which is and ought to be greater than our own! Gentlemen, this course is both impolitic and dishonest. I would ask those, who seem to be accustoming themselves to the idea of bankruptcy, in preference to excessive taxes, whether a NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY is not itself the most cruel, the most unjust, the most ruinous of all possible taxes? Two centuries of misgovernment have opened a gulf of ruin, which threatens *immediate destruction to the monarchy*. This gulf **MUST BE CLOSED**. Take, then, the list of the proprietors of the country; and select a certain number, whose property shall be sacrificed to pay the public debt. Choose the richest, that as few citizens as possible may be ruined; but be sure to choose enough. Here are two thousand individuals, who have sufficient property among them to make up the *deficit*. Strike; exterminate the whole; plunge them into the abyss; it will then close; the finances will be restored to order, and the kingdom to peace and prosperity. You recoil with horror from this idea; and yet, you do not perceive, that in decreeing a national bankruptcy, or what is still worse, in making it inevitable without decreeing it, you

disgrace yourselves by an act a thousand times more criminal ; and, incredible as it may seem, criminal to no purpose.

The other sacrifice, however horrible, would at least relieve you from your embarrassments. But do you think, that when you have declared yourselves bankrupt, you shall thereby be clear of debt ? Will the thousands and millions, who lose in one moment, by this terrible blow and its consequences, all the comforts, perhaps the necessities of life, allow you to enjoy quietly the advantages of your crime ? No, you must perish ; and when you have lighted up this tremendous conflagration, you will find that you have sacrificed all your personal enjoyments, as well as your honor. This, then, is the point, to which you are advancing. I hear much said of patriotism, appeals to patriotism, transports of patriotism ! Gentlemen, why *prostitute* this noble word ? Is it so very magnanimous to give up a part of your income, in order to save your whole property ? *This is simple arithmetic* ; and he that hesitates deserves contempt, rather than indignation. I exhort you, then, most earnestly to vote these extraordinary supplies, and God grant they may prove sufficient. Vote them I beseech you ; vote them *at once* ; for the crisis does not admit of delay ; and if it occurs, we must be responsible for the consequences. Bankruptcy, national bankruptcy is before you ; it threatens to swallow up your persons, your property, your honor,—and YET YOU DELIBERATE.

XIV.

MR. ERSKINE'S SPEECH ON PAINE'S AGE OF REASON.

Gentlemen of the jury—How any man can rationally *vindicate* the publication of such a book as Paine's Age of Reason, in a country where the christian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally

at a loss to conceive, and have no wish to discuss. How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is here denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous defense? Upon what principle is it even offered to the court, whose authority is contemned and mocked at? If the religion proposed to be called in question, is not previously adopted in belief, and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the court to pass any judgment at all of acquittal or condemnation? Why am I now, or upon any other occasion, to submit to your lordship's authority? Why am I now, or at any time, to address twelve of my equals, as I am now addressing you, with reverence and submission? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which there can be no trial? Under what obligations can I call upon you, the jury, representing your country, to administer justice? Surely upon no other than that you are sworn to administer it under the oaths you have taken. The whole judicial fabric, from the king's sovereign authority to the lowest office of magistracy has no other foundation. The whole is built, both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers, to do justice, "*as God shall help them hereafter.*" What God? and what hereafter? That God, undoubtedly, who has commanded kings to rule, and judges to decree with justice; who has said to witnesses, not by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments, "*thou shalt not bear false testimony against thy neighbor;*" and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelation of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observances, and the awful punishments which shall await upon their transgressions.

But it seems this is an age of *reason*, and the time and the person are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors that have overspread the past generations of ignorance! The believers in christianity are many, but

it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity ! Belief is an act of reason ; and superior reason may therefore dictate to the weak. In running the mind along the numerous list of sincere and devout christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a christian ! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions : Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy. Not those visionary and arrogant assumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie. Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator. What shall then be said of the great Mr. Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on. Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr. Paine, to "look through nature up to nature's God." Yet the result of all his contemplation was the most confirmed and devout belief in all which the other holds in contempt as despicable and driveling superstition. But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. Let that question be answered by Mr. Locke, who was to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration a christian. Mr. Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the fountain of thought, and to direct into the proper track of

reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense, to the last conclusions of ratiocination; putting a rein besides upon false opinion, by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment.

But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which partially regulate mankind. Gentlemen, in the place where you now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago the never to be forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided, whose faith in christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruits in man; administering human justice with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages, a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by Mr. Paine, that the christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies? Was *he* less versed than Mr. Paine in the superstitions of the world? No: they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew, and laid them in their order as the illustration of that real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man. Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings,—all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by their universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by the clashing opinions distinguishing them from one another, yet joining as it were, in one sublime chorus to celebrate the truths of christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

Gentlemen, I cannot conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all attacks upon the christian religion by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the world. For, under what other auspices than christianity have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been re-asserted? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devoted christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been extending and spreading to the utmost corners of the earth? What work of civilization, what commonwealth of greatness has the bald religion of nature ever established? We see, on the contrary, the nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism, or slaves to arbitrary governments; whilst, since the christian era, the great career of the world has been slowly, but clearly advancing, lighter at every step, from the awful prophecies of the gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain; but, by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence. You, I trust, will fulfil yours this day?

XV.

LORD CHATHAM'S SPEECH IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, ON
THE ADDRESS TO THE THRONE AT THE OPENING OF
PARLIAMENT, ON THE 18th OF NOVEMBER, 1777.

I rise, my lords, to declare my sentiments on this most solemn and serious subject. It has imposed a load upon my mind, which, I fear, nothing can remove; but which impels me to endeavor its alleviation, by a free and unreserved communication of my sentiments.

In the first part of the address, I have the honor of heartily concurring with the noble earl who moved it.

No man feels sincerer joy than I do; none can offer more genuine congratulation on every accession of strength to the succession of the house of Brunswick. I therefore join in every congratulation on the birth of another princess and the happy recovery of her majesty. But I must stop here. My courtly complaisance will carry me no further. I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail; cannot *save* us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the delusion and the darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

This, my lords, is our duty. It is the proper function of this noble assembly, sitting, as we do, upon our honors in this house, the hereditary council of the crown. *Who* is the minister—*where* is the minister, that has dared to suggest to the throne the contrary unconstitutional language this day delivered from it?—The accustomed language from the throne has been application to parliament for advice, and a reliance on its constitutional advice and assistance. As it is the right of parliament to give, so it is the duty of the crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extreme momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on our constitutional counsels, no advice is asked from the sober and enlightened care of parliament! but the crown, from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue measures—and what measures, my lords?—The measures that have produced the imminent perils that threaten us; the measures that have brought ruin to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation?

Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty, as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other?—To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my lords, which have reduced this flourishing empire to ruin and contempt!—"But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world; now none so poor as to do her reverence." I use the words of a poet; but though it be poetry it is no fiction. It is a shameful truth, that not only the power and strength of this country are wasting away and expiring; but her well earned glories, her true honor, and substantial dignity are sacrificed. France, my lords, has insulted you; she has encouraged and sustained America; and whether America be wrong or right, the dignity of this country ought to spurn at the officious insult of French interference. The ministers and ambassadors of those who are called rebels and enemies, are in Paris; in Paris they transact the reciprocal interests of America and France. Can there be a more mortifying insult! Can even our ministers sustain a more humiliating disgrace! Do they dare to resent it? Do they presume even to hint a vindication of their honor, and the dignity of the state, by requiring the dismissal of the plenipotentiaries of America? such is the degradation to which they have reduced the glories of England. The people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies; the people with whom they have engaged this country in war, and against whom they now command our implicit support in every measure of desperate hostility: this people, despised as rebels, or acknowledged as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy! and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. Is this the honor of a

great kingdom? Is this the indignant spirit of England, who, "but yesterday," gave law to the house of Bourbon? My lords, the dignity of nations demands a decisive conduct in a situation like this. Even when the greatest prince that perhaps this country ever saw, filled our throne, the requisition of a Spanish general on a similar subject, was attended to and complied with. For, on the spirited remonstrance of the Duke of Alva, Elizabeth found herself obliged to deny the Flemish exiles all countenance, support, or even entrance into her dominions: and the Count le Marque, with his few desperate followers, were expelled the kingdom. Happening to arrive at the Brille, and finding it weak in defense, they made themselves masters of the place: and this was the foundation of the United Provinces.

My lords, this ruinous and ignominious situation, where we cannot act with success, nor suffer with honor, calls upon us to remonstrate in the strongest and loudest language of truth, to rescue the ear of majesty from the delusions which surround it. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known: no man thinks more highly of it than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is *an impossibility*. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America. Your armies last war effected every thing that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general,* now a noble lord in this house, a long and laborious campaign, to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know, that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. Besides the sufferings, perhaps *total loss*, of the northern

* Sir Jeffrey (now lord) Amherst.

force ;* the best appointed army that ever took the field, commanded by sir William Howe, has retired from the American lines. *He was obliged* to relinquish his attempt, and with great delay and danger, to adopt a new and distant plan of operations. We shall soon know, and in any event have reason to lament, what may have happened since. As to conquest, therefore, my lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly ; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow ; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince, that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign despot ; your efforts are forever vain and impotent : doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. For it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies—to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder ; devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty !—If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never.

XVI.

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

Mr. President—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation ? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth ; to know the worst, and provide for it.

* General Burgoyne's army.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir : it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us ; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing? We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable ; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have pros-

trated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible to any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the

contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.

XVII.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS—*Shakspeare.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you; trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town crier had spoken my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hands; but use all gently: For in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, perriwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame, neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you *overstep not the modesty of nature*, for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to

hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, overweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

XVIII.

MR. CURRAN FOR FINNERTY THE PRINTER, ON AN INDICTMENT FOR LIBEL ON THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

Gentlemen—My case is as follows:—William Orr was indicted for having administered the oath of a *United Irishman*. Every man now knows what this oath is; that it is simply an engagement; first, to promote a brotherhood of affection among men of all religious distinctions. Secondly, to labor for the attainment of parliamentary reform. And thirdly, an obligation of secrecy, which was added to it when the convention law made it criminal and punishable to meet by any public delegation for that purpose.

After remaining upwards of a year in jail, Mr. Orr was brought to his trial; was prosecuted by the state; was sworn against by a common informer by the name of Wheatly, who, himself, had taken the obligation, and was convicted under the insurrection act, which makes the administering such an obligation felony or death. The jury recommended Mr. Orr to mercy. The judge, with a humanity becoming his character, transmitted the

recommendation to the noble prosecutor in this case. Three of the jurors made solemn affidavit in court, that liquor had been conveyed into their box; that they were brutally threatened by some of their fellow jurors with capital prosecution if they did not find the prisoner guilty; and that under the impression of those threats, and worn down by watching and intoxication, they had given a verdict of guilty against him, though they believed him in their conscience to be innocent. Further inquiries were made, which ended in a discovery of the infamous life and character of the informer; a respite was therefore sent once, and twice, and thrice, to give time, as Mr. Attorney-General has stated, for his excellency to consider whether mercy *could* be extended to him or not; and, with a knowledge of all these circumstances, his excellency did finally determine that mercy *should not* be extended to him; he was accordingly executed upon that verdict, and died with a prayer for the welfare of his country. Of the publication, which this indictment charges to be false and seditious, Mr. Attorney-General is pleased to say, that the design of it is to bring the *courts of justice* into contempt. As to this point of fact, gentlemen, I beg to set you right. To the administration of justice, so far as it relates to the judges, this publication has not even alluded. It relates to a department of justice, that cannot begin until the duty of the judge is closed. To the lord lieutenant of Ireland alone it is confined, and against *him* the charge is made, as strongly, I suppose, as the writer could find words to express it, "that the viceroy of Ireland has cruelly abused the prerogative of royal mercy, in suffering a man under such circumstances to perish like a common malefactor." For this, Mr. Attorney-General calls upon you to pronounce the publication a false and scandalous libel, though he has resisted the admission of the evidence by which we offered to prove every word of it to be true.

Let me now ask you if any of you had addressed the

public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you have conveyed the feelings of horror and indignation? Would you have stooped to the meanness of *qualified* complaint?—would you have been mean enough—but I entreat your forgiveness—I do not think meanly of you; *had* I thought so meanly of you, I could not suffer my mind to commune with you as it has done. If I do not therefore grossly err in my opinion of you, I could use no language upon such a subject as this, that must not lag behind the rapidity of your feelings, and that would not disgrace those feelings, if it attempted to describe them.

Gentlemen, the learned counsel for the crown seemed to address you with a confidence of a very *different* kind; he seemed to expect a kind and respectful sympathy from you with the feelings of the castle, and the griefs of chided authority. Perhaps, gentlemen, he may know you better than I do. If he does, he has spoken to you as he ought. If you agree with him, gentlemen of the jury, do a courteous thing. Upright and honest jurors, find a civil and obliging verdict against the printer! And when you have done so, march through the ranks of your fellow-citizens to your own homes, and bear their looks, as ye pass along; retire to the bosom of your families and your children, and when you are presiding over the morality of the parental board, tell those infants, who are to be the future men of Ireland, the history of this day. Tell them the story of Orr—tell them of his captivity, of his children, of his hopes, of his disappointments, of his courage, and of his death; and when you find your little hearers hanging upon your lips, when you see their eyes overflow with sympathy and sorrow, and their young hearts bursting with the pangs of anticipated orphanage, tell them that you had the boldness, and the injustice to stigmatize the man who had dared to publish the transaction!

XIX.

EXTRACT FROM MR. WEBSTER'S SPEECH ON THE GREEK
REVOLUTION.

Sir—It may, perhaps, be asked, what can *we* do? Are we to go to war? Are we to interfere in the Greek cause, or any other European cause? Are we to endanger our pacific relations?—No, certainly not. What, then, the question recurs, remains for us? If we will not endanger our own peace; if we will neither furnish armies, nor navies, to the cause which we think the just one, what is there within our power?

Sir, this reasoning mistakes the age. The time has been, indeed, when fleets, and armies, and subsidies, were the principal reliances even in the best cause. But, happily for mankind, there has come a great change in this respect. Moral causes come into consideration, in proportion as the progress of knowledge is advanced; and the public opinion of the civilized world is rapidly gaining an ascendancy over mere brutal force. It is already able to oppose the most formidable obstruction to the progress of injustice and oppression; and, as it grows more intelligent and more intense, it will be more and more formidable. It may be silenced by military power, but it cannot be conquered. It is elastic, irrepressible, and invulnerable to the weapons of ordinary warfare. It is that impassable, unextinguishable enemy of mere violence and arbitrary rule, which like Milton's angels,

“Vital in every part,
Cannot but by annihilating, die.”

Until this be propitiated or satisfied, it is in vain for power to talk either of triumphs or of repose. No matter what fields are desolated, what fortresses surrendered, what armies subdued, or what provinces overrun. In the history of the year that has passed by us, and in the instance of unhappy Spain, we have seen the vanity of all triumphs, in a cause which violates the general sense of

justice of the civilized world. It is nothing, that the troops of France have passed from the Pyrenees to Cadiz; it is nothing that an unhappy and prostrate nation has fallen before them; it is nothing that arrests, and confiscation, and execution, sweep away the little remnant of national resistance. There is an enemy that still exists to check the glory of these triumphs. It follows the conqueror back to the very scene of his ovations;* it calls upon him to take notice, that Europe, though silent, is yet indignant. It shows him that the scepter of his victory is a barren scepter, that it shall confer neither joy nor honor, but shall moulder to dry ashes in his grasp. In the midst of his exultation, it pierces his ear with the cry of injured justice, it denounces against him the indignation of an enlightened and civilized age; it turns to bitterness the cup of his rejoicing, and wounds him with the sting which belongs to the consciousness of having outraged the opinion of mankind.

XX.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. BURKE ON JUNIUS.

Sir—How comes this Junius to have broke through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No! they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broke through all their toils, is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end of his triumphs. Not

* Ovation, a lesser triumph among the Romans.

that he had not asserted many truths ; yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths ; by which a wise prince might profit. It was the *rancor and venom*, with which I was struck. In these respects the North-Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment. But while I expected, in this daring flight, his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of parliament. Yes, he did make *you* his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of *your* brow, sir ; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate Kings, lords, and commons, are but the sport of his fury. Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness and integrity ? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity. Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity ; nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

XXI.

LORD THURLOW'S REPLY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS TO
THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

The Duke had reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the Peerage. He rose from the woolsack and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor addresses the house, then fixing his eye on the Duke (in the words of a spectator,) “with the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder,” spoke as follows.

My Lords—I am amazed, yes my Lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions, in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident?—To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do—but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me,—not I the peerage. Nay more,—I can say and will say, that as a peer of parliament,—as speaker of this right honorable house,—as keeper of the great seal,—as guardian of his majesty's conscience,—as lord high chancellor of England—nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—but which character none can deny *me*—as a MAN, I am at this moment as respectable ; I beg leave to add—I am, at this time, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

XXII.

EXTRACT FROM THE PLEA OF THOMAS MUIR, ESQ. AT HIS CELEBRATED TRIAL IN SCOTLAND.

Gentlemen of the Jury—This is now perhaps the last time that I shall address my country. I have explored the tenor of my past life. Nothing shall tear from me the record of my departed days. The enemies of reform have scrutinized, in a manner hitherto unexampled in Scotland, every action I may have performed, every word I may have uttered. Of crimes, most foul and horrible, have I been accused ; of attempting to rear the standard of civil war, to plunge this land in blood, and to cover it with desolation. At every step, as the

evidence of the crown advanced, my innocence has brightened. So far from inflaming the minds of men to sedition and outrage, all the witnesses have concurred, that my only anxiety was, to impress upon them the necessity of peace, of good order, and of good morals.

What then has been my crime? Not the lending to a relation a copy of Mr. Paine's Rights of Man : not the giving away to another a few numbers of an innocent and constitutional publication ; but for having dared to be, according to the measure of my feeble abilities, a strenuous and active advocate for an equal representation of the PEOPLE, in the HOUSE OF THE PEOPLE ; for having dared to attempt to accomplish a measure, by legal means, which was to diminish the weight of their taxes, and to put an end to the profusion of their blood. From my infancy to this moment, I have devoted myself to the cause of the PEOPLE. It is a good cause. It will ultimately prevail. It will finally triumph. Say then openly, in your verdict, if you do condemn me, (which I presume you will not,) that it is for my attachment to this cause alone, and not for those vain and wretched pretexts stated in the indictment, intended only to color and disguise the real motives of my accusation. The time will come, when men must stand or fall by their actions ; when all human pageantry shall cease ; when the hearts of all shall be laid open to view. If you regard your most important interests ; if you wish that your consciences should whisper to you words of consolation, rather than speak to you in the terrible language of remorse, weigh well the verdict you are to pronounce.

As for me, I am careless and indifferent to my fate. I can look danger, and I can look death in the face ; for I am shielded by the consciousness of my own rectitude. I may be condemned to languish in the recesses of a dungeon. I may be doomed to ascend the scaffold : but nothing can deprive me of the recollection of the past ; nothing can destroy my inward peace of mind, arising from the remembrance of having discharged my duty.

XXIII.

ON DUELING.—*Eliphalet Nott.*

Life is the gift of God, and it never was bestowed to be sported with. To each, the Sovereign of the universe has marked out a sphere to move in, and assigned a part to act. This part respects ourselves not only, but others also. Each lives for the benefit of all. As in the system of nature, the sun shines not to display its own brightness and answer its own convenience, but to warm, enlighten and bless the world; so in the system of animated beings, there is a dependence, a correspondence, and a relation, through an infinitely extended, dying and reviving universe—"in which no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." Friend is related to friend; the father to his family; the individual to community,—to every member of which, having fixed his station and assigned his duty, the God of nature says, "Keep this trust—defend this post." For whom? For thy friends, thy family, thy country. And having received such a charge, and for such a purpose, to desert it is rashness and temerity.

Since the opinions of men are as they are, do you ask, how you shall avoid the imputation of cowardice, if you do not fight when you are injured? Ask your family how you will avoid the imputation of cruelty; ask your conscience how you will avoid the imputation of guilt: Ask God how you will avoid his malediction, if you do? These are previous questions. Let these first be answered, and it will be easy to reply to any which may follow them. If you only accept a challenge, when you believe, in your conscience, that dueling is wrong, you act the coward. The dastardly fear of the world governs you. Awed by its menaces, you conceal your sentiments, appear in disguise, and act in guilty conformity to principles not your own, and that too in the most solemn moment, and when engaged in an act which exposes you to death. But if it be rashness to accept, how passing

rashness is it, in a sinner, to give a challenge? Does it become him, whose life is measured out by crimes, to be extreme to mark, and punctilious to resent whatever is amiss in others? Must the duelist, who now disdainingly to forgive, so imperiously demands satisfaction to the uttermost—must this man himself, trembling at the recollection of his offenses, presently appear a suppliant before the mercy-seat of God? Imagine this, and the case is not imaginary, and you cannot conceive an instance of greater inconsistency, or of more presumptuous arrogance. Therefore “avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.” Do you ask, then, how you shall conduct towards your enemy, who hath lightly done you wrong? If he be hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him; if thirsty, give him drink. Such, had you preferred your question to Jesus Christ, is the answer he had given you; by observing which, you will usually subdue, and always act more honorably than your enemy.

XXIV.

ERSKINE FOR CUTHELL, IN AN INDICTMENT FOR LIBEL.

It is contended by Mr. Erskine that a man is liable for his agents in **CIVIL CASES**, but that **CRIMES** must from necessity be *personal* and can only admit of punishment on *that* ground. The following is Mr. E's clear and unanswerable statement. It has force, clearness, unity and conciseness.

Gentlemen—In the case of a *civil* action, throughout the whole range of civil injuries, the master is always *civiliter* answerable for the act of his servant or agent; and accident or neglect can therefore be no answer to a plaintiff, complaining of a consequential wrong. If the driver of a public carriage maliciously overturns another

upon the road whilst the proprietor is asleep in his bed at a hundred miles distance, the party injuring must unquestionably pay the damages to a farthing ; but though such malicious servant might also be indicted and suffer an infamous judgment, *could the master also become the object of such a prosecution ?* CERTAINLY NOT.—In the same manner, partners in trade are *civilly* answerable for bills drawn by one another, or by their agents, drawing them by procuration, though fraudulently, and in abuse of their trusts ; but if one partner commits a fraud by forgery or fictitious indorsements, so as to subject *himself* to death, or other punishment by indictment, *could the other partners* be indicted?—To answer such a question here, would be folly ; because it not only answers itself in the *negative*, but exposes to scorn every argument which would confound indictments with civil actions.

WHY then is *printing and publishing* to be an exception to every other human act ? WHY is a man to be answerable *criminaliter* for the crime of his servant in *this* instance more than in *all other cases* ? WHY is a man who happens to have published a libel, under circumstances of mere accident, or, if you will, from actual carelessness or negligence, but *without criminal purpose*, to be subjected to an *infamous punishment*, and harangued from a British bench as if he were the malignant author of that which it was confessed before the court delivering the sentence, *that he never had seen nor heard of* ? As far, indeed, as damages go, the principle is intelligible and universal ; but as it establishes a *crime*, and inflicts a punishment which affects character and imposes disgrace, it is shocking to humanity and insulting to common sense.

The court of King's Bench, since I have been at the bar (very long, I admit, before the Noble Lord presided in it, but under the administration of a truly great judge,) pronounced the infamous judgment of the pillory on a most respectable proprietor of a newspaper, for a libel on the Russian Ambassador, copied too out of another paper, but which *I myself* showed to the court, by the

affidavit of his physician, appeared in the *first* as well as in the *second* paper, *whilst the defendant was on his sick-bed in the country, delirious in a fever*. I believe that affidavit is still on the files of the court.—I have thought of it often—I have dreamed of it, and started from my sleep—sunk back to sleep, and started from it again. The painful recollection of it I shall die with. How is this vindicated? From the *supposed* necessity of the case.—An indictment for a LIBEL is, *therefore* considered to be anomaly in the law.—*It was held so undoubtedly*; but the exposition of that *error* lies before me; the Libel Act lies before me, which *expressly*, and *in terms*, directs that the trial of a libel shall be conducted *like every other trial for any other crime*; and that the jury shall decide, *not* upon the mere fact of *printing or publishing*, but *upon the whole matter put in issue*, i. e. *the publication of the libel WITH THE INTENTIONS CHARGED BY THE INDICTMENT*.—This is the rule by the Libel Act; and you the jury, as well as the court, are bound by it.

XXV.

CURRAN'S REMARKS ON THE WITNESS ARMSTRONG, IN THE TRIAL OF HENRY AND JOHN SEARES, INDICTED FOR HIGH TREASON.

Gentlemen—Suppose the prisoners, (if the evidence were true,) did compass the king's death, what are you to found your verdict upon? Upon your oaths:—what are they founded upon? Upon the oath of the witness:—and what is that founded upon? Upon this, and *this only*, that he believes there is a just and omnipotent God, an intelligent Supreme existence, who will inflict eternal punishment for offenses, or confer eternal rewards upon man, after he has passed the boundary of the grave.

What is the law of this country? If the witness does *not* believe in God or a future state, you cannot swear

him. What swear him upon? Is it upon the book or the leaf?—You might as well swear him by a bramble or a coin. The ceremony of kissing, is only the external symbol by which man seals himself to the precept, and says “May God so help me as I swear the truth.” He is then attached to the divinity upon the condition of telling truth, and he expects mercy from heaven, as he performs his undertaking. But the infidel!—By what can you catch his soul—or by what can you hold it. You repulse him from giving evidence—for he has no conscience. No hope to cheer him—no punishment to dread :—What is the evidence of the witness Armstrong, touching that unfortunate man? What said his own relation, Mr. Shervington? He had conversed with him freely—he had known him long. What kind of character did he give him? *Paine* was his creed and his philosophy. Mr. Shervington tells you he had drawn his maxims of politics from *Paine*—and that his ideas of religion were adopted from the vulgar maxims of the same man—from that most abominable of all tracts, the “Age of Reason.”

You have heard the evidence of the politics and the religion of the witness in detail, in the words of Armstrong himself. Listen to the words which Shervington swears Armstrong used to him. “Do you wish to know my sentiments—*I have learned them from Paine.*—I do not love a king. *I swear by the sacred Missal of Paine,* I would think it a meritorious thing to plunge a dagger into the heart of George the third, because he is my king—though I *had* devoted to him a soul which Mr. Paine says, (truly no doubt) *I have not to lend.*” Are *these* the casual effusions of a giddy young man not considering the meaning of what he said? If it were said among a parcel of boarding school misses, where he might think he was giving specimens of his courage by nobly denying religion, there might be some excuse. There is a latitude assumed upon *such* occasions. A little blasphemy and a little obscenity, passes for wit in

some companies. But recollect it was not to a little miss whom he wished to astonish, that he mentioned these sentiments, but to a kinsman and a man of boiling loyalty. If Mr. Shervington, his relation, swore true, Captain Armstrong must be a forsworn witness—one or other of the two must be perjured. If you disbelieve Captain Armstrong, can you find a verdict of blood, upon his evidence?—The case of my client is that the witness is perjured, and you are appealed to in the name of that ever-living God whom you revere, but whom he despiseth, to save him from the baseness of such an accuser.

XXVI.

DUTY OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.—*Burke.*

Gentlemen—It ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him, their opinion high respect, their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interests to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure—no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment; and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.

My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government

and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that, in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those who form the conclusion are perhaps three hundred miles distant from those who hear the arguments. To deliver an opinion is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear; and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But authoritative instructions, mandates issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote, and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience,—these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution. Parliament is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests, which interests each must maintain, as an agent and advocate, against the other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberate assembly of one nation, with one interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole. You choose a member indeed; but when you have chosen him he is not a member of Bristol, but he is a member of Parliament. If the local constituent should have an interest, or should form a hasty opinion, evidently opposite to the real good of the rest of the community, the member for that place ought to be as far as any other from any endeavor to give it effect.

XXVII.

TRIBUTE TO THE ENTERPRISING SPIRIT OF THE NEW ENGLAND COLONISTS.—*Burke.*

As to the wealth, Mr. Speaker, which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all

that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy ; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts, and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale-fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis' straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people ; a people who are still as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood. When I contemplate these things ; when I know that the colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection ; when I reflect upon these effects,

when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

XXVIII.

MR. BURKE'S OPINION RELATIVE TO THE RIGHT OF ENGLAND TO TAX AMERICA.

“ But Mr. Speaker, we have a *RIGHT to tax America* ! Oh inestimable right ! Oh ! wonderful transcendent right, the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money ! Oh ! invaluable right ! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home ! Oh right ! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man !” (fixing his eye on the minister,) “ miserable and undone country ! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us ; therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What ! shear a wolf ! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt ? No says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest ; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded. But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention ; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this House, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as

he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day come, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve.

XXIX

MR. AMES ON THE BRITISH TREATY.

SHALL WE BREAK THE TREATY? Sir, from arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask, whether it is not already planted there? I resort especially to the convictions of the western gentlemen whether supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword: it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk. On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security: your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions are soon to be renewed: the wounds yet unhealed, are to be torn open again: in the day time, your path through the woods will be ambushed: the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-field: you are a mother—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle. On this subject you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, it will speak a language compared with which,

all I have said or can say will be poor and frigid. Will it be whispered that the treaty has made a new champion for the protection of the frontiers? It is known that my voice as well as vote have been uniformly given in conformity with the ideas I have expressed. Protection is the right of the frontiers; it is our duty to give it.

Who will accuse me of wandering out of the subject? Who will say that I exaggerate the tendencies of our measures? Will any one answer by a sneer, that all this is idle preaching? Will any one deny, that we are bound, and I would hope to good purpose, by the most solemn sanctions of duty for the vote we give? Are despots alone to be reproached for unfeeling indifference to the tears and blood of their subjects? Are republicans unresponsive? Have the principles, on which you ground the reproach upon cabinets and kings, no practical influence, no binding force? Are they merely themes of idle declamation, introduced to decorate the morality of a newspaper essay, or to furnish pretty topics of harangue from the windows of that state-house? I trust it is neither too presumptuous nor too late to ask; can you put the dearest interests of society at risk without guilt, and without remorse? It is in vain to offer as an excuse, that public men are not to be reproached for the evils that may happen to ensue from their measures. This is very true, where they are unforeseen or inevitable. Those I have depicted are not unforeseen; they are so far from inevitable, we are going to bring them into being by our vote. We choose the consequences, and become as justly answerable for them as for the measures that we know will produce them. By rejecting the treaty, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable; and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

XXX.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH BY CHARLES JAMES FOX, ON
THE FRENCH WAR.

Where, Sir, is this war, which on every side is pregnant with such horrors, to be carried? Where is it to stop? Not till we establish the house of Bourbon! And this you cherish the hope of doing, because you have had a successful campaign. Why, sir, before this you have had a successful campaign. The situation of the allies, with all they have gained, is surely not to be compared now to what it was when you had taken Valenciennes, Quesnoy, Condé, &c., which induced some gentlemen in this house to prepare themselves for a march to Paris.

With all that you have gained, you surely will not say that the prospect is brighter now than it was then. What have you gained but the recovery of a part of what you before lost? One campaign is successful to you; another to them; and in this way, animated by the vindictive passions of revenge, hatred, and rancour, which are infinitely more flagitious, even, than those of ambition and the thirst of power, you may go on forever; as, with such black incentives, I see no end to human misery. "But we must *pause*!" says the honorable gentlemen. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilt—her treasures wasted—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves,—oh! that you would put yourselves in the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite. In former wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict. But if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting—"Fighting!" would be the answer; "they are not fighting; they are *pausing*." "Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What

means this implacable fury?" The answer must be, "You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself—they are not fighting—do not disturb them—they are merely *pausing*!—This man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only *pausing*! Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another: they have now no cause of quarrel: but their country thinks that there should be a *pause*. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it whatever; it is nothing more than a *political pause*! It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and in the meantime we have agreed to a *pause*, in pure friendship!"

And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world—to destroy order—to trample on religion—to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

XXXI.

CURRAN ON THE EMPLOYMENT AND CHARACTER OF INFORMERS.

Gentlemen of the Jury—The learned gentleman is pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of **INFORMERS**. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are, upon your oaths, to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction, as **INFORMERS**. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every

man of you know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public employment of informers with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; I speak of the horrid miscreants who have avowed upon their oaths that they come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows. I speak of the mild and wholesome councils of this government, holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent:—there was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamant chain that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

XXXII.

UNPRECEDENTED GROWTH OF AMERICAN POPULATION AND POWER WITHIN THE MEMORY OF ONE MAN.—*Burke.*

Mr. Speaker—I cannot prevail on myself to hurry over this great consideration—the value of the trade of America to England. It is good for us to be here. We stand where we have an immense view of what is, and what is past.—Clouds, indeed, and darkness, rest upon the future. Let us, however, before we descend from this noble eminence, reflect that this growth of our national prosperity has happened within the short period of the life of man. It has happened within sixty-eight years. There are those alive whose memory might touch the two extremities. For instance, my Lord Bathurst might remember all the stages of the progress. He was, in 1704, of an age at least to be made to comprehend such things.

Suppose, sir, that the angel of this auspicious youth, foreseeing the many virtues, which made him one of the most amiable, as he is one of the most fortunate men of his age, had opened to him in vision, that, when, in the fourth generation, the third prince of the house of Brunswick had sat twelve years on the throne of that nation which, by the happy issue of moderate and healing councils, was to be made Great Britain, he should see his son, lord chancellor of England, turn back the current of hereditary dignity to its fountain, and raise him to a higher rank of peerage, whilst he enriched the family with a new one. If amidst these bright and happy scenes of domestic honor and prosperity, that angel should have drawn up the curtain and unfolded the rising glories of his country, and whilst he was gazing with admiration on the then commercial grandeur of England, the genius should point out to him a little speck, scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body, and should tell him —“Young man, there is America, which at this day

serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men, and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death, show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which now attracts the envy of the world. Whatever England has been growing to by a progressive increase of improvement, brought in by varieties of people, by succession of civilizing conquests and civilizing settlements in a series of seventeen hundred years, you shall see as much added to her by America in the course of a single life!"

If this state of his country had been foretold to him, would it not have required all the sanguine credulity of youth, and all the fervid glow of enthusiasm, to make him believe it? Fortunate man, he has lived to see it! Fortunate indeed, if he live to see nothing to vary the prospect, and cloud the setting of his day!

XXXIII.

ON THE RAPID GROWTH OF AMERICA.—*Daniel Webster.*

It is now five and forty years since the growth and rising glory of America were portrayed in the English parliament, with inimitable beauty, by the most consummate orator of modern times. Going back somewhat more than half a century, and describing our progress as foreseen from that point, by his amiable friend Lord Bathurst, then living, he spoke of the wonderful progress which America had made during the period of a single human life. There is no American heart, I imagine, that does not glow, both with conscious patriotic pride and admiration, for one of the happiest efforts of eloquence, so often as the vision of "that little speck, scarce visible in the mass of national interest, a small seminal principle, rather than a formed body," and the progress of its astonishing development and growth, are recalled to the recollection. But a stronger feeling might be produced, if we were able to take up this prophetic de-

scription where he left it ; and placing ourselves at the point of time in which he was speaking, to set forth with equal felicity the subsequent progress of the country. There is yet among the living a most distinguished and venerable name, a descendant of the Pilgrims ; one who has been attended through life by a great and fortunate genius : a man illustrious by his own great merits, and favored of heaven in the long continuation of his years. The time when the English orator was thus speaking of America, preceded, but by a few days, the actual opening of the revolutionary drama at Lexington. He to whom I have alluded, then at the age of forty, was among the most zealous and able defenders of the violated rights of his country. He seemed already to have filled a full measure of public service, and attained an honorable fame. The moment was full of difficulty and danger, and big with events of immeasurable importance. The country was on the very brink of a civil war, of which no man could foretell the duration or the result. Something more than a courageous hope, or characteristic ardor, would have been necessary to impress the glorious prospect on his belief, if, at that moment, before the sound of the first shock of actual war had reached his ears, some attendant spirit had opened to him the vision of the future ; if it had said to him—"The blow is struck, and America is severed from England forever !" if it had informed him, that he himself, the next annual revolution of the sun, should put his hand to the great instrument of independence, and write his name where all nations should behold it, and all time should not efface it ; that ere long he himself should maintain the interest and represent the sovereignty of his new-born country, in the proudest courts of Europe ; that he should one day exercise her supreme magistracy ; that he should yet live to behold ten millions of fellow-citizens paying him the homage of their deepest gratitude and kindest affections ; that he should see distinguished talent and high public trust resting where his name rested ;

that he should even see with his own unclouded eyes, the close of the second century of New-England, who had begun life almost with its commencement, and lived through nearly half the whole history of his country ; and that on the morning of this auspicious day, he should be found in the political councils of his native State, revising, by the light of experience, that system of government, which forty years before he had assisted to frame and establish ; and great and happy as he should then behold his country, there should be nothing in prospect to cloud the scene, nothing to check the ardor of that confident and patriotic hope, which should glow in his bosom to the end of his long protracted and happy life.

XXXIV.

SPEECH OF MR. PHILIPS, FOR A GARDENER.

Gentlemen—I feel, to day, that I have much to combat in advocating the cause of humble poverty against pampered oppression.—I have to charge that oppression upon a character where the virtues and the charities of life are presumed to dwell ; I have to fear also, lest the language which I must hold towards the individual, may be misconstrued into any disrespect to his venerated profession :—most assuredly I mean no such thing ; but when I find a man in lofty station hiding a worldly heart under a religious garment, it is my duty to overcome the pain which the exposure gives me—a duty to the rank such conduct has dishonored—a duty to the church, thus more endangered by its own professors than by all that infidelity can urge against it. I shall proceed to detail to you the facts.

The plaintiff is a poor man, living by the labor of his hands. The defendant, Mr. ——— is a clergyman of the Church of England, of ample fortune, and its useful attendant, a large establishment. It happened that in October of the last year the defendant was employed in the garden of Mr. ——— as under-gardener, and on

the 21st of that month, it being Sunday, he dined with his aunt at Camberwell. They had a round of corned beef for dinner; and upon his departure, his aunt pressed him to accept a slice of it. He accepted it, returned home, and placed it in an open tool-box in the garden, the usual depository for the under-gardener's dinner. About eleven o'clock, the parson went to take the air in his garden; he proceeded with the sagacity of an old pointer, to the tool-house, and made a dead set upon the poor man's beef, sweeping it at once entire and wholesale into his pocket. Out of the Doctor's own lips I shall prove this ludicrous disposal of the beef. He proceeded directly to his house: and dived at once into the kitchen: "Follow me," said he to the astonished cook, "Follow me into the larder and bring the carving knife with you." The cook followed with tremulous apprehension. Arrived at the kitchen larder, he cut a measured slice from a round of beef with much caution; performed the like operation upon a loaf of bread, and then stalked away without uttering a syllable. Next morning the cook received a summons to attend his dressing-room; there, spread out in state, he showed her the slice he had cut off the round, and the beef he had manœuvred out of the tool-box, so cut to match, that you could scarcely distinguish between them. "Wont you swear," said the parson, "that these two slices are from the same round?" "It's impossible that I can," said the cook; "I can," said the parson; "here's a slice that came off my round; and I'll swear it did, because I found it in the tool-box." "Your round," said the cook, "was safe in the larder; the door was locked, and the key was in my pocket." There was another reason, too, which the Doctor assigned for claiming the beef, and which, as it has at least the merit of originality, I shall mention. Indeed he repeated it before a jury:—"I know the beef to be mine from its complexion!" Gentlemen, the next appearance of the cook was before a magistrate, where she distinctly swore to the ut-

ter impossibility of any access to the beef without her knowledge ; and she solemnly denied that such access was ever afforded. The cook having failed, the butler was resorted to. The parson produced to him the slice from the round, and asked him whether it was not his property ? " No," said the butler. " Bless me," said the parson, " what a fool you are not to swear to the beef !" He then produced the slice from the tool-box. " At all events, Joe, you'll have no hesitation in swearing that this and the other came from the same round ?" " No," replied Joe, " I'd rather say they did not, because the one is much drier than the other." The old mathematician, when he solved the problem, and exclaimed, *erueka !* never felt one-tenth portion of the parson's ecstasy. " It's the same, Joe, it's the same ; it's only drier because I carried it in my pocket." His next resource, gentlemen, was the plaintiff himself. The plaintiff was bewailing the robbery of his dinner, little foreseeing he was to be considered a thief ; he told at once that he got the beef from his aunt at Camberwell ; but the parson was not to be satisfied ; nor would he even make inquiry. The man still came to his work ; the parson tormenting him hourly with the same questions. At length his patience was exhausted, and he said, as I am told, in the presence of the butler, " Sir, I told you the name of my aunt and where she lived ; I am ready to prove my innocence before any tribunal in the world."

Will you believe, gentlemen, that upon these grounds, against the speaking evidence of the man's daily return to work—against the oath of his own servants—against common sense, merely because he had a cold round in his larder—this prop of the church, who keeps his lordly mansion, his equipage, and his retinue, determined to prosecute this helpless peasant on a charge of robbery ! —a charge so laid as to subject him to transportation. Did you ever, gentlemen, hear of such a case as this ? I remember to have heard of one, and but one, which

occurred in another country. It was not in Ireland, gentlemen, though Mr. Gurney's smiling would seem to say so. It happened in America about fifty years ago.

Johnny Hook, gentlemen, was a Highlander : he lived in one of the most economical parts of Scotland, until he arrived at years of discretion, when, of course, he emigrated. He arrived in America about the period of the revolution, having brought with him from Scotland a little stout bullock, which I dare say he thought an apt emblem of his countrymen. Patriotism is said to be a hungry quality ; and unhappily for Johnny Hook, the American army encamped in the very field where his bullock was grazing. The bullock was soon sacrificed to the appetites of the invaders of the field, and the setting sun beheld but its last rib in existence. At the conclusion of war, Johnny set off from the farm, and brought his action against the American commissary-general for the price of his bullock. The defense was conducted by the inspired peasant, Patrick Henry—a name immortal in America, and which should never die wherever talent and genius are held in estimation. He touched the chords of the jurors' hearts ; and when he had pictured before them the perils and privations which the American army had undergone, the achievements and victories they had obtained, he exclaimed, with a feeling that soon became contagious, " But who is this man that disturbs a nation's devotion, and, at the very moment when they are with uplifted hands returning thanks to the God of battles, exclaims, Beef, beef, beef !" In America the name of Johnny Hook will never die ; genius has touched it and made it immortal ;—but what was Johnny Hook when contrasted with this parson ?—as a candle to the sun. For what will you say when I tell you that after taking three whole days to deliberate, though the poor man returned to his garden, to his daily work as usual, he actually had him arrested on a charge of felony !

And who was the magistrate before whom he brought

him? A sergeant-at-law, his own father-in-law! The son-in-law accused, and the father-in-law committed him; and indeed they were right not to let the glory of the achievement go out of the family. Imagine, gentlemen, you behold the spectacle: the parson swearing to the complexion of the pennyworth; the butler endeavoring to coax him into reason; the cook maintaining the inviolability of the larder; the sergeant threatening to bundle her out of the office; until at last, amid the Babel of the contest, and the alternate ascendancy of "Beef!" "Church!" "Newgate!" and "Botany-Bay!" he was confined to five hours' imprisonment by these twin ornaments of law and divinity. At length his friends heard of his situation; he was then necessarily admitted to bail, and bound over to meet his charitable "pastor and master" at the sessions.

Let us pause here, Gentlemen, and reflect on the situation of my client during the interval. Turned out of his service on a charge of robbery—that robbery the robbery of his own master—unable to procure employment under the doubt—obliged to expend the last shilling of his little savings, amounting to £20, in preparations for his defense—with many weeks before his innocence could be vindicated, and with the certainty that, even in the case of an acquittal, the fact of his having been tried would cling to him for ever:—weigh these sufferings of a poor man and an honest man, and then say what a rich man and a guilty man should pay for their infliction. At length the long expected Sessions came: at ten, to a moment, the parson was in attendance; day after day he missed not a minute; and at least for half their period, upon the steps of the prison-house, was this sleek emblem of orthodoxy to be seen, elbowing the thieves and convicts as they passed, and piously preparing to add an innocent man to their number. He was saved all trouble in procuring his attendance; he surrendered himself at once; not attended merely by his bail, but by the indignant crowds who had known him

from his infancy, and who now pressed forward to attest the industrious honesty of his life. The cause was called on ; and without compunction did this reverend clergyman, upon no other grounds except these I have stated, depose to a charge of felony against my client. Gentlemen, I need scarcely tell you the result of the prosecution. The prosecutor swore, as might have been expected, to the identity of the beef—to the identity of the bread—and after establishing his full claim to the penny-worth, he called up his household to corroborate him. One of them has been turned out of his service since ; the other has a second opportunity to-day. What they swore then, I take it for granted they will swear now ; and if they do, I defy any man of conscience to say that this man had probable grounds for this prosecution, recollecting, as you will, that all was communicated to him before the Sessions ; nay, before the arrest. The Jury rose indignantly, interposing between the accused and the mortification of a defense—he was at once acquitted. The trial over, my client and his prosecutor both departed, the one to his lordly mansion, the other to his home of desolation.

The day of retribution, however, is at last arrived ; and at your honest hands I confidently claim it. I claim it not merely for expenses incurred—for imprisonment endured—for character involved—for oppression exercised—but I claim it, in addition, for the agony of mind which the plaintiff must have suffered, when he saw himself attainted before the world as a felon. Gentlemen of the jury, I shall leave this case to you. If you think that innocence should be accused, character involved, expense accumulated, imprisonment endured, and felony imputed upon grounds like these—dismiss my client ; but if you hold probity in respect, though clothed in rags, and oppression in dishonor, though it be robed in lawn, I call on you to say so by your conscientious verdict.

XXXV.

ON AN ADDRESS TO THE THRONE.—*Chatham.*

In the course of the debate, Lord Suffolk, secretary for the northern department, undertook to defend the employment of the Indians in the war. His lordship contended, that, besides its policy and necessity, the measure was allowable on principle. For that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that God and nature put into our hands!" Lord Chatham replied:

I AM ASTONISHED ! shocked ! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country : principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian.

My lords, I did not *intend* to have encroached again upon your attention ; but I cannot *repress* my indignation. I feel myself impelled by *every duty*. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty,—“ That God and nature put into our hands ! ” I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature ; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating ; literally, my lords, *eating* the mangled victims of his barbarous battles ! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. And my lords, they shock every sentiment of honor ; they shock me as a lover of honorable war, and a detester of murderous barbarity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church ; I con-

jure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of *this learned* bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the British constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord* frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the *Protestant religion*, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us; to turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your Protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—*hell-hounds, I say, of savage war*. Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched *natives* of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty: we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our *brethren* and *countrymen* in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion; endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

*Lord Effingham.—Lord Effingham Howard was lord high admiral of England against the Spanish Armada; the destruction of which is represented in the tapestry.

My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration ; let them purify the house, and the country, from this deadly sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more ; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

XXXVI.

EXTRACT FROM GEN. WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO THE
AMERICAN ARMY, ON AN INSIDIOUS ATTEMPT TO SE-
DUCE THEM FROM THEIR ALLEGIANCE TO THEIR
COUNTRY, IN 1783.

Gentlemen—If my conduct heretofore has not evinced to you that I have been a faithful friend to the army, my declaration of it at this time would be equally unavailing and improper. But as I was among the first who embarked in the cause of our common country, as I have never left your side one moment but when called from you on public duty ; as I have been the constant companion and witness of your distresses, and not among the last to feel and acknowledge your merits ; as I have ever considered my own military reputation as inseparably connected with that of the army ; and my heart has ever expanded with joy, when I heard its praises, and my indignation has risen, when the mouth of detraction has been opened against it,—it can scarcely be supposed,

at this last stage of the war, that I am indifferent to its interests.

With respect to the advice given by the author, to suspect the man who shall recommend moderation and longer forbearance, I SPURN it, as every man, who regards that liberty, and reveres the justice for which we contend, undoubtedly must; for, if a man is to be precluded from offering his sentiments on a matter which may involve the destiny of our country, reason is of no use to us. I cannot, in justice to my own belief, conclude this address, without giving it as my decided opinion, that Congress entertain exalted sentiments of the services of the army, and, from a full conviction of its merits and sufferings, will do it complete justice: that their endeavors to discover and establish funds, have been unwearied, and that they will never cease till they have succeeded.

Why should we distrust them? And why, in consequence of that distrust, adopt measures which will cast a shade over that glory which has been so justly acquired, and tarnish the reputation of an army which has been celebrated throughout all Europe, for its fortitude and patriotism? While I pledge myself in the most unequivocal manner to exert whatever ability I am possessed of in your favor, let me intreat you, gentlemen, on your part, not to take any measures, which, viewed in the calm light of reason, will lessen the dignity and sully the glory you have hitherto maintained. Let me request you to rely on the *plighted* faith of your country,—to place a full confidence in the purity of the intentions of Congress—and to assure yourselves that they will adopt the most effectual measures in their power to render ample justice to you, for your faithful and meritorious services. By thus determining, and thus acting, you will pursue the plain and direct road to the attainment of your wishes: you will give one more proof of unexampled patriotism and patient virtue, rising superior to the pressure of the most complicated sufferings; and you will, by the dignity

of your conduct, afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, "had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining."

XXXVII.

SPEECH OF MR. JAMES OTIS.

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous—and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield *unforced* assistance; but it must not, and it never can be *extorted*.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him, is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude, which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms

of the desert. We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say "We ask no money from your gratitude—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the King—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne. In every instance, those who take, are to judge for those who pay; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice. The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

XXXVIII.

EXTRACT FROM AN APPEAL TO THE IRISH PARLIAMENT
TO EMANCIPATE THE PEOPLE FROM A DEPENDENCE
ON ENGLAND.—*Grattan.*

I have intreated an attendance of the house on this day, to protest against the usurpations of the parliament of Great Britain, and to join with me in lifting up their hands and voices against such usurpations. Two millions of people out of doors were to be satisfied, and had I a son, I would, (like the father of Hannibal,) bring him to the altar to swear the sacred maintenance of the people's rights. I would move them to as full and ample a declaration as could be done without shaking the pillars of the state. It is impossible to stop the voice of millions—the public mind was not at ease—enough was not done.—You are the guardians of the public liberty, you owe your country that liberty, and she calls upon you to restore it—she calls upon you to make Great Britain revoke the injustice of her laws, and to restore your political as she has your commercial freedom.

In passing the bills for liberating your trade, the British minister has made use of the words, *that it was expedient to allow Ireland to export her own products.* **EXPEDIENT** is a word of great reserve. **EXPEDIENT** is a word fatal to Great Britain. By such a word she lost America, and plunged her country in scenes of blood. By this reservation your trade is in the power of England, whenever she may think proper to take it away. We have been allowed a moment of satisfaction, but not a relief from slavery. God has now afforded you an opportunity to emancipate yourselves and your posterity; wait not the issue of a general peace, when the direction of her power on this fated island may again lay you in bondage. For the honor of your country—for the honor of human nature—by the memory of your sufferings—by the sense you feel of your wrongs—by the love you owe your posterity—by the dignity and generous feelings

of Irishmen—I beseech you to seize the auspicious occasion, and let **THIS** be the hour of your freedom. The enemies of England are on all sides pouring on her. The sea is not her's; the honor of her councils and arms is tarnished. She has no army—no fleet—no admirals—no generals.—A supineness pervades her measures—and distractions attend her councils. Your parliament is the only spring to convey the native voice of the people; never did this or any other country behold a senate possessed of so much public confidence. There is an ardent combination among the **PEOPLE**, a fire which animates the nation to its own redemption. A sacred enthusiasm, which the language of antiquity has not depicted, and which only belongs to the natural confidence of freedom. **FORTY THOUSAND MEN IN ARMS** look up to the result of this day's deliberation.—Let the lovers of freedom rejoice at that martial spirit, which has operated to national redemption. If you refuse to comply with the resolution of this day, you belie the expectation of your constituents. A providential conjunction, and the hand of God direct it; grasp at a blessing, which promises independence and happiness. Yesterday the servants of the crown were asked, whether a standing army of **FIFTEEN THOUSAND IRISHMEN**, were to be bound in this kingdom by English laws; and the servants of the crown have asserted that they shall. The servants of the crown have dared to avow that they **SHALL** be bound by English laws.—This is the consequence of your rejoicing at a partial repeal of the laws which oppress you—your exultation betrayed your rights. The courtier may have his salary—the landed gentleman may have his rent—you may export the commodities of your country, and bring the returns of another—but **LIBERTY—LIBERTY**, the consummation of all trade, is wanting. The superstructure is left without a base—you have commerce without a full trade, and a senate without a parliament.

XXXIX.

COLONEL BARRE'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT,
ON THE STAMP-ACT BILL.

Sir—I have listened to the honorable member who spoke last, with astonishment. Has he forgotten the history of the colonies?—“*Will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence, protected by our arms, refuse their mite !*”

“They planted by **YOUR** care !” No ; your oppressions planted them in America. They fled from your tyranny, to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable ; and among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say, the most formidable of any people upon the face of the earth ; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country, from the hands of those who should have been their friends.

“They nourished up by **YOUR** indulgence !” They grew by your neglect of them. As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this house, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them ; men, whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them ; men promoted to the highest seat of justice ; some, who to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

“They protected by **YOUR** arms !” They have nobly taken up arms in your defense ; have exerted a valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defense of a country, whose frontier was drenched in blood,

while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emoluments. And, believe me; remember I this day told you so, that the same spirit of freedom, which actuated that people at first, will accompany them still. But prudence forbids me to explain myself further. Heaven knows, I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat; what I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me in general knowledge and experience the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen and been conversant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate: I will say no more.

XL.

EXTRACT FROM MR. QUINCY'S SPEECH ON FOREIGN RELATIONS.

Mr. Chairman—Other gentlemen must take their responsibilities; I shall take mine. This embargo must be repealed. You cannot enforce it for any important period of time longer. When I speak of your inability to enforce this law, let not gentlemen misunderstand me. I mean not to intimate insurrections or open defiance of them; although it is impossible to foresee in what acts that "oppression" will finally terminate, which, we are told, "makes wise men mad." I speak of an inability resulting from very different causes. I ask this House, is there no control to its authority, is there no limit to the power of this national legislature? I hope I shall offend no man, when I intimate that two limits exist:—nature and the constitution.

Should this House undertake to declare, that this atmosphere should no longer surround us, that water should cease to flow, that gravity should not hereafter operate,

that the needle should not vibrate to the pole, I do suppose, Mr. Chairman—sir, I mean no disrespect to the authority of this House, I know the high notions some gentlemen entertain on this subject :—I do suppose—sir, I hope I shall not offend ;—I think I may venture to affirm, that such a law to the contrary notwithstanding, the air would continue to circulate, the Mississippi, the Hudson, and the Potomac, would roll their floods to the ocean, heavy bodies continue to descend, and the mysterious magnet hold on its course to its celestial cynosure. Just as utterly absurd and contrary to nature is it, to attempt to prohibit the people of New-England, for any considerable length of time, from the ocean. Commerce is not only associated with all the feelings, the habits, the interests and relations of that people, but the nature of our soil, and of our coasts, the state of our population and its mode of distribution over our territory, renders it indispensable. We have five hundred miles of sea-coast ; all furnished with harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, basins, with every variety of invitation to the sea, with every species of facility to violate such laws as these. Our people are not scattered over an immense surface, at a solemn distance from each other, in lordly retirement, in the midst of extended plantations and intervening wastes : they are collected on the margin of the ocean, by the sides of rivers, at the heads of bays, looking into the water or on the surface of it, for the incitement and the reward of their industry. Among a people thus situated, thus educated, thus numerous, laws prohibiting them from the exercise of their natural rights, will have a binding effect not one moment longer than the public sentiment supports them. Gentlemen talk of twelve revenue cutters additional, to enforce the embargo laws. Multiply the number by twelve, multiply it by an hundred, join all your ships of war, all your gun boats, and all your militia ; in despite of them all, such laws as these are of no avail when they become odious to public sentiment.

But where is our love of order—where our respect

for the laws? Let legislators beware, lest by the very nature of their laws, they weaken that sentiment of respect for them, so important to be inspired, and so difficult to be reinstated when it has once been driven from the mind. Regulate not the multitude to their ruin. Disgust not men of virtue by the tendency of your laws, lest when they cannot yield them the sanction of their approbation, the enterprising and the necessitous find a principal check upon their fears of violating them removed. When you present to the choice of a citizen, bankruptcy, a total loss of the accumulated wealth of his whole life, or a violation of a positive law, restrictive of the exercise of the most common rights, it presents to him a most critical alternative. I will not say how sublime casuists may decide. But it is easy to foretell that nature will plead too strong in the bosom to make obedience long possible. To such laws, in such a situation, patriotism is, to say the least, a very inactive assistant. You cannot lay a man upon the rack, and crack his muscles by a slow torment, and call patriotism to soothe the sufferer.

XLI.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF MR. FOX IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

I will, for the moment, put out of consideration all question of danger to ourselves, I will suppose Bonaparte to feel the truth of what he himself has declared, namely, that he despaired of success in attempting a dissent. I will suppose that all parts of our empire are at present secure, and that even in a protracted war there will be no probability, no possibility, (if gentlemen will take it so,) of affecting us in any quarter by invasion. Even in this state of security, however, what is our situation? Have we forgotten the last two years of the last war? Have we forgotten the condition of the middle classes of society

in this island; of every country gentleman of a limited income; of every tradesman; indeed, of every man in it who did not possess a very large fortune;—have we already forgotten how the late war pressed upon them?

Let us recollect these things; let us recollect the circumstances which occurred in the course of that war; what we all suffered by the immense loads that were laid upon us to support it—their grievous and most intolerable weight, and the cruel and grinding measures of every description, under which this country has groaned during so many years. Can ministers, with these recollections in their minds, bring themselves again to precipitate their country into miseries, which, after all, might so easily be avoided? What have we now to expect? I have heard, indeed, some talk of an economical war. But even this economy (difficult as the word is at all times to understand, when so applied) is now explained to consist in the adoption of measures leading to an immense and immediate enlargement of our expenses. We are told that we must make great exertions. And what exertions? Exertions beyond any thing we have ever yet known; far beyond what were found necessary during the glorious war of Queen Anne; far beyond those by which we obtained that pre-eminence, which has immortalized the name of the late Earl of Chatham; far beyond even those of the late war itself.

And by whom are we told all this? If by some gentlemen who have had no experience in politics, and under whose guidance we had not already suffered; if by some orator, as a mere figure of speech, without a and meaning, by way of a flourish in debate,—for such a purpose it might do well; but we are told this, not by a novice in the art of extortion, but by an artist! If a man without experience or reputation examines my case when I am ill, and tells me, “You must have a limb cut off, to save your life,” I might still hope for a cure, without having recourse to so dreadful a remedy; but if the skilful practioner, the regular doctor himself tells me so,

after consultation,—if the experienced operator, under whose prescriptions and directions I have already suffered, tells me so, I know what I must endure. If he tells me, “I must pull out all your teeth; I must cut off part of the extremities, or you will die,” I have only to prepare for the operation. I know the alternative is death or torture. This great artist, this eminent doctor, (Mr. Pitt,) has told us, that, much as we have already been distinguished for exertion, what we have hitherto done is nothing. We have hitherto only been fighting for morality and religion, for the law of nations, for the rights of civil society, and in the cause of God. Resources fully adequate to such minor objects, the right honorable gentleman assures us, we have already employed; but now, we have a contest to sustain of a higher order—a contest which will compel us to strain every remaining nerve, to call for sacrifices new and extraordinary, such as have never before been heard of in this country. We are told, that within a month, within a fortnight, perhaps, a plan must be formed for raising many millions of money, in a mode different from any that has hitherto been attempted. It is not to be a pitiful expedient for a single year; it is not to be an expedient similar to those adopted by Lord North, during the American war; or by the right honorable gentleman himself for nearly the whole of the last war; but it is to be a plan which will last forever, or at least until two or three hundred millions be raised by it. Severe measures for general defense too, are announced to us as necessary within a fortnight; plans of which no man can as yet form a conception, but which ministers are to reveal to us in due time, and when they shall have reached their full maturity of wisdom.

The income-tax was felt heavily by most of the members of this house; heavily, indeed, by all descriptions of persons in the country. I am speaking of the poor old income-tax, not the tax now about to be imposed. I speak of that mild and gentle operation, which seized

only upon one-tenth of a man's income, and not of a measure which may exact a fifth and possibly a half; a measure, too, which must be improved in the mode of its execution, since the greater the sum to be raised by it, the more rigorous must be the inquisition. Let no man now look to his holding a pound without giving possibly fifteen shillings of it to government, towards the support of the war; let no man be too confident that an inquisitor may not be empowered to break open his desk, in order to search for the other five.

And all this for what? For Malta! Malta! plain, bare, naked Malta, unconnected with any other interest! What point of honor can the retention of Malta be to you? Something of that nature may be felt by France; but to you, I aver, it is, as a point of honor, nothing. "But it may be prudent to keep it." Is the keeping it worth a contest? Does the noble lord think it so? On the contrary, is he not of opinion that it is not? "Oh! but we are to oppose the aggrandizement of France, the ambition of Bonaparte, which will destroy us like liquid fire." We have, indeed, heard some splendid philippics on this subject; philippics which Demosthenes himself, were he among us, might hear with pleasure, and possibly with envy; philippics which would lead us directly to battle, without regard to what may follow: but then comes the question,—What shall we have to pay for them? What is the amount of the bill? I remember an old French proverb, and I am not afraid of being deemed too much of a Frenchman if I should quote it; the proverb seem almost an answer to one in English, which says that "things are good, because they are dear." The author of the French one, however, tells us that, let things be ever so good, yet if they are dear, he has no pleasure in eating them. Now so it is with me, when I hear the harangues of the right honorable gentleman, in favor of war, I think the articles drest up are exquisite, but that "the cost spoils the relish." While I listen to all these fine and eloquent philippics, I cannot help recollecting what fruits such

speeches have generally produced, and dreading the devastation and carnage which usually attend them.

The right honorable gentleman, when he appears before us in all the gorgeous attire of his eloquence, reminds me of a story which is told of a barbarous prince of Morocco, a Muley Molock, or a Muley Ishmael, who never put on his gayest garments, or appeared in extraordinary pomp, but as a prelude to the murder of thousands of his subjects. Now, when I behold splendor more bright,—when I perceive the labors of an elegant and accomplished mind,—when I listen to words so choice, and contemplate the charms of his polished elocution,—it is well enough for me, sitting in this house, to enjoy the scene ; but it gives me most gloomy tidings to convey to my constituents in the lobby. For these reasons, sir, I wish, previously to our entering into this war, to be told what event it is that will put an end to it.

XLII.

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, IN WHICH HE CONDEMNNS THE BURNING OF THE AMERICAN CAPITAL BY THE BRITISH TROOPS.

Mr. Speaker—I must begin by avowing, however unfashionable such principles have now become, my partiality to AMERICA, because she is not only bound to us by the ties of common origin, but by the closer fellowship of civil and religious liberty. The spirit of liberty gave us an American empire ; the spirit of domination has robbed us of it. Peace with America, I consider as one of our greatest national advantages ; for of all separate objects of our foreign policy, I think friendship with America the *second* in importance ; the strength and security of Holland I allow to be the *first*. I have therefore at all times equally lamented and reprobated those vulgar prejudices, and that insolent language against the

people of America, which has been of late so prevalent in this country, and which has reached so extravagant a height, that men, respectable in character as well as station, have spoken in this house of the deposition of Mr. Madison as a justifiable object of war, and have treated a gentleman of English extraction and education with a most unjustifiable scurrility, for no better reason than, that we happen to be at war with the great republic over which he presides.

Sir, we have lent ourselves to the miserable policy of protracting that war for the sake of striking a blow against America. The disgrace of the naval war, of balanced success between the British navy and the new-born marine of America, was to be *redeemed* by protracted warfare, and by pouring our armies, victorious in the mighty contests of Europe, upon the American shores. That opportunity, fatally for us, arose. Had the negotiation commenced sooner, we should not have sent out orders for the attack on Washington. We should have been saved from that success, which I consider as a thousand times more disgraceful than the worst defeat. This success I charge to the delay of the negotiation. It was a success which made our naval power hateful and alarming to Europe. It was a success which gave the hearts of the American people to every enemy who might rise against England. It was an enterprise which most exasperated a people, and least weakened a government, of any recorded in the annals of war.

For every justifiable purpose of present warfare it was almost impotent. To every wise object of prospective policy it was hostile. It was an attack, not against the strength or the resources of a state, but against the national honor and public affections of a people. After twenty-five years of the fiercest warfare, in which every great capital of the European continent had been spared, I had almost said *respected* by enemies, it was reserved for England to violate all that decent courtesy towards the seats of national dignity, which, in the midst of enmi-

ty, manifests the respect of nations for each other, by an expedition deliberately and principally directed against palaces of government, halls of legislation, tribunals of justice, repositories of the muniments of property, and of the records of history—objects among civilized nations exempted from the ravages of war, and secured, as far as possible, even from its accidental operation, because they contribute nothing to the means of hostility, but are consecrated to purposes of peace, and minister to the common and perpetual interest of all human society. It seems to me an aggravation of this atrocious measure, that ministers have attempted to justify the destruction of a distinguished capital as a retaliation for some violences of inferior American officers, unauthorized and disavowed by their government, against I know not what village in Upper Canada. To make such retaliation just, there must always be clear proof of the outrage; in general also, sufficient evidence that the adverse government refused to make due reparation for it, and at least some proportion of the punishment to the offense. Here there was very imperfect evidence of the outrage—no proof of refusal to repair—and demonstration of the excessive and monstrous iniquity of what was falsely called retaliation.

The value of a capital is not to be estimated by its houses, and ware-houses, and shops. It consists chiefly in what can neither be numbered nor weighed. It was not even by the elegance or grandeur of its monuments, that it was most dear to a generous people. They looked upon it with affection and pride as the seat of legislation, as the sanctuary of public justice, often as linked with the memory of past times, still more as connected with their fondest and proudest hopes of greatness to come. To put all these respectable feelings of a great people, sanctified by the illustrious name of WASHINGTON, on a level with a half a dozen wooden sheds in the temporary seat of a provincial government, was an act of intolerable insolence, and implied as much contempt for the feelings of America, as for the common-sense of mankind.

XLIII.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. ERSKINE'S SPEECH FOR STOCKDALE.

When Warren Hastings was prosecuted by the House of Commons, the charges against him were published by order of the house, together with the remarks of Mr. Burke, (one of the managers,) and were circulated throughout the British Empire. Mr. Logan, a clergyman in Scotland, published remarks upon the allegations thus circulated, and his pamphlet was published by Mr. Stockdale, a London printer, who was prosecuted by the House of Commons for the publication.

N. B.—It is recommended that the different "*Parts*," should be committed by separate speakers, and that they should be recited in succession in colleges and schools, as public declamations. *The unity of the subject* will thus be preserved, an agreeable variety be produced by a succession of different speakers, and a spirit of emulation maintained among the students engaged.

PART I.

Mr. Erskine thus at once interests his hearers in the situation of Mr. Hastings, and consequently of his defender.

Gentlemen—Before I venture to lay the book before you, it must be yet further remembered (for the fact is equally notorious,) that, under these inauspicious circumstances, the trial of Mr. Hastings at the bar of the Lords had actually commenced long before its publication. There the most august and striking spectacle was daily exhibited, which the world ever witnessed. A vast stage of justice was erected, awful from its high authority, splendid from its illustrious dignity, venerable from the learning and wisdom of its judges, captivating and affecting from the mighty concourse of all ranks and conditions which daily flocked into it, as into a theater of pleasure;—there, when the whole public mind was at once awed and softened to the impression of every hu-

man affection, there appeared, day after day, one after another, men of the most powerful and exalted talents, eclipsing by their accusing eloquence the most boasted harangues of antiquity—rousing the pride of national resentment by the boldest invectives against broken faith and violated treaties—and shaking the bosom with alternate pity and horror by the most glowing pictures of insulted nature and humanity;—ever animated and energetic, from the love of fame, which is the inherent passion of genius;—firm and indefatigable, from a strong prepossession of the justice of their cause.

Gentlemen, when the author sat down to write the book now before you, all this terrible, unceasing, exhaustless artillery of warm zeal, matchless vigor of understanding, consuming and devouring eloquence, united with the highest dignity, was daily, and without prospect of conclusion, pouring forth upon one private unprotected man, who was bound to hear it, in the face of the whole people of England, with reverential submission and silence.—I do not complain of this as I did of the publication of the Charges, because it is what the law allowed and sanctioned in the course of public trial: but when it is remembered that we are not angels, but weak fallible men, and that even the noble judges of that high tribunal are clothed beneath their ermines with the common infirmities of man's nature, it will bring us all to a proper temper for considering the book itself, which will in a few moments be laid before you. But first, let me once more remind you, that it was under all these circumstances, and amidst the blaze of passion and prejudice, which the scene I have been endeavoring faintly to describe to you might be supposed likely to produce, that the author, whose name I will now give to you, sat down to compose the book which is prosecuted to day as a libel.

PART II.

Mr. E. now brings the author before the audience, thus skillfully prepared for his favorable reception,

Gentlemen, the author of the Pamphlet, charged as a libel, felt for the situation of a fellow-citizen, exposed to a trial which, whether right or wrong, is undoubtedly a severe one;—a trial, certainly not confined to a few criminal acts like those we are accustomed to, but comprehending the transactions of a whole life, and the complicated politics of numerous and distant nations;—a trial, which had neither visible limits to its duration, bounds to its expense, nor circumscribed compass for the grasp of memory or understanding;—a trial which had therefore broke loose from the common form of decision, and had become the universal topic of discussion in the world, superseding not only every other grave pursuit, but every fashionable dissipation.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple.—It is neither more nor less than this.—At a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand, and on every table;—when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public;—when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing, just what he pleased, of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations,—would it have been criminal in *Mr. Hastings himself* to have reminded the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defense in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? **THIS** is, without color or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr. Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defense, the author, if he wrote it *bona fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher

cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question therefore is correctly what I just now stated it to be : Could *Mr. Hastings* have been condemned to infamy for writing this book ? Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation, to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured, that a subject of this country (instead of being arraigned and tried for some single act in her ordinary courts, where the accusation, as soon at least as it is made public, is followed within a few hours by the decision) may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread as wide as the region of letters—that the accused shall stand, day after day, and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him : yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit any thing to the judgment of mankind in his defense ? If this be law, (which it is for you to day to decide,) such a man has NO TRIAL : That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar ; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by GOD AND HIS COUNTRY, IS A VICTIM AND A SACRIFICE.

PART III.

Mr. Erskine now proceeds to show, that the author, from the circumstances hitherto made known, must *naturally* have formed a conclusion favorable to Mr. Hastings, and that his pamphlet was therefore a *bona fide* defense ; that the absense of witnesses against Mr. Hastings led to such a conclusion.

Will the Attorney-General proceed then to detect the hypocrisy of our author, by giving us some detail of the proofs by which these personal enormities have been established, and which the writer must be supposed to have been acquainted with ? I ask this as the defender of *Mr.*

Stockdale, not of Mr. Hastings, with whom I have no concern. I am sorry indeed to be so often obliged to repeat this protest; but I really feel myself embarrassed with those repeated coincidences of defense which thicken on me as I advance, and which were no doubt, overlooked by the Commons when they directed this interlocutory inquiry into his conduct.

I ask then, *as counsel for Mr. Stockdale*, whether, when a great state criminal is brought to justice at an immense expense to the public, accused of the most oppressive cruelties, and charged with the robbery of princes and the destruction of nations—it is not open to any one to ask, Who are his accusers? What are the sources and the authorities of these shocking complaints? Where are the ambassadors or memorials of those princes whose revenues he has plundered? Where are the witnesses for those unhappy men in whose persons the rights of humanity have been violated?—How deeply buried is the blood of the innocent, that it does not rise up in retributive judgment to confound the guilty! These surely are questions, which, when a fellow citizen is upon a long, painful, and expensive trial, humanity has a right to propose; which the plain sense of the most unlettered man may be expected to dictate, and which all history must provoke from the more enlightened. When *CICERO* impeached *VERRES*, before the great tribunal of Rome, of similar cruelties and depredations in *her* provinces, the Roman people were not left to such inquiries. *ALL SICILY* surrounded the Forum, demanding justice upon her plunderer and spoiler, with tears and imprecations. It was not by the eloquence of the *orator*, but by the cries and tears of the miserable, that Cicero prevailed in that illustrious cause. *VERRES* fled from the oaths of his accusers and their witnesses, and not from the voice of *TULLY*. To preserve the fame of his eloquence, he composed his five celebrated speeches; but they were never delivered against the criminal, because he had fled from the city, appalled with the sight of the persecuted

and the oppressed. It may be said, that the cases of Sicily and India are widely different; perhaps they may be; whether they are or not is foreign to my purpose. I am not bound to deny the possibility of answers to such questions; I am only vindicating *the right to ask them*.

PART IV.

Mr. E. now leaves his attempt in favor of the defender of Mr. Hastings, and consequently of his client, and enters on some of the details of the pamphlet, but returns to it again for the purpose of showing that the *misgovernment* of India is ascribable *not to Mr. Hastings*, but to the wicked policy of England, and his positive *written instructions*.

Gentlemen of the Jury—If this be a wilfully false account of the instructions given to Mr. Hastings for his government, and of his conduct under them, the author and publisher of this defense deserve the severest punishment, for a mercenary imposition on the public. But if it be true that he was directed to make the *safety and prosperity of Bengal the first object of his attention*, and that, under his administration, it *has* been safe and prosperous; if it be true that the security and preservation of our possessions and revenues in Asia were marked out to him as the great leading principle of his government, and that those possessions and revenues, amidst unexampled dangers, have been secured and preserved; then a question may be unaccountably mixed with your consideration, much beyond the consequence of the present prosecution, involving, perhaps, the merit of the impeachment itself which gave it birth.

It may, and *must* be true, that Mr. Hastings has repeatedly offended against the rights and privileges of Asiatic government, if he was the faithful deputy of a power which could not maintain itself an hour without trampling on both:—he may and must have offended against the laws of God and nature, if he was the faith-

ful viceroy of an empire wrested in blood from the people to whom God and nature had given it:—he may and must have preserved that unjust dominion over timorous and abject nations, by a terrifying, overbearing, insulting superiority, if he was the faithful administrator of *your* government, which, having no root in consent or affection—no foundation in similarity of interests—nor support from any one principle which cements men together in society, could only be upheld by alternate stratagem and force. The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigor and intelligence of insulted nature: to be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the East, would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority—which heaven never gave—by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it.—I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority.—I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence: “Who is it,”—said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure,—“who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer?—Who is it

that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure?—The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it!”—said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation.—These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection.

These reflections are the only antidotes to those anathemas of super-human eloquence which have lately shaken these walls that surround us;—but which it unaccountably falls to my province, whether I will or no, a little to stem the torrent of—by reminding you, that you have a mighty sway in Asia, which cannot be maintained by the finer sympathies of life, or the practice of its charities and affections. What will they do for you when surrounded by two hundred thousand men with artillery, cavalry, and elephants, calling upon you for their dominions which you have robbed them of? Justice may, no doubt, in such a case forbid the levying of a fine to pay a revolting soldiery;—a treaty may stand in the way of increasing a tribute to keep up the very existence of the government; and delicacy for women may forbid all entrance into a Zenana for money, whatever may be the necessity for taking it. If England, from a lust of ambition and dominion, will insist on maintaining despotic rule over distant and hostile nations, beyond all comparison more numerous and extended than herself, and give commission to her viceroys to govern them with no other instructions than to preserve them, and to secure permanently their revenues; with what color of consistency or reason can she place herself in the moral chair, and affect to be shocked at the execution of her own orders; adverting to the exact measure of wickedness and injustice necessary to their execution—and complaining only of *the excess* as the immorality—considering her authority as a dispensation for breaking the commands of God,

and the breach of them as only punishable when contrary to the ordinances of man? Such a proceeding, gentlemen, begets serious reflections.—It would be better perhaps for the masters and the servants of all such governments, to join in supplication, that the great Author of violated humanity may not confound them together in one common judgment.

PART V.

Mr. E. concludes with the following :—

If a man in the situation of the author, anxious to defend a fellow-citizen whom he believed oppressed, injured and overwhelmed by the pressure of authority, did in a long work, use one or two intemperate expressions, must he on this account be subjected to infamy? Are you therefore to find him guilty of the odious crime of libel? If this severe duty is binding on your consciences the liberty of the press is an empty sound, and no man can venture to write on any subject, however pure his purpose, without an attorney at one elbow and a counsel at the other.

From minds thus subdued by the terror of punishment, there could issue no works of genius to expand the empire of human reason, nor any masterly compositions on the general nature of government, by the help of which, the great commonwealths of mankind have founded their establishments; much less any of those useful applications of them to critical conjunctures, by which, from time to time, our own constitution, by the exertions of patriot citizens, has been brought back to its standard.—Under such terrors, all the great lights of science and civilization must be extinguished: for men cannot communicate their free thoughts to one another with a lash held over their heads. It is the nature of every thing that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular—and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which

belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom, when it advances in its path :—subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Mighty rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilize in the summer : the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger.—Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings, and dissipate our commerce ; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence.—In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is ;—you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law ; but she would then be Liberty no longer ; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

XLIV.

HYDER ALI KHAN.—*Burke.*

Sir—Among the victims to this magnificent plan of universal plunder pursued by the COMPANY in India, so worthy of the heroic avarice of the projectors, you have all heard (and he has made himself to be well remembered) of an Indian Chief called Hyder Ali Khan. This man possessed the western, as the company under the Nabob of Arcot does the eastern division of the Carnatic.* It was among the leading measures in the design

* The Carnatic is that portion of Southern India which runs along the coast of Coromandel. Its length is five hundred miles, and its breadth from fifty to one hundred, and it belongs to the East India Company. Hyder Ali and the Nabob of Arcot were neighboring princes—but the Nabob held his power from the Company. The Company lent themselves to the Nabob's schemes of ambition, the object of which was (as usual) to enlarge his own dominion at the expense of that of Hyder Ali.

of this cabal (according to their own emphatic language) to *extirpate* this Hyder Ali. They declared the Nabob of Arcot to be his sovereign, and himself to be a rebel, and publicly invested their instrument with the sovereignty of the Kingdom of Mysore. But their victim was not of the passive kind. They were soon obliged to conclude a treaty of peace and close alliance with this rebel, at the gates of Madras. Both before and since that treaty, every principle of policy pointed out this power as a natural alliance; and on his part, it was courted by every sort of amicable office. But the cabinet council of English creditors would not suffer their Nabob of Arcot to sign the treaty, nor even to give to a prince, at least his equal, the ordinary titles of respect and courtesy. From that time forward, a continued plot was carried on within the divan, black and white, of the Nabob of Arcot, for the destruction of Hyder Ali. As to the outward members of the double, or rather treble government of Madras, which had signed the treaty, they were awlays prevented by some over-ruling influence (which they do not describe, but which cannot be misunderstood) from performing what justice and interest combined so evidently to enforce.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty, and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became, at length, so confident of his force, and so collected in his might that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every

enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common interest against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the arts of destruction ; and compounding all the materials of fury, havoc and desolation into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains. Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all the horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of woe, the like of which no eye had seen, no heart conceived, and which no tongue can adequately tell. All the horrors of war before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part were slaughtered ; others, without regard to sex, to age, to rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading spears of drivers, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were swept into captivity, in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest, fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore ; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four footed beast of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

XLV.

ADVANTAGES OF AN ENGLISH ORIGIN.—*Delivered before
Phi Beta Kappa.—Everett.*

Gentlemen—Who does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge, the incalculable advantages derived to this land, out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual, and moral truth, from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that he descended from the country of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke?—Who does not know, that while every pulse of civil liberty in the heart of the British empire beats warm and full in the bosom of our fathers; the sobriety, the firmness, and the dignity with which the cause of free principles struggled into existence here, constantly found encouragement and countenance from the sons of liberty there? Who does not remember that when the pilgrims went over the sea, the prayers of the faithful British confessors, in all the quarters of their dispersion, went over with them, while their aching eyes were strained, till the star of hope should go up in the western skies? And who will ever forget that in that eventful struggle, which severed this mighty empire from the British crown, there was not heard throughout our continent in arms, a voice which spoke louder for the rights of America, than that of Burke or of Chatham, within the walls of the British parliament, and at the foot of the British throne? No, for myself, I can truly say, that after my native land, I feel a tenderness and reverence for that of my fathers.

The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return like a descendant to the old family seat;—to come back to the abode of an aged, the tomb of a departed parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language beyond the sea, is a music to my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Cas-

tilian majesty.—I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, the forms, in which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians, the poets have made familiar to us—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots, where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers; the pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land, rich in the memories of the great and good; the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer as the parent of this land of promise in the west.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet, stars, garters, and blue ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire grasping the farthest east. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles to which it has been called; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birth place of our fathers, the home of the pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful, to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton; and I should think him cold in his love for his native land, who felt no melting in his heart for that other native land, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

XLVI.

DESTRUCTION OF SCIO.—*Webster.*

It was in April, of this year, 1822, that the destruction of Scio took place. That island, a sort of appanage of the Sultana mother, enjoyed many privileges peculiar to itself. In a population of one hundred and thirty thousand, or one hundred and forty thousand, it had no more than two thousand or three thousand Turks; indeed, by some accounts, not near as many. The absence of these ruffian masters, had, in some degree, allowed opportunity for the promotion of knowledge, the accumulation of wealth, and the general cultivation of society. Here was the seat of the modern Greek literature; here were libraries, printing presses, and other establishments, which indicate some advancement in refinement and knowledge. Certain of the inhabitants of Samos, it would seem, envious of this comparative happiness of Scio, landed upon the island, in an irregular multitude, for the purpose of compelling its inhabitants to make common cause with their countrymen against their oppressors. These, being joined by the peasantry, marched to the city, and drove the Turks into the castle. The Turkish fleet, lately reinforced from Egypt, happened to be in the neighboring seas, and learning these events, landed a force on the island of fifteen thousand men. There was nothing to resist such an army. These troops immediately entered the city, and began an indiscriminate massacre. The city was fired; and, in four days, the fire and the sword of the Turk, rendered the beautiful Scio a clotted mass of blood and ashes. The details are too shocking to be recited. Forty thousand women and children, unhappily saved from the general destruction, were afterwards sold in the market of Smyrna, and sent off into distant and hopeless servitude. Even on the wharves of our own cities, it has been said, have been sold the utensils of those hearths which now exist no longer. Of the whole population which I have

mentioned, not above nine hundred persons were left living upon the island. I will only repeat sir, that these tragical scenes were as fully known at the Congress of Verona, as they are now known to us; and is it not too much to call on the powers that constituted that Congress, in the name of conscience, and in the name of humanity, to tell us, if there be nothing even in these unparalleled excesses of Turkish barbarity, to excite a sentiment of compassion; nothing which they regard as so objectionable as even the very idea of popular resistance to power.

XLVII.

POTENT AGENCY OF STEAM.—*Daniel Webster.*

But if the history of the progress of the mechanical arts be interesting, still more so, doubtless, would be the exhibition of their present state, and a full display of the extent to which they are now carried. This field is much too wide even to be entered, on this occasion. The briefest outline even, would exceed its limits; and the whole subject will regularly fall to hands much more able to sustain it. The slightest glance, however, must convince us, that mechanical power and mechanical skill, as they are now exhibited in Europe and America, mark an epoch in human history, worthy of all admiration. Machinery is made to perform what has formerly been the toil of human hands, to an extent that astonishes the most sanguine, with a degree of power to which no number of human arms is equal, and with such precision and exactness as almost to suggest the notion of reason and intelligence in the machines themselves. Every natural agent is put unrelentingly to the task. The winds work, the waters work, the elasticity of metals work: gravity is solicited into a thousand new forms of action: levers are multiplied upon levers; wheels revolve on the peripheries of other wheels; the saw and the plane are tortured into

an accommodation to new uses, and, last of all, with inimitable power, and with "whirlwind sound," comes the potent agency of steam. In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised in the short compass of fifty years! Every where practicable, every where efficient, it has an arm a thousand times stronger than that of Hercules, and to which human ingenuity is capable of fitting a thousand times as many hands as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found, in triumphant operation, on the seas; and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship,

"Against the wind, against the tide,
Still *steadies* with an upright keel."

It is on the rivers, and the boatman may repose on his oars; it is in highways, and begins to exert itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, "Leave off your manual labor, give over your bodily toil; bestow but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will bear the toil,—with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax; no breast to feel faintness." What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power, it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What we do know, is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears, beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated, if we were to miss it on the water and in the mills, it would seem as if we were going back to rude ages.

XLVIII.

CONCLUSION OF THE REV. ROBERT HALL'S SERMON, BEFORE THE VOLUNTEERS AT BRISTOL, IN THE PROSPECT OF AN INVASION BY FRANCE.

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, you must raise your minds to a level with your station, and extend your views to a distant futurity ; to consequences the most certain, though remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished : the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe ; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere who are in possession of equal laws, and a free constitution. But the inundation of lawless power, after covering the rest of Europe, threatens England ; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled, *in the Thermopylæ of the universe*. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important by far of sublunary interests, you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the federal representatives of the human race ; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born ; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the color and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it. It remains with you then to decide whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good ; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God ; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence ; the freedom which poured into our lap of

opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theater of wonders ; it is for you to decide whether this freedom shall yet survive, or perish forever. But you *have* decided. With such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of of the civilized world.

Go, then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen ; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you *her* aid ; she will shed over your enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary ; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God ; the feeble hands which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit ; and from the myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms.

My brethren, I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, incapable, till it be brought to a favorable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals ! Your mantle fell when you ascended ; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to *swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth forever and ever*, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labors, and cemented with your blood.

And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, *gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty* ; go forth with our hosts in the day of battle ! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valor, that

confidence of success which springs from thy presence ! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes ! Inspire them with thine own ; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire ! *Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark ; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.*

XLIX.

ON THE DEATH OF HAMILTON.—*Dr. Mason.*

SAD, my fellow-citizens, are the recollections and forebodings which the present solemnities force upon the mind. Five years have not elapsed since your tears flowed for the father of your country, and you are again assembled to shed them over her eldest son. No, it is not an illusion—would to God it were : your eyes behold it : the urn which bore the ashes of WASHINGTON, is followed by the urn which bears the ashes of HAMILTON.

FATHERS, friends, countrymen ! the grave of HAMILTON speaks. It charges me to remind you that he fell a victim, not to disease nor accident ; not to the fortune of glorious warfare ; but, how shall I utter it ? to a custom which has no origin but superstition, no aliment but depravity, no reason but in madness. Alas ! that he should thus expose his precious life. This was his error. A thousand bursting hearts reiterate, this *was* his error. Shall I apologize ? I am forbidden by his living protestations, by his dying regrets, by his wasted blood. Shall a solitary act into which he was betrayed and dragged, have the authority of a precedent ? The plea is precluded by the long decisions of his understanding, by the principles of his conscience, and by the reluctance of his heart. Ah ! when will our morals be purified, and an

imaginary honor cease to cover the most pestilent of human passions.

My appeal is to military men. Your honor is sacred. Listen. Is it honorable to enjoy the esteem of the wise and good? The wise and good turn with disgust from the man who lawlessly aims at his neighbor's life. Is it honorable to serve your country? That man cruelly injures her, who, from private pique, calls his fellow-citizen into the dubious field. Is fidelity honorable? The man forswears his faith, who turns against the bowels of his countrymen, weapons put into his hands for their defense. Are generosity, humanity, sympathy, honorable? That man is superlatively base, who mingles the tears of the widow and orphan, with the blood of a husband and father. Do refinement, and courtesy, and benignity, entwine with the laurels of the brave? The blot is yet to be wiped from the soldier's name, that he cannot treat his brother with the decorum of a gentleman, unless the pistol or the dagger be every moment at his heart. Let the votaries of honor now look at their deed. Let them compare their doctrine with this horrible comment.

My countrymen, the land is defiled with blood unrighteously shed. Its cry, disregarded on earth, has gone up to the throne of God; and this day does our punishment reveal our sin. It is time for us to awake. The voice of moral virtue, the voice of domestic alarm, the voice of the fatherless and widow, the voice of a nation's wrong, the voice of HAMILTON's blood, the voice of impending judgment, calls for a remedy. At this hour heaven's high reproof is sounding from Maine to Georgia, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the banks of the Mississippi. If we refuse obedience, every drop of blood spilled in single combat will lie at our door, and will be recompensed when our cup is full. We have, then, our choice, either to coerce iniquity, or prepare for desolation; and, in the mean time, to make our nation, though infant in years, yet mature in vice, the scorn and the abhorrence of civilized man!

Fathers, friends, countrymen! the dying breath of HAMILTON recommended to you the christian's hope. His single testimony outweighs all the cavils of the sciolist, and all the jeers of the profane. Who will venture to pronounce a fable, that doctrine of "life and immortality" which his profound and irradiating mind embraced as the truth of God? When you are to die, you will find no source of peace but in the faith of Jesus. Cultivate for your present repose and your future consolation, what our departed friend declared to be the support of his expiring moments: a tender reliance on the mercies of the Almighty, through the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ.

L.

THE UPRIGHT LAWYER.—*Greenleaf.*

In the walks of private life, the character of an upright lawyer shines with mild but genial luster. He concerns himself with the beginnings of controversies, not to inflame but to extinguish them. He is not content with the doubtful morality of suffering clients, whose passions are roused, to rush blindly into legal conflict. His conscience can find no balm in the reflection, that he has but obeyed the orders of an angry man. He feels that his first duties are to the community in which he lives, and whose peace he is bound to preserve. He is no stranger to the mischiefs which follow in the train of litigation; the deadly feuds and animosities descending from the original combatants to successive generations; the perjuries and frauds so often committed to secure success; and the impoverishment so commonly resulting even to the winning party; and in view of these consequences, he will advise to amicable negotiation and adjustment. He is a peace maker;—a composer of dissensions;—a blessing to his neighborhood;—his path is luminous as "the path of the just." I look with pity on

the man, who regards himself a mere machine of the law ;—whose conceptions of moral and social duty are all absorbed in the supposed obligation to his client, and this of so low a nature as to render him a very tool and slave, to serve the worst passions of men ;—who yields himself a passive instrument of legal inflictions, to be moved at the pleasure of every hirer ;—and who, beholding the ruin and havoc made by a lawsuit, which “two scruples of honesty” in his counsel might have prevented, can calmly pocket his fee, with the reflection that he has done his duty to his client, alike regardless of the duty to his neighbor and to his God. That such men do exist, to disgrace our profession, is lamentably true ; men—

“ that can speak
To every cause, and things mere contraries,
Till they are hoarse again, yet all be law :”

We would redeem its character by marking a higher standard of morals. While our aid should never be withheld from the injured or the accused, let it be remembered, that all our duties are not concentrated in conducting an appeal to the law ;—that we are not only lawyers but citizens and men ;—that our clients are not always the best judges of their own interests,—and that having confided these interests to our own hands, it is for us to advise to that course which will best conduce to their permanent benefit, not merely as solitary individuals, but as men connected with society by enduring ties.

In the management of causes in court, the whole duty of a lawyer, not only to his client but to all others, is expressed in the simple yet dignified and comprehensive formula of his oath of office, as administered in the national tribunals,—to demean himself uprightly and according to law. He is to deal faithfully with the merits and facts of the cause confided to his care ; yet not pressing them beyond their intrinsic value, or the boundaries of justice. He has not sold himself to obtain, by right or wrong, a victory for his employer ; but is engaged to see that his

case is clearly and truly developed, and that the judgment pronounced upon it is agreeable to the law of the land. He is to perpetuate no falsehood,—he is to practice no chicanery ;—he is to take no advantage of the mistakes of his brethren ;—he is to resort to no low cunning ; to spread no net for the unwary. He is to draw a broad line of distinction between the facts of the case, which are the property of his client, and the mode of bringing them into judgment, which is exclusively his own. In the ardor of forensic conflict he is still to be governed by the standard of morals in private life, and to personate no man but himself. He is to lend “his exertions to others, himself to none.” He has no personal abuse to bestow for the gratification of another’s spleen ; no gibes upon virtue and religion ; neither is he to neglect the courtesies which are due to an opposing brother. If, in the collisions of the bar, his anger is sometimes roused, it should be, like the anger of Hooker, but “the momentary bead upon a phial of pure water, instantly subsiding without sediment or soil.” He is not to forget, that while maintaining individual rights, he is also addressing the public, and acting upon minds with which he may never again come into contact ; that he is testifying for or against his profession, whose character, for the time being, he sustains, and is giving his suffrage, as a member of the community, either for virtue or for vice.

LI.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHRISTIAN PATRIOT.—*Gallaudet.*

Suppose the mind of one of our most distinguished statesmen to be under the controlling influence of the christian’s faith, to be actuated by the motives which this faith inspires, and to meet with those associations of thought and feeling, which the objects of this faith afford.

He is a *christian patriot* ; and in all the laborious duties of his official stations ; in all his counsels with kindred souls ; in all his plans of reform and improvement, the future moral and religious, as well as political, aspects of his beloved country, pass before his mind, and glow in his imagination, with all that vividness and beauty which his own creative fancy, in the light of the promises of revelation, sheds around them. His grandest projects, and his mightiest efforts, with their most splendid results, rise in his estimation to still higher degrees of grandeur and sublimity, because they are but the preparatory steps for making this his beloved country become, to the millions and millions of people who are yet destined to inhabit it, *the great entrance way* to that holier and happier country, where Jehovah, in the person of his Son, will manifest his glory, and his empire be one of universal peace and love.

He seeks the honor of his nation ; but his estimate of this honor is made with reference to distant times and ages, when the records of history shall breathe the same spirit as the records of revelation, and the admiration of mankind be directed to the heroes who have been great in *doing good*, and to the nations that have been the benefactors of mankind ; and he seeks to prepare the way, in the very discharge of his political duties, to have his beloved country distinguished as the instrument, in the hand of the King of kings, of diffusing the blessings of civilization, of freedom, and of christianity throughout the world.

He is a *christian statesman* ; and he anticipates the day when the principles which he recognizes, and the measures which he advocates, based on the eternal foundation of truth and justice ; imbued with the spirit of the gospel ; acknowledging the paramount obligation of loving our neighbor as ourselves, and of doing to others as we would have others do to us ; breathing peace on earth and good will to men, when these principles shall regulate the intercourse of nations ; and the universal

adoption of these measures shall bind all men together in one brotherhood of affection; when they shall acknowledge God as their common Father; his Son as their only Savior and Lord; living to do good to each other, as members of one great family; and inspired by the same hopes of immortality, as fellow-heirs of a common inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

SECRETS OF GUILT NEVER SAFE FROM DETECTION.

Daniel Webster.

Gentlemen, this is a most extraordinary case. In some respects it has hardly a precedent anywhere; certainly none in our New-England history. This bloody drama exhibited no suddenly excited, ungovernable rage. The actors in it were not surprised by any lion-like temptation springing upon their virtue, and overcoming it before resistance could begin. Nor did they do the deed to glut savage vengeance, or satiate long-settled and deadly hate. It was a cool, calculating, money-making murder.—It was all “hire and salary, not revenge.” It was the weighing of money against life; the counting out of so many pieces of silver, against so many ounces of blood.

An aged man, without an enemy in the world, in his own house, and in his own bed, is made the victim of a butcherly murder, for mere pay.—Truly, here is a new lesson for painters and poets. Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited in an example, where such example was last to have been looked for, in the very bosom of our New-England society, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate, and the blood-shot eye emitting livid fires of malice. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; a picture in *repose*, rather than in action; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity, and in its paroxysms of *crime*, as

an infernal nature, a fiend, in the ordinary display and development of his character.

The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet; the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment.—With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this, he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges; and he enters and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon.—He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! he feels it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The *secret* is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe no where. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can

bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye that glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that “murder will out.” True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven, by shedding man’s blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially, in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it does not acknowledge to God nor man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirit of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions, from without, begin to embarrass him, the fatal *secret* struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, *it will be* confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

LII.

REDGAUNTLET'S ADDRESS TO HIS NEPHEW.—*Scott.*

For you, my nephew, I had hoped to have done much. The weakness and timidity of your mother sequestered you from my care, or it would have been my pride and happiness to have trained up the son of my unhappy brother in those paths of honor in which our ancestors have always trod. I have no wish to reflect on her memory, though her mistrust has done so much injury, I will not say to me, but to the cause of my unhappy country.

Well, I now hold up to you, my dearest nephew, a worthy object of ambition. Look eastward—do you see a monument stand on yonder plain, near a hamlet? That hamlet is called Burgh-upon-Sands, and yonder monument is erected to the memory of the tyrant Edward I. The just hand of Providence overtook him on that spot, as he was leading his bands to complete the subjugation of Scotland, whose civil dissensions began under his accursed policy. The glorious career of Bruce might have been stopped in its outset; the field of Bannockburn might have remained a bloodless turf, if God had not removed, in the very crisis, the crafty and bold tyrant who had so long been Scotland's scourge. Edward's grave is the cradle of our national freedom. It is within sight of that great landmark of our liberty, that I have to propose to you an undertaking, second in honor and importance to none since the immortal Bruce stabbed the Red Comyn, and grasped, with his yet bloody hand, the independent crown of Scotland.

I will not suppose that you are either so dull as not to comprehend the import of my words, or so dastardly as to be dismayed by my proposal—or so utterly degenerate from the blood and sentiments of your ancestors, as not to feel my summons as the horse hears the war-trumpet.

I will not hear you speak a word against the justice of

that enterprise, for which your oppressed country calls with the voice of a parent, entreating her children for aid—or against that noble revenge which your father's blood demands from his dishonored grave. His skull is yet standing over the Rikargate, and even its bleak and mouldered jaws command you to be a man. I ask you, in the name of God, will you draw your sword, and go with me to Carlisle, were it but to lay your father's head, now the perch of the obscene owl and carrion crow, and the scoff of every ribald clown, in consecrated earth, as befits his long ancestry.

Have I forgot my brother's blood? Can I—dare I even now repeat the pater noster, since my enemies and the murderers remain unforgiven? Is there an art I have not practiced—a privation to which I have not submitted? Have I not been a vowed and devoted man, foregoing every comfort of social life, renouncing even the exercise of devotion, unless when I might name in prayer my prince and country, submitting to every thing to make converts to this noble cause? Have I done this, and shall I now stop short?

Peace, heir of my ancestor's fame—heir of all my hopes and wishes,—peace, son of my slaughtered brother! I have sought for thee, and mourned for thee, as a mother for her only child. Do not let me again lose you in the moment when you are restored to my hopes. Believe me, I distrust so much my own impatient temper, that I entreat you, as the dearest boon, do nought to awaken it at this crisis.

Listen to me, my dearest Arthur; the state of the nation no more implies prosperity than the florid color of a fevered patient is a symptom of health. All is false and hollow—the apparent success of Chatham's administration has plunged the country deeper in debt than all the barren acres of Canada are worth, were they as fertile as Yorkshire—the dazzling luster of the victories of Minden and Quebec, have been dimmed by the disgrace of the hasty peace: by the war, England, at immense

expense, gained nothing but honor, and that she has gratuitously resigned. Many eyes, formerly cold and indifferent, are now looking towards the line of our ancient and rightful monarchs, as the only refuge in the approaching storm—the populace are inflamed—and a band of patriots, whose measures are more safe than their numbers are few, have resolved to set up king Charles' standard.

I will not give you my confidence by halves, Sir Arthur; look at that scroll—what say you to these names? Are they not the flower of the western shires—of Wales—of Scotland? For thee and thine I can be myself responsible, for if thou hast not the courage to head the force of thy house, the leading shall pass to other hands, and thy inheritance shall depart from thee, like vigor and verdure from a rotten branch. For these honorable persons, a slight condition there is which they annex to their friendship—something so trifling that it is scarcely worthy of mention. This boon granted to them by him who is most interested, there is no question they will take the field in the manner there stated.

I have told you, Sir Arthur, that I do not urge your immediate accession to my proposal; indeed, the consequences of a refusal would be so dreadful to yourself, so destructive to all the hopes which I have nursed, that I would not risk, by a moment's impatience, the hopes of my whole life. Yes, Arthur, I have been a self-denying hermit at one time—at another, the apparent associate of outlaws and desperadoes—at another, the subordinate agent of men whom I felt every way my inferiors—not for any selfish purpose of my own, no, not even to win for myself the renown of being the principal instrument in restoring my king and freeing my country. My first wish on earth is for that restoration and that freedom—my next, that my nephew, the representative of my house, and of the brother of my love, may have the advantage and the credit of all my efforts in the good cause. But if Scotland and my father's house cannot stand and

flourish together, then perish the very name of Redgauntlet! perish the son of my brother, with every recollection of the glories of my family, of the affections of my youth, rather than my country's cause should be injured in the tithing of a barley corn! The spirit of Sir Alberie is alive within me at this moment, and if you yourself crossed my path in opposition, I swear by the mark that darkens my brow, that a new deed should be done—a new doom should be deserved.

LIV.

FALSTAFF'S RAGGED REGIMENT.—*Shakspeare.*

Henry IV. Part 1. Act iv. Scene 4.

If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am souc'd gurnet. I have misus'd the king's press damnably, I have got in exchange of an hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds; I press me none but good householders—yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a stuck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I press me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads; and they have bought out their services. And now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies! slaves as ragged as Lazarus, in the painted cloth; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust servingmen, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and long peace; and such have I to fill up the room of them that have bought out their services; that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd

the dead bodies. No eye has seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of St. Albans, or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.—“And as for the rest”—Tut, tut, “they're good enough to toss”—Mortal men—mortal men!—“fair” food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; “or stand as well in the mouth of a cannon.”

 LV.

REPLY OF ROB ROY MAC GREGOR TO MR. OSBALDISTONE.
Scott.

You speak like a boy—like a boy, who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easy as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult;—the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?

And they *shall* find that the name they have dared to proscribe—that the name of Mac Gregor *is* a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover, bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay, shall burst on them in an awful change.

They that scoffed at the groveling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon. But why do I speak of all this?—only, ye may opine, it frets my patience to be hunted like an otter, or a seal, or a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbors : and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that good gift, as you may have heard. But one thing bides with me of what Nicol said. I'm vexed for the bairns—I'm vexed when I think of Robert and Hamish living their father's life.—But let us say no more of this. * * * *

You must think hardly of us—and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked :—we are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be, a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel people. The land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted people ; and if persecution maketh wise men mad, what must it do to men like us, living as our father's did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view their bloody edicts against us—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honorable name—as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies?—Here I stand—have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood!—and yet, they would betray me, and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill will at me.

You are a kind-hearted and an honorable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honor.—But the heather that I have trod upon when living, must bloom over me when I am dead—my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither, like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my

native hills ; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen—what would become of her, were I to leave her, the subject of new insult and atrocity?—or how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is aye sweetened by the recollection of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and removed myself, and my people, and my family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into Mac Cullummore's country,—and Helen made a lament on our departure, as well as Mac Rimmon himself could have framed it ; and so piteously sad and wosome, that our hearts almost brake as we listened to her :—it was like the wailing of one for the mother that bore him—and I would not have the same touch of the heart-break again, . . . no, not to have all the lands that were ever owned by Mac Gregor.

LVI.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HATRED.—*Canning.*

MY honorable friend has expended abundant research and subtlety upon this inquiry, and having resolved the phrase into its elements, in the crucible of his philosophical mind, has produced it to us purified and refined, to a degree that must command the admiration of all who take delight in metaphysical alchemy. My honorable and learned friend began by telling us, that, after all, hatred is no bad thing in itself. "I hate a tory," says my honorable friend—"and another man hates a cat ; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat, or I the tory." Nay, so far from it—hatred, if it be properly managed, is according to my honorable friend's theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences—

for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the lion and the kid, in the vision of the prophet. This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed from a character in a play, which is, I dare say, as great a favorite with my learned friend as it is with me : I mean, the Comedy of the Rivals : in which Mrs. Malaprop, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her neice, (who is unreasonable enough to talk of liking, as a necessary preliminary to such a union,) says, "What have you to do with your likings and your preferences, child ? Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle like a blackamoor, before we were married ; and yet you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him." Such is my learned friend's argument, to a hair. But finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the house so glibly as he had expected, my honorable and learned friend presently changed his tack ; and put forward a theory, which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable ; and, in short, as wanting nothing to recommend it but a slight foundation in truth. "True philosophy," says my honorable friend, "will always continue to lead men to virtue} by the instrumentality of their conflicting vices. The virtues, where more than one exist, may live harmoniously together ; but the vices bear mortal antipathy to one another, and therefore furnish, to the moral engineer, the power by which he can make each keep the other under control." Admirable ! but, upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice, must be in a very bad way. No fulcrum, no moral power for effecting his cure. Whereas his more fortunate neighbor, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of becoming a very virtuous member of society. I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment. For instance, suppose that I discharged a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend

him to my honorable and learned friend. It might be the poor man's only fault, and therefore clearly incorrigible; but if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not, with a safe conscience, send him to my learned friend, with a strong recommendation, saying, I send you a man whom I know to be a drunkard; but I am happy to assure you, he is also a thief; you cannot do better than employ him; you will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery, and no doubt you will bring him out of the conflict a very moral personage?

LVII.

THE MISERIES OF WAR.—*Robert Hall.*

THOUGH the whole race of man is doomed to dissolution, and we are all hastening to our long home; yet at each successive moment life and death seem to divide between them the dominion of mankind, and life to have the larger share. It is otherwise in war: death reigns there without a rival, and without control. War is the work, the element, or rather the sport and triumph of death, who glories not only in the extent of his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil. In the other methods of attack, in the other forms which death assumes, the feeble and the aged, who at the best can live but a short time, are usually the victims; here they are the vigorous and the strong.

It is remarked by the most ancient of poets, that in peace, children bury their parents, in war, parents bury their children: nor is the difference small. Children lament their parents, sincerely indeed, but with that moderate and tranquil sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel who are conscious of retaining many tender ties, many animating prospects. Parents mourn for their children with the bitterness of despair; the aged parent, the widowed mother, loses, when she is deprived of her

children, every thing but the capacity of suffering ; her heart, withered and desolate, admits no other object, cherishes no other hope. It is Rachel, weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, because they are not.

But, to confine our attention to the number of the slain would give us a very inadequate idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot of those who perish instantaneously may be considered, apart from religious prospects, as comparatively happy, since they are exempt from those lingering diseases and slow torments to which others are liable. We cannot see an individual expire, though a stranger, or an enemy, without being sensibly moved, and prompted by compassion to lend him every assistance in our power. Every trace of resentment vanishes in a moment : every other emotion gives way to pity and terror.

In these last extremities we remember nothing but the respect and tenderness due to our common nature. What a scene then must a field of battle present, where thousands are left without assistance, and without pity, with their wounds exposed to the piercing air, while the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses, and the insults of an enraged foe ! If they are spared by the humanity of the enemy, and carried from the field, it is but a prolongation of torment. Conveyed in uneasy vehicles, often to a remote distance, through roads almost impassable, they are lodged in ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and the sick, where the variety of the distress baffles all the efforts of humanity and skill, and renders it impossible to give to each the attention he demands. Far from their native home, no tender assiduities of friendship, no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or sister, is near to sooth their sorrows, relieve their thirst, or close their eyes in death ! Unhappy man ! and must you be swept into the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings, or mingled with your dust ?

We must remember, however, that as a very small proportion of a military life is spent in actual combat, so it is a very small part of its miseries which must be ascribed to this source. More are consumed by the rust of inactivity than by the edge of the sword ; confined to a scanty or unwholesome diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms ; their life is a continual scene of hardships and dangers. They grow familiar with hunger, cold, and watchfulness. Crowded into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads amongst their ranks, till the ravages of disease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the sufferings of those who are engaged in the profession of arms, without taking into our account the situation of the countries which are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful to hold every thing at the mercy of an enemy, and to receive life itself as a boon dependent on the sword ! How boundless the fears which such a situation must inspire, where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles or customs, and no conjecture can be formed of our destiny, except as far as it is dimly deciphered in characters of blood, in the dictates of revenge, and the caprices of power.

Conceive but for a moment the consternation which the approach of an invading army would impress on the peaceful villages in our neighborhood. When you have placed yourself for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms. But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors ? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants ; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions, miserable fugitives on their

native soil! In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin!

LVIII.

DEFENSE OF J. A. WILLIAMS, FOR A LIBEL ON THE CLERGY OF DURHAM.—*Brougham.*

It is necessary for me to set before you the picture my learned friend was pleased to draw of the clergy of the diocese of Durham, and I shall recall it to your minds almost in his own words. According to him, they stand in a peculiarly unfortunate situation; they are, in truth, the most injured of men.

They all, it seems, entertain the same generous sentiments with the rest of their countrymen, though they did not express them in the old, free English manner, by openly condemning the proceedings against the late queen; and after the course of unexampled injustice, against which she victoriously struggled, had been followed by the needless infliction of inhuman torture, to undermine a frame whose spirit no open hostility could daunt, and extinguish the life so long embittered by the same foul arts—after that great princess had ceased to harass her enemies—after her glorious but unhappy life had closed, and that princely head was at last laid low by death, which, living, all oppression had only the more illustriously exalted—the venerable the clergy of Durham, I am now told for the first time, though less forward in giving vent to their feelings than the rest of their fellow-citizens—though not so vehement in their indignation at the matchless and unmanly persecution of the queen—though not so unbridled in their joy at her im-

mortal triumph, nor so low in their lamentations over her mournful and untimely end—did, nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize with her sufferings, in the bottom of their reverend hearts !

When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel—if not so clamorous, they did not feel the least of all the members of the community—their grief was in truth too deep for utterance—sorrow clung round their bosoms, weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound—and, when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, their silence, the contrast which they displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction ; they said the less because they felt the more !

Oh ! talk of hypocrisy after this ! Most consummate of all hypocrites ! After instructing your chosen official advocate to stand forward with such a defense—such an exposition of your motives—to dare utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged you with it ? This is indeed to insult common sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race ! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright, frank, honest hypocrites, to what you have now made yourselves—and surely, for all you have ever done or ever been charged with, your worst enemies must be satiated with the humiliation of this day, its just atonement, and ample retribution !

LIX.

ON ATHEISM.—*Foster.*

I will imagine one case more, on which you would emphatically express your compassion, though for one of the most daring beings in the creation, a contemner of God, who explodes his laws, by denying his existence.

If you were so unacquainted with mankind, that this

character might be announced to you as a rare and singular phenomenon, your conjectures, till you saw and heard the man, at the nature and extent of the discipline through which he must have advanced, would be led toward something extraordinary. And you might think that the term of that discipline must have been very long ; since a quick train of impressions, a short series of mental gradations, within the little space of a few months and years, would not seem enough to have matured such supreme and awful heroism. Surely the creature that thus lifts his voice, and defies all invisible power within the possibilities of infinity, challenging whatever unknown being may hear him, and may appropriate that title of Almighty which is pronounced in scorn, to evince his existence, if he will, by his vengeance, was not as yesterday a little child, that would tremble and cry at the approach of a diminutive reptile.

But indeed it is heroism no longer, if he *knows* that there is no God. The wonder then turns on the great process, by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence that can know that there is no God. What ages and what heights are requisite for **THIS** attainment ! This intelligence involves the very attributes of divinity, while a God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the universe, he cannot know but there may be, in some place, manifestations of a Deity, by which even *he* would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know, may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is so, that which is so, may be God. If he is not in absolute possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be a God. If he does not know every thing that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may

have been done by a God. Thus unless he knows all things, that is, precludes another Deity by being one himself, he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects, does not exist. But he must *know* that he does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he avows his rejection, and acts accordingly. And yet a man of *ordinary* age and intelligence may present himself to you with the avowal of being thus distinguished from the crowd.

LX.

THE PRESENT SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION DEFECTIVE.

Dunkin.

When we have succeeded in giving to our architects and linguists their due amount of mathematical and literary schooling, with the smallest expense of time and money, have we done all that should be done to fit them for their several pursuits? They have each a nature of their own, which it will be theirs, as the case may be, to improve or neglect; are they, under the existing system, in the least instructed in regard to it? Some things are conducive to, others destructive of, corporeal health: have they been urged to study the organization of the body, and the laws which determine its relations of health or disease, that they may obey those laws, and reap the advantages of obedience? They have natural impulses or feelings, ever urging them to action of one kind or another: have we taught them any thing in regard to those feelings, so that they may recognize them in their results on themselves or others, and may so combine and modify them as to make them ever the ministers of good, rather than of evil? They have intellectual powers:—do they know their range and character, or the laws by which their improvement and discipline is by the Creator's fiat regulated? As members of society, have they learnt the nature of their duties to its other members, in their seve-

ral capacities of sons or fathers, friends or strangers? As citizens, have they any knowledge of the modes of operating with advantage on their fellows, of the principles of reasoning, teaching, legislation, &c., in ignorance of which, they must of necessity be perpetually the dupes of their own whims, or of their neighbor's cunning? As beings to whom is addressed what purports to be a revelation from their Maker of his will in regard to them, have they, that they might understand its messages, been instructed to compare them with the character and circumstances of those to whom they have been sent; and have they, by such comparison, been shown, what without it cannot be fully shown, the perfect fitness of the message, the nature of the duties it imposes on them, and the mode in which its advantages may be best conveyed to others? We are not to be understood as saying, that there is *literally nothing* done in these respects. Our charge is simply this, that what has been done is very little, and that, generally speaking, even our educationists are making no exertions for its increase. If this charge be true,—nay, if *any* of these branches of education be neglected in our present system, (and surely no one can deny that they are,) then we maintain that to be indifferent to such an extension of the system as will embrace them, and to be all the while indefatigable in our efforts to learn and teach the size and color of a pebble, leaf or spider, is an inconsistency as glaring as any of those, for which we laugh at or condemn our forefathers.

These things ought not so to be. The omission thus almost complete and universal, is a fatal one, and threatens more of mischief to society, than all our other improvements, useful as they are, promise to it of good. We are making all our physical knowledge and education contribute to our ease and wealth, without once asking how that ease and wealth, so highly prized, will in its turn affect ourselves. Other nations have fallen under the effects of wealth: we never inquire how we are to es-

cape their fate. Are factories, rail-roads, and steam-engines the only business of life? Is it no concern of ours how we are discharging our duties to our fellows or our country? Surely, we should do well to recollect, that our acts have their influence on others; nay more, that the acts of others influence ourselves; that our government and freedom, the very security of our property itself, is dependent on these influences; and that, whenever the mass of the people are too ignorant of their own interests, in other words, of their own nature, to be able and willing to maintain for us these blessings, they must fall. How then are we to improve the people, for our own security even, if we know neither ourselves, nor them, nor human nature generally,—if we understand neither our instruments, nor our material, nor our model? We must lose no time in this matter, if we would remove the already too apparent evils which have sprung from past neglect. Our institutions, to judge from signs which can hardly be mistaken, are even now in danger. Opinions, the wildest and most extravagant in their conceptions, and the most dangerous in their results, yet find firm and numerous supporters. No experiment is too rash, no change too violent, to have its advocates. Whichever way we look, whether to our moral, or political, or religious controversies, we see still the same scene. Every inch of ground contested, not to say removed from under us, no common principle admitted, no common object aimed at,—we have surely little cause enough for exulting in the certainty of our physical knowledge, in view of the all-pervading insecurity of our moral systems. A better state of things must be produced. It is not at our option to withhold assistance from the effort, as from some idle fancy of a dreamer's benevolence. The most benevolent course is in this case the most selfish, the only one, indeed, which can benefit ourselves. In order to the individual's happiness, others must be happy; and the lowest, as strongly as the highest motives, urge on us the necessity of exertion for this object. We would

have ourselves and our neighbors enjoying health, rather than trying to remove disease ; we would see all acting in their several relations well and wisely for the good of all ; not constantly, by ignorance or rashness, prejudicing the common interest. To effect this, we must at once apply the only remedy for our present evils ; we must acquire for ourselves, and induce others to acquire, a knowledge of themselves,—of human nature.

LXI.

CONCLUSION OF DR. RUSH'S CHAPTER ON THE MODE OF INSTRUCTION IN ELOCUTION.

The various uses of the elements enumerated throughout this essay, contribute largely to the force and elegance of utterance. They must be employed. The question is, whether they should be learned from an assemblage, in current discourse, or from a separate and iterated practice on their individual forms.

I need not propose arguments in favor of the analytic and elementary system to those, who, from the habit of acquiring the sciences, have formed for themselves economical and effective plans of education. It is well for all others to take opinion in this matter, for a while at least, upon faith ; and to know that the only reason why elocutionists have never employed this mode, is because they have been ignorant of the subdivided functions of speech. There are too many examples in science, of the useful application of analysis to the purpose of rudimental instruction, to suppose that the same means would not have been adopted in elocution, if they had been within reach of the master.

I look for no more, from a well devised practical system of elocution, than we are every day receiving from established arts. All men speak and reason, for these acts, as far as we know, are as natural as passion : but the arts of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, teach us to do

these things in the best manner. In short, doing them in the best manner is signified by the name of these arts. When the voice is prepared by elementary trial, the feeling which prompts the expression will find the pliant and strengthened organs ready to furnish a satisfactory and elegant accomplishment of its designs.

If the high accomplishments of elocution are an object of ambition, the system of instruction offered in this essay, will furnish the easiest and shortest means for success. After all that has been said, the best contrived scheme will be of little avail, without the utmost zeal and perseverance on the part of the learner. It is an impressive saying by an elegant genius of the Augustan age in Rome, and he drew the maxim from his own life and fame, that "nothing is given to mortals without indefatigable labor : " by which he meant to insinuate that those works which, from their rare and surpassing merits are supposed to proceed from a peculiar endowment by heaven, are, in reality, but the product of hard and unremitting industry.

It is pitiable to witness the wishes and conceits of ambition, without the accompaniment of its requisite exertions. The art of reading well is one of those accomplishments which all wish to possess, many think they have already, and some set about to acquire. These, after a few lessons with an elocutionist, and no toil of their own, are disappointed at not becoming themselves at once masters of the art, and abandon the study for the purpose of entering on some new subject of trial and failure. Such cases of infirmity are partly the consequence of the inconstancy of human nature ; but they chiefly arise from defects in the usual course of instruction. Go to some, may I say all, of our colleges and universities, and observe how the art of speaking is not taught there. See a boy of but fifteen years, sent upon a stage, pale and choking with apprehension, in an attempt to do that, without instruction, which he came purposely to learn ; and to furnish amusement to his class-

mates, by a pardonable awkwardness, which should be punished, in the person of his pretending and neglectful preceptors, with little less than scourging. Then visit a conservatorio of music—see the orderly tasks, the masterly discipline, the unwearied superintendence, and the incessant toil to produce accomplishment of voice ; and afterwards do not be surprised that the pulpit, the senate, the bar, and the chair of medical professorship, are filled with such abominable drawlers, mouthers, mumblers, cluttersers, squeakers, chanters, and mongers in monotony ; nor that the schools of singing are constantly sending abroad those great instances of vocal wonder, who sound along the high places of the world ; who are bidden to the halls of fashion and wealth ; who sometimes quell the pride of rank, by its momentary sensation of envy ; and who draw forth the intelligent curiosity, and produce the crowning delight and approbation of the prince and the sage.

LXII.

INDUSTRY NECESSARY TO THE ATTAINMENT OF ELOQUENCE.—*Ware.*

The history of the world is full of testimony to prove how much depends upon industry ; not an eminent orator has lived but is an example of it. Yet, in contradiction to all this, the almost universal feeling appears to be, that industry can effect nothing, that eminence is the result of accident, and that every one must be content to remain just what he may happen to be. Thus multitudes, who come forward as teachers and guides, suffer themselves to be satisfied with the most indifferent attainments, and a miserable mediocrity, without so much as inquiring how they may rise higher, much less making any attempt to rise. For any other art they would have served an apprenticeship, and would be ashamed to practice it in public before they had learned it. If any

one would sing, he attends a master, and is drilled in the very elementary principles ; and only after the most laborious process dares to exercise his voice in public. This he does, though he has scarce any thing to learn but the mechanical execution of what lies in sensible forms before the eye. But the extempore speaker, who is to invent as well as to utter, to carry on an operation of the mind as well as to produce sound, enters upon the work without preparatory discipline, and then wonders that he fails ! If he were learning to play on the flute for public exhibition, what hours and days would he spend in giving facility to his fingers, and attaining the power of the sweetest and most expressive execution ! If he were devoting himself to the organ, what months and years would he labor, that he might know its compass, and be master of its keys, and be able to draw out, at will, all its various combinations of harmonious sound, and its full richness and delicacy of expression ! And yet he will fancy that the grandest, the most various and most expressive of all instruments, which the infinite Creator has fashioned by the union of an intellectual soul with the powers of speech, may be played upon without study or practice ; he comes to it a mere uninstructed tyro, and thinks to manage all its stops, and command the whole compass of its varied and comprehensive power ! He finds himself a bungler in the attempt, is mortified at his failure, and settles it in his mind forever, that the attempt is vain.

Success in every art, whatever may be the natural talent, is always the reward of industry and pains. But the instances are many, of men of the finest natural genius, whose beginning has promised much, but who have degenerated wretchedly as they advanced, because they trusted to their gifts, and made no efforts to improve. That there have never been other men of equal endowments with Demosthenes and Cicero, none would venture to suppose ; but who have so devoted themselves to their art, or become equal in excellence ? If

those great men had been content, like others, to continue as they began, and had never made their persevering efforts for improvement, what would their countries have benefitted from their genius, or the world have known of their fame? They would have been lost in the undistinguished crowd that sunk to oblivion around them. Of how many more will the same remark prove true! What encouragement is thus given to the industrious! With such encouragement, how inexcusable is the negligence, which suffers the most interesting and important truths to seem heavy and dull, and fall ineffectual to the ground, through mere sluggishness in their delivery! How unworthy of one who performs the high functions of a religious instructor, upon whom depend, in a great measure, the religious knowledge, and devotional sentiments, and final character, of many fellow beings—to imagine, that he can worthily discharge this great concern, by occasionally talking for an hour, he knows not how, and in a manner which he has taken no pains to render correct, impressive, and attractive; and which, simply through want of that command over himself which study would give, is immethodical, verbose, inaccurate, feeble, trifling. It has been said of the good preacher, that “truths divine come mended from his tongue.” Alas! they come ruined and worthless from such a man as this. They lose that holy energy, by which they are to convert the soul and purify man for heaven, and sink, in interest and efficacy, below the level of those principles which govern the ordinary affairs of this lower world.

LXIII.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY COLUMBUS.—*Robertson.*

On Friday, the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail from Palos, in Spain, a little before sunrise, in presence

of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected.

His squadron, if it merit that name, consisted of no more than three small vessels—the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Nigna*—having on board ninety men, mostly sailors, together with few adventurers, who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of the Spanish court, whom the queen appointed to accompany him. He steered directly for the Canary Islands; from which, after refitting his ships, and supplying himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure on the sixth day of September. Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to have begun; for Columbus holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas.

The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but, on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, already dejected and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions, whither he was conducting them. This early discovery of the spirit of his followers, taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle, not only with the unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived, that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries which he had in view, than naval skill and an enterprising courage. Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient

perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring the direction of those of other men. All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence, in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated every thing by his sole authority ; he superintended the execution of every order, and allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was, at all other times, upon deck. As his course lay through seas which had not been visited before, the sounding line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. He attended to the motion of the tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of every thing that floated on the waves, and accurately noted every occurrence in a journal that he kept.

By the fourteenth day of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had ever been before that time. Here the sailors were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle, in their compasses, did not point exactly to the north star, but varied towards the west. This appearance, which is now familiar, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were in an ocean boundless and unknown, nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide which they had left, was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears, and silenced their murmurs.

On the first of October, they were about seven hundred and seventy leagues west of the Canaries. They

had now been above three weeks at sea : all their prognostics of discovery drawn from the flight of birds, and other circumstances, had proved fallacious, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as far distant as ever. The spirit of discontent and of mutiny began to manifest itself among the sailors, and, by degrees, the contagion spread from ship to ship. All agreed that Columbus should be compelled, by force, to return, while their crazy vessels were yet in a condition to keep the sea ; and some even proposed to throw him overboard, as the most expeditious method of getting rid of his remonstrances, and of securing a seasonable return to their native land.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former expedients, to lead on the hopes of his companions, and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition, among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He found it necessary to soothe passions, which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He accordingly promised his men, that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his commands, for three days longer ; and if, during that time, land was not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain. Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient as they were of returning to their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable : nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a time so short ; for the presages of discovering land had become so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible. For some days, the sounding line had reached the bottom ; and the soil, which it brought up, indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the

shore. The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber, artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna took up the branch of a tree, with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun, assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm; and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable.

From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and strict watch to be kept, lest the ship should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes. About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the fore-castle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to two of his people. All three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *Land! land!* was heard from the Pinta. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, they had now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience, for the return of day.

As soon as morning dawned, their doubts and fears were dispelled. They beheld an island about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented to them the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships, with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation. This office of gratitude to heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their igno-

rance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan ; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by heaven, with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages. As soon as the sun arose, all the boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, warlike music, and other martial pomp ; and as they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, and whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first European who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities with which the Portuguese were accustomed to take possession of *their* new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines, in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that

they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth. The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants were entirely naked; their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads; they had no beards; their complexion was of a dusky copper color; their features singular rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and other parts of their body, were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and, with transports of joy, received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, and other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ships, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes*; and, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old world and those of the new, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from those regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation, which were now approaching their country.

LXIV.

EXECUTION OF THE EARL OF ARGYLE.

Fox's History of James II.—page 148, 8vo.

ON the 30th of June, 1685, the Earl of Argyle was brought from the castle, first to the Laigh Council House, and thence to the place of execution. Before he left the castle, he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully, with Mr. Chateris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where, it is recorded, he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came, and intimated to the attendants, a desire to speak with him—upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and then he beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man who by the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the short space of two hours! Struck with the sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he threw himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who was apprised of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, “no, no, that will not help me; I have been to Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within one hour of eternity, but as for me ———.” The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above sus-

picion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely, and who is there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! What an affecting and forcible testimony of the value of that peace of mind which innocence can alone confer! We know not who this man was, but when we reflect that the guilt which agonized him, was probably incurred from some vain title, or at least for some increase of wealth which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion, for that very foolish class of men, whom the world calls wise in their generation.

Soon after this short repose, Argyle was brought, according to order, to the Laigh Council House, from which place is dated the letter to his wife, and from thence to the place of execution. On the scaffold he had some discourse, as well with Mr. Annand, a minister appointed by government to attend him, as with Mr. Chateris. He desired both of them to pray for him, and prayed himself with much fervor and devotion. The speech which he made to the people, was such as might be expected from the passages already related. The same mixture of firmness and mildness is conspicuous in every part of it. "We ought not" said he "to despise our afflictions, nor to faint under them. We should not suffer ourselves to be exasperated against the instruments of our troubles, nor by fraudulent or pusillanimous compliance, bring guilt upon ourselves—faint hearts are usually false hearts, choosing sin rather than suffering." He offers his prayers for the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, and that an end may be put to their present trials. Having then asked pardon for his own faults, both of God and man, he would have concluded, but being reminded that he had said nothing of the royal family, he adds, that he refers in this matter to what he had said at

his trial concerning the test : that he prayed there never might be wanting one of the royal family to support the Protestant religion : and if any of them had swerved from the true faith, he prayed God to turn their hearts : but at any rate to save his people from their machinations. When he had ended, he turned to the south side of the scaffold and said, "gentlemen, I pray you, do not misconstrue my behavior this day—I freely forgive all men their wrongs and injuries done against me, as I desire to be forgiven of God." He then embraced his friends, gave some tokens of his remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grandchildren, stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body.

Such were the last hours; and such the final close of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity, in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all, whom tyranny of whatever description or denomination, shall, in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold !

LXV.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.—*Lingard.*

THE spot which Harold had selected for this important contest was called Senlac, nine miles from Hastings, an eminence opening to the south, and covered on the back by an extensive wood. As his troops arrived he posted them on the declivity in one compact and immense mass. In the center waved the royal standard, the figure of a warrior in the act of fighting, worked in thread of gold, and ornamented with precious stones. By its side stood Harold and his two brothers, Gurth and Leofwin ; and around them the rest of the army, every

man on foot. In this arrangement the king seems to have adopted, as far as circumstances would permit, the plan which had lately proved so fatal to the Norwegians, and which now, from the same causes, was productive of a similar result. Probably he feared the shock of the numerous cavalry of the Normans. Both men and horses were completely cased in armor, which gave to their charge an irresistible weight, and rendered them almost invulnerable by ordinary weapons. For the purpose of opposing them with more chance of success, Harold had brought with him engines to discharge stones into their ranks, and had recommended to his soldiers to confine themselves in close fight to the use of the battle-axe, a heavy and murderous weapon.

On the opposite hill, William was employed in marshalling *his* host. In the front he placed the archers and bowmen : the second line was composed of heavy infantry, clothed in coats of mail ; and behind these the Duke arranged in five divisions, the hope and the pride of the Norman force, the knights and men at arms. About nine in the morning the army began to move, crossed the interval between the two hills, and slowly ascended the eminence on which the English were posted. The papal banner, as an omen of victory, was carried in the front by Toustain the fair, a dangerous honor which two of the Norman barons had successively declined. At the moment when the armies were ready to engage, the Normans raised the national shout of "God is our help," which was as loudly answered by the adverse cry of "Christ's rood, the holy rood." The archers, after the discharge of their arrows, retired to the infantry, whose weak and extended line was unable to make any impression on their more numerous opponents. William ordered the cavalry to charge. The shock was dreadful ; but the English in every point opposed a solid and impenetrable mass. Neither buckler nor corslet would withstand the stroke of the battle-axe, wielded by a powerful arm and with unerring aim : and the confidence of the Normans

melted away at the view of their own loss and the bold countenance of their enemies. After a short pause the horse and foot of the left wing betook themselves to flight : their opponents eagerly pursued : and a report was spread that William himself had fallen. The whole army began to waver ; when the Duke with his helmet in his hand, rode along the line exclaiming : " I am still alive, and, with the help of God, I still shall conquer." The presence and confidence of their commander revived the hopes of the Normans : and the speedy destruction of the English who had pursued the fugitives, was fondly magnified into an assurance of victory. These brave but incautious men had, on their return, been intercepted by a numerous body of cavalry : and on foot and in confusion they quickly disappeared beneath the swords, or rather the horses, of the enemy. Not a man survived the carnage. William led his troops again to the attack : but the English column, dense and immovable as a rock amidst the waves, resisted every assault. Disappointed and perplexed, the Norman had recourse to a stratagem, suggested by his success in the earlier part of the day. He ordered a division of horse to flee ; they were pursued : and the temerity of the pursuers was punished with instant destruction. The same feint was tried with equal success in another part of the field. These losses might diminish the numbers of the English : but the main body obstinately maintained its position, and bade defiance to every effort of the Normans.

During the engagement William had given the most signal proofs of personal bravery. Three horses had been killed under him ; and he had been compelled to grapple on foot with his adversaries. Harold had also animated his followers, both by word and example, and had displayed a courage worthy of the crown, for which he was fighting. His brothers Gurth and Leofwin had perished already : but as long as *he* survived, no man entertained the apprehension of defeat or admitted the idea of flight. A little before sunset an arrow, shot at

random, entered his eye. He instantly fell ; and the knowledge of his fall relaxed the efforts of the English. Twenty Normans undertook to seize the royal banner ; and effected their purpose, but with the loss of half their number. One of them, who maimed with his sword the dead body of the king, was afterwards disgraced by William for his brutality. At dusk, the English broke up, and dispersed through the wood.

As William, attracted by the cries of the combatants, was hastening to the place, he met Eustace of Boulogne and fifty knights fleeing with all their speed. He called on them to stop : but the earl, while he was in the act of whispering into the ear of the Duke, received a stroke on the back, which forced the blood out of his mouth and nostrils. He was carried in a state of insensibility to his tent : William's intrepidity hurried him forward to the scene of danger. His presence encouraged his men : succors arrived : and the English after an obstinate resistance, were repulsed. On the side of the victors, almost sixty thousand men had been engaged, and more than one-fourth were left on the field. The number of the vanquished, and the amount of their loss, are unknown. By the vanity of the Norman historians the English army has been exaggerated beyond the limits of credibility ; by that of the native writers it has been reduced to a handful of resolute warriors : but both agree, that with Harold and his brothers perished all the nobility of the south of England ; a loss which could not be repaired.

The king's mother begged as a boon the dead body of her son ; and offered as a ransom its weight in gold : but the resentment of William had rendered him callous to pity, and insensible to all interested considerations. He ordered the corpse of the fallen monarch to be buried on the beach ; adding, with a sneer, " he guarded the coast while he was alive ; let him continue to guard it after death." By stealth, however, or by purchase, the royal remains were removed from this unhallowed site,

and deposited in the church of Waltham, which Harold had founded before he ascended the throne.

LXVI.

DESCRIPTION OF CADIZ DURING THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—*Jacobs.*

Before the battle of Trafalgar, when the orders arrived for the fleet to sail, every man, at all accustomed to the water, was impressed to man the navy ; the carnage of that day consequently fell principally on the population of Cadiz ; and numerous widows and orphans have to lament the loss of their husbands and fathers in that memorable action.

I have frequently heard people relating, with indescribable emotions, the fears, the hopes, the agitations, and the mournings, which occupied those few, but interesting days, when the united fleets of France and Spain sailed from Cadiz, amidst the prayers and benedictions of the people, with the vain expectation of vanquishing the foe who had so long held them imprisoned within their own fortifications. The day they sailed, all was expectation and anxiety. The succeeding day increased the suspense, and wound up the feelings of the people almost to a state of phrenzy. The third day brought intelligence that the hostile fleets were approaching each other, with all the preparations of determined hostility. The ships were not visible from the ramparts, but the crowds of citizens assembled there had their ears assailed by the roaring of the distant cannon ; the anxiety of the females bordered on insanity ; but more of despair than of hope was visible in every countenance. At this dreadful moment, a sound, louder than any that had preceded it, and attended with a column of dark smoke, announced that a ship had exploded. The madness of the people was turned to rage against England ; and exclamations burst forth, denouncing instant death to every man who spoke the language of their enemies.

Two Americans, who had mixed with the people, fled, and hid themselves, to avoid this ebullition of popular fury; which, however, subsided into the calmness of despair, when the thunder of the cannon ceased. They had no hope of conquest, no cheering expectations of greeting their victorious countrymen, nor of sharing triumphal laurels with those who had been engaged in the conflict; each only hoped that the objects of his own affection were safe; and in that hope found some resource against the anticipated disgrace of the country.

The storm that succeeded the battle tended only to keep alive, through the night, the horrors of the day, and to prepare them for the melancholy spectacle of the ensuing morning, when the wrecks of their floating bulwarks were seen on shore, and some, that had escaped the battle and the storm, entering the bay to shelter themselves from the pursuit of their victorious enemy. The feelings of strong sensibility, which had so agitated the minds of the people during the conflict, were now directed to the tender offices of humanity towards their wounded countrymen; the softer sex attended on the wharfs to assist them in landing, to convey them to the convents and the hospitals; while the priests were administering the last offices of religion to those whose departing spirits took their flight before they could reach the asylum appointed for their reception. When the first emotions had subsided, the people of Cadiz strongly manifested their contempt of the French, whom they accused of having deserted them in the hour of battle; and the attention of Lord Collingwood to the wounded Spanish prisoners, induced them to contrast the conduct of their generous enemies with that of their treacherous allies.

LXVII.

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

IN the general spirit and character of his administration, we think Cromwell far superior to Napoleon. 'In

civil government,' says a recent historian,* 'there can be no adequate parallel between one who had sucked only the dregs of a besotted fanaticism, and one to whom the stores of reason and philosophy were open.' These expressions, it seems to us, convey the highest eulogium on our great countryman. Reason and philosophy did not teach the conqueror of Europe to command his passions, or to pursue, as a first object, the happiness of his people. They did not prevent him from risking his fame and his power in a frantic contest against the principles of human nature and the laws of the physical world, against the rage of the winter and the liberty of the sea. They did not exempt him from the influence of that most pernicious of superstitions, a presumptuous fatalism. They did not preserve him from the inebriation of prosperity, or restrain him from indecent querulousness and violence in adversity. On the other hand, the fanaticism of Cromwell never urged him on impracticable undertakings, or confused his perception of the public good. Inferior to Bonaparte in invention, he was far superior to him in wisdom. The French Emperor is among conquerors what Voltaire is among writers, a miraculous child. His splendid genius was frequently clouded by fits of humor as absurdly perverse as those of the pet of the nursery, who quarrels with his food, and dashes his play-things to pieces. Cromwell was emphatically a man. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that masculine and full-grown robustness of mind, that equally diffused intellectual health, which, if our national partiality does not mislead us, has peculiarly characterized the great men of England. Never was any ruler so conspicuously born for sovereignty. The cup which has intoxicated almost all others, sobered him. His spirit, restless from its buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity, as soon as it had reached the level congenial to it. He had nothing in common with that

* Mr. Hallam.

large class of men who distinguish themselves in lower posts, and whose incapacity becomes obvious as soon as the public voice summons them to take the lead. Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince.

The manner of Napoleon was a theatrical compound, in which the coarseness of a revolutionary guard-room was blended with the ceremony of the old Court of Versailles. Cromwell, by the confession even of his enemies, exhibited in his demeanor the simple and natural nobleness of a man neither ashamed of his origin, nor vain of his elevation; of a man who had found his proper place in society, and who felt secure that he was competent to fill it. Easy, even to familiarity, where his own dignity was concerned, he was punctilious only for his country. His own character he left to take care of itself; he left it to be defended by his victories in war, and his reforms in peace. But he was a jealous and implacable guardian of the public honor. He suffered a crazy Quaker to insult him in the midst of Whitehall, and revenged himself only by liberating him and giving him a dinner. But he was prepared to risk the chances of war to avenge the blood of a private Englishman.

No sovereign ever carried to the throne so large a portion of the best qualities of the middling orders,—so strong a sympathy with the feelings and interests of his people. He was sometimes driven to arbitrary measures; but he had a high, stout, honest, English heart. Hence it was, that he loved to surround his throne with such men as Hale and Blake. Hence it was, that he allowed so large a share of political liberty to his subject, and that, even when an opposition dangerous to his power and to his person, almost compelled him to govern by the sword, he was still anxious to leave a germ from which, at a more favorable season, free institutions might spring. We firmly believe, that if his first Parliament had not commenced its debates by disputing his title, his

government would have been as mild at home as it was energetic and able abroad. He was a soldier ;—he had risen by war. Had his ambition been of an impure or selfish kind, it would have been easy for him to plunge his country into continental hostilities on a large scale, and to dazzle the restless factions which he ruled, by the splendor of his victories. Some of his enemies have sneeringly remarked, that in the successes obtained under his administration, he had no personal share ; as if a man who had raised himself from obscurity to empire, solely by his military talents, could have any unworthy reason for shrinking from military enterprise. This reproach is his highest glory. In the success of the English navy he could have no selfish interest. Its triumphs added nothing to his fame ; its increase added nothing to his means of overawing his enemies ; its great leader was not his friend. Yet he took a peculiar pleasure in encouraging that noble service, which, of all the instruments employed by an English government, is the most impotent for mischief, and the most powerful for good.

His administration was glorious, but with no vulgar glory. It was not one of those periods of overstrained and convulsive exertion which necessarily produce debility and langor. Its energy was natural, healthful, temperate. He placed England at the head of the Protestant interest, and in the first rank of Christian powers. He taught every nation to value her friendship and to dread her enmity. But he did not squander her resources in a vain attempt to invest her with that supremacy which no power, in the modern system of Europe, can safely affect, or can long retain. This noble and sober wisdom had its reward. If he did not carry the banners of the Commonwealth in triumph to distant capitals ; if he did not adorn Whitehall, with the spoils of the Stadthouse and the Louvre ; if he did not portion out Flanders and Germany into principalities for his kinsmen and his generals ; he did not, on the other hand, see his country over-run by the armies of nations which

his ambition had provoked. He did not drag out the last years of his life an exile and a prisoner, in an unhealthy climate, and under an ungenerous goaler; raging with the impotent desire of vengeance, and brooding over visions of departed glory. He went down to his grave in the fulness of power and fame; and left to his son an authority which any man of ordinary firmness and prudence would have retained.

LXVIII.

CHARACTER OF HOWARD.—*Foster.*

IN decision of character no man ever exceeded, or ever will exceed, the late illustrious Howard. The energy of his determination was so great, that if instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being unintermitted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less. The habitual passion of his mind was a measure of feeling almost equal to the temporary extremes and paroxysms of common minds: as a great river, in its customary state, is equal to a small or moderate one when swollen to a torrent. The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation and commencing them in action was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week inactive after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. The importance of this object held his faculties in a state of excitement which

was too rigid to be affected by lighter interests, and on which therefore the beauties of nature and of art had no power. He had no leisure feeling which he could spare to be diverted among the innumerable varieties of the extensive scence which he traversed; all his subordinate feelings lost their separate existence and operation, by falling into the grand one.

There have not been wanting trivial minds to mark this as a fault in his character. But the mere men of taste ought to be silent respecting such a man as Howard; he is above their sphere of judgment. The invisible spirits, who fulfil their commissions of philanthropy among mortals, do not care about pictures, statues, and sumptuous buildings; and no more did he, when the time in which he must have inspected and admired them, would have been taken from the work to which he had consecrated his life. The curiosity which he might feel, was reduced to wait till the hour should arrive, when its gratification should be presented by conscience, (which kept a scrupulous charge of all his time,) as the most sacred duty of that hour. If he was still at every hour, when it came, fated to feel the attractions of the fine arts but the second claim, they might be sure of their revenge; for no other man will ever visit Rome under such a despotic consciousness of duty as to refuse himself time for surveying the magnificence of its ruins. Such a sin against taste is very far beyond the reach of common saintship to commit. It implied an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some one great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity. His attention was so strongly and tenaciously fixed on his object, that even at the greatest distance, like the Egyptian pyramids to travelers, it appeared to him with a luminous distinctness as if it had been nigh, and beguiled the toilsome length of labor and enterprise by which he was to reach it. It

was so conspicuous before him, that not a step deviated from the direction, and every moment and every day was an approximation. As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the end, and as his execution did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent; and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence.

LXIX.

CHARACTER OF COWPER'S POETRY.—*Campbell.*

The nature of Cowper's works makes us peculiarly identify the poet and the man, in perusing them. As an individual, he was retired and weaned from the vanities of the world; and, as an original writer, he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the development of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth. His language has such a masculine idiomatic strength, and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its sentiments having come from the author's heart; and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated. He impresses us with the idea of a being, whose fine spirit had been long enough in the mixed society of the world to be polished by its intercourse, and yet withdrawn so soon as to retain an unworldly degree of purity and simplicity. He was advanced in years before he became an author; but his compositions display a tenderness of feeling so youthfully preserved, that even in a vein of humor, so far from being extinguished by his ascetic habits, that we can scarcely regret his not having written them at an earlier

period of life. For he blends the determination of age with an exquisite and ingenuous sensibility ; and though he sports very much with his subjects, yet when he is in earnest, there is a gravity of long-felt conviction in his sentiments, which gives an uncommon ripeness of character to his poetry.

It is due to Cowper to fix our regard on this unaffectedness and authenticity of his works, considered as representations of himself, because he forms a striking instance of genius writing the history of its own secluded feelings, reflections, and enjoyments, in a shape so interesting as to engage the imagination like a work of fiction. He has invented no character in fable, nor in the drama ; but he has left a record of his own character, which forms not only an object of deep sympathy, but a subject for the study of human nature. His verse, it is true, considered as such a record, abounds with opposite traits of severity and gentleness, of playfulness and superstition, of solemnity and mirth, which appear almost anomalous ; and there is, undoubtedly, sometimes an air of moody versatility in the extreme contrasts of his feelings. But looking to his poetry as an entire structure, it has a massive air of sincerity. It is founded in steadfast principles of belief ; and, if we may prolong the architectural metaphor, though its arch may be sometimes gloomy, its tracery sportive, and its lights and shadows grotesquely crossed, yet altogether it still forms a vast, various, and interesting monument of the builder's mind. Young's works are as devout, as satirical, sometimes as merry as those of Cowper ; and, undoubtedly, more witty. But the melancholy and wit of Young do not make up to us the idea of a conceivable or natural being. He has sketched in his pages the ingenious, but incongruous form of a fictitious mind :—Cowper's soul speaks from his volumes.

Considering the tenor and circumstances of his life, it is not much to be wondered at, that some asperities and peculiarities should have adhered to the strong stem

of his genius, like the moss and fungus that cling to some noble oak of the forest, amidst the damps of its unsunned retirement. It is more surprising that he preserved, in such seclusion, so much genuine power of comic observation. Though he himself acknowledged having written "many things with bile" in his first volume, yet his satire has many legitimate objects : and it is not abstracted and declamatory satire ; but it places human manners before us in the liveliest attitudes and clearest colors. There is much of the full distinctness of Theophrastus, and of the nervous and concise spirit of La Bruyere, in his piece entitled "Conversation," with a cast of humor superadded, which is peculiarly English, and not to be found out of England. His whimsical outset in the Task, where he promises so little and performs so much, may even be advantageously contrasted with those magnificent commencements of poems, which pledge both the reader and the writer in good earnest to a task. Cowper's poem, on the contrary, is like a river, which rises from a playful little fountain, and which gathers beauty and magnitude as it proceeds. He leads us abroad into his daily walks ; he exhibits the landscapes which he was accustomed to contemplate, and the trains of thought in which he habitually indulged. No attempt is made to interest us in legendary fictions, or historical recollections connected with the ground over which he expatiates ; all is plainness and reality : but we instantly recognize the true poet, in the clearness, sweetness, and fidelity of his scenic draughts ; in his power of giving novelty to what is common ; and in the high relish, the exquisite enjoyment of rural sights and sounds, which he communicates to the spirit. "His eyes drink the rivers with delight." He excites an idea, that almost amounts to sensation, of the freshness and delight of a rural walk, even when he leads us to the wasteful common, which

———"overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly gorse, that shapeless, and deform'd,
And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,

Yields no unpleasing ramble ; there the turf
Smells fresh, and, rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxuries of unexpected sweets."

His rural prospects have far less variety and compass than those of Thomson ; but his graphic touches are more close and minute : not that Thomson was either deficient or undelightful in circumstantial traits of the beauty of nature, but he looked to her as a whole more than Cowper. His genius was more excursive and philosophical. The poet of Olney, on the contrary, regarded human philosophy with something of theological contempt. To his eye, the great and little things of this world were leveled into an equality, by his recollection of the power and purposes of Him who made them. They are, in his view, only as toys spread on the lap and carpet of nature, for the childhood of our immortal being. This religious indifference to the world, is far, indeed, from blunting his sensibility to the genuine and simple beauties of creation ; but it gives his taste a contentment and fellowship with humble things. It makes him careless of selecting and refining his views of nature beyond their casual appearance. He contemplated the face of plain rural English life, in moments of leisure and sensibility, till its minutest features were impressed upon his fancy ; and he sought not to embellish what he loved. Hence his landscapes have less of the ideally beautiful than Thomson's ; but they have an unrivaled charm of truth and reality.

He is one of the few poets, who have indulged neither in descriptions nor acknowledgments of the passion of love ; but there is no poet who has given us a finer conception of the amenity of female influence. Of all the verses that have been ever devoted to the subject of domestic happiness, those in his *Winter Evening*, at the opening of the fourth book of the *Task*, are perhaps the most beautiful. In perusing that scene of "intimate delights," "fireside enjoyments," and "home-born happiness," we seem to recover a part of the forgotten value

of existence, when we recognise the means of its blessedness so widely dispensed, and so cheaply attainable, and find them susceptible of description at once so enchanting and so faithful. Though the scenes of "the Task" are laid in retirement, the poem affords an amusing perspective of human affairs. Remote as the poet was from the stir of the great Babel, from the "*confusus sonus Urbis et illætabile murmur*," he glances at most of the subjects of public interest which engaged the attention of his contemporaries. On those subjects, it is but faint praise to say, that he espoused the side of justice and humanity. Abundance of mediocrity of talent is to be found on the same side, rather injuring than promoting the cause, by its officious declamation. But nothing can be further from the stale common-place and cuckooism of sentiment, than the philanthropic eloquence of Cowper,—he speaks "like one having authority." Society is his debtor. Poetical expositions of the horrors of slavery may, indeed, seem very unlikely agents in contributing to destroy it; and it is possible that the most refined planter in the West Indies may look with neither shame nor compunction on his own image in the pages of Cowper, exposed as a being degraded by giving stripes and tasks to his fellow-creatures. But such appeals to the heart of the community are not lost. They fix themselves silently in the popular memory; and they become, at last, a part of that public opinion, which must, sooner or later, wrench the lash from the hand of the oppressor.

LXX.

ANECDOTES OF MOZART.—*Scrap Book.*

THE most celebrated of Mozart's Italian operas is *Don Juan*, of which the overture was composed under very remarkable circumstances. Mozart was much addicted to trifling amusement, and was accustomed to in-

dulge himself in that too common attendant upon superior talent, procrastination. The general rehearsal of this opera had taken place, and the evening before the first performance had arrived, but not a note of the overture was written.

At about eleven at night, Mozart came home, and desired his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him to keep him awake. Accordingly, when he began to write, she began to tell him fairy tales and odd stories, which made him laugh, and by the very exertion, preserved him from sleep. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only write while his wife was talking, and dropped asleep as soon as she ceased.

He was at last so fatigued by these unnatural efforts, that he persuaded his wife to suffer him to sleep for an hour. He slept, however, for two hours, and at five o'clock in the morning, she awakened him. He had appointed his music copiers to come at seven, and when they arrived, the overture was finished. It was played without a rehearsal, and was justly applauded as a brilliant and grand composition. We ought at the same time to say, that some very sagacious critics have discovered the passages in the composition where Mozart dropt asleep, and those where he was suddenly awakened.

The bodily frame of Mozart was tender and exquisitely sensible; ill health soon overtook him, and brought with it a melancholy, approaching to despondency. A very short time before his death, which took place when he was only thirty-six, he composed that celebrated *requiem*, which, by an extraordinary presentiment of his approaching dissolution, he considered as written for his own funeral.

One day, when he was plunged in a profound reverie, he heard a carriage stop at his door. A stranger was announced, who requested to speak with him. A person was introduced, handsomely dressed, of dignified and impressive manners. "I have been commissioned, Sir,

by a man of considerable importance, to call upon you.”
 “Who is he?” interrupted Mozart. “He does not wish to be known.”—“Well, what does he want?”—“He has just lost a person whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is desirous of annually commemorating this mournful event by a solemn service, for which he requests you to compose a requiem.”

Mozart was forcibly struck by this discourse, by the grave manner in which it was uttered, and by the air of mystery in which the whole was involved. He engaged to write the requiem. The stranger continued, “Employ all your genius on this work; it is destined for a connoisseur.”—“So much the better.”—“What time do you require?”—“A month.”—“Very well; in a month’s time I shall return—what price do you set on your work?”
 “A hundred ducats.”—The stranger counted them on the table, and disappeared.

Mozart remained lost in thought for some time: he then suddenly called for pen, ink, and paper, and in spite of his wife’s entreaties, began to write. This rage for composition continued several days; he wrote day and night, with an ardor which seemed continually to increase; but his constitution, already in a state of great debility, was unable to support this enthusiasm; one morning he fell senseless, and was obliged to suspend his work. Two or three days after, when his wife sought to divert his mind from the gloomy presages which occupied it, he said to her abruptly, “It is certain that I am writing this requiem for myself; it will serve for my funeral service.” Nothing could remove this impression from his mind.

As he went on, he felt his strength diminish from day to day, and the score advancing slowly. The month which he had fixed being expired, the stranger again made his appearance. “I have found it impossible,” said Mozart, “to keep my word.” “Do not give yourself any uneasiness,” replied the stranger; “what fur-

ther time do you require !”—“ Another month : the work has interested me more than I expected, and I have extended it much beyond what I at first designed.” —“ In that case, it is but just to increase the premium ; here are fifty ducats more.” —“ Sir,” said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, “ who then are you ? ” —“ That is nothing to the purpose ; in a month’s time I shall return.”

Mozart immediately called one of his servants, and ordered him to follow this extraordinary personage, and find out who he was ; but the man failed from want of skill, and returned without being able to trace him.

Poor Mozart was then persuaded that he was no ordinary being ; that he had a connection with the other world, and was sent to announce to him his approaching end.—He applied himself with the more ardor to his requiem, which he regarded as the most durable monument of his genius. While thus employed, he was seized with the most alarming fainting fits, but the work was at length completed before the expiration of the month. At the time appointed, the stranger returned, but Mozart was no more.

His career was as brilliant as it was short. He died before he had completed his thirty-sixth year ; but in this short space of time he had acquired a name which will never perish, so long as feeling hearts are to be found. It is to be regretted that we so often find men of genius neglecting, like Mozart, every means by which life and health are to be preserved, and thus, by their early and almost self-inflicted death, giving apparent countenance to the adage, that genius is naturally short-lived.

LXXI.

INFLUENCE OF THE NATURAL LAWS ON THE HAPPINESS OF INDIVIDUALS.—*G. Combe.*

It happened in a remote period, that a slater slipped from the roof of a high building, in consequence of a

stone of the ridge having given way as he walked upright along it, he fell to the ground, had a leg broken, and was otherwise severely bruised. As he lay in bed suffering severe pain from his misfortune, he addressed Jupiter in these words: 'O Jupiter, thou art a cruel god, for thou hast made me so frail and imperfect a being, that I had not faculties to perceive my danger, nor power to arrest my fall, when its occurrence showed how horrible an evil awaited me. It were better for me that I had never been.' Jupiter, graciously bending his ear, heard the address, and answered: 'Of what law of mine dost thou complain?' 'Of the law of gravitation,' replied the slater, 'by its operation, the slight slip which my foot made upon the stone, which, quite unknown to me, was loose, precipitated me to the earth, and crushed my organized frame, never calculated to resist such violence.' 'I restore thee to thy station on the roof,' said Jupiter, 'heal all thy bruises, and, to convince thee of my benevolence, I suspend the law of gravitation as to thy body and all that is related to it; art thou now content?'

The slater, in deep emotion, offered up gratitude and thanks, and expressed the profoundest reverence for so just and beneficent a deity. In the very act of doing so, he found himself in perfect health, erect upon the ridge of the roof, and, rejoicing, gazed around. His wonder, at so strange an event having at last abated, he endeavored to walk along the ridge to arrive at the spot which he intended to repair: but the law of gravitation was suspended, and his body did not press upon the roof. There being no pressure, there was no resistance, and his legs moved backwards and forwards in the air without his body making progress in space. Alarmed at this occurrence, he stooped, seized his trowel, lifted it full of mortar, and made the motion of throwing it on the slates; but the mortar, freed from the trowel, hung in mid-air; the law of gravitation was suspended as to it also. Nearly frantic with terror at such unexpected novelties of existence, he endeavored to descend to seek relief; but the law of

gravitation was suspended as to his body, and it hung poised at the level of the ridge, like a balloon in the air. He tried to fling himself headlong down, to get rid of the uneasy sensation, but his body floated erect, and would not move downwards.

In an agony of consternation, he called once more upon Jupiter. He, ever kind, and compassionate, heard his cry and pitied his distress, and asked, 'What evil hath befallen thee now, that thou art not yet content; have I not suspended, at thy request, the law which made thee fall?' Now thou art safe from bruises and from broken limbs; why, then, dost thou still complain?

The slater answered, 'In deep humiliation I acknowledge my ignorance and presumption; restore me to my couch of pain, but give me back the benefits of thy law of gravitation.'

'Thy wish is granted, said Jupiter in reply. The slater, in a moment lay on his bed of sickness, endured the visitation of the organic law, was restored to health, and again mounted to the roof that caused his recent pain. He thanked Jupiter anew from the depths of his soul, for the law of gravitation, with its countless benefits; and applied his faculties to study and obey it during the remainder of his life. This study opened to him new and wonderful perceptions of the Creator's beneficence and wisdom, of which he had never even dreamed before; these views so excited and gratified his moral and intellectual powers, that he seemed to himself to have entered on a new existence. Ever after he observed the law of gravitation, and, in a good old age, when his organic frame was fairly worn out by natural decay, he transmitted his trade, his house, and much experience and wisdom, to his son, and died thanking and blessing Jupiter for having opened his eyes to the true theory of his scheme of creation.

The attention of Jupiter was next attracted by the loud groans and severe complaints of a husbandman, who addressed him thus: 'O Jupiter, I lie here racked with pain,

and pass the hours in agony without relief! Why hast thou created me so miserable a being?" Jupiter answered, 'What aileth thee, and of what institution of mine dost thou complain?' The husbandman replied, 'The earth which thou hast made will yield me no food, unless I till and sow it; and no increase, except it be watered by thy rain. While I guided my plough in obedience to thy law, thy rain came, and it fell not only on the earth, but on me; it penetrated through the clothes which I had been obliged to make for myself, because thou hadst left me naked; it cooled my skin, which thou hadst rendered delicate and sensible; it disordered all the functions of my organized frame, and now rheumatic fever parches my blood, and agonizes every muscle. O Jupiter, thou art not a kind father to thy children.'

Jupiter heard the complaint, and graciously replied, 'My physical and organic laws were established for thy advantage and enjoyment, and thou hast grievously infringed them; the pain thou sufferest is intended to reclaim thee to thy duty, and I have constituted thy duty the highest joy of thy existence; but say, what dost thou desire?'

The husbandmen answered, 'What O Jupiter, signify the purposes of thy laws to me, when thou hast denied me faculties to discover and obey them? Frail and fallible as I am, they cause me only pain; deliver me from their effects, and I ask no other boon?'

'Thy prayer is granted,' said Jupiter; I restore thee to perfect health, and, for thy gratification, I suspend the laws that have offended thee. Henceforth, water shall not wet thee or thine, thy skin shall feel cold no more, and thy muscles shall never ache. Art thou now contented?'

'Most gracious Jupiter,' said the husbandman, 'my soul is melted with deepest gratitude, and I now adore thee as supremely good.'

While he spoke he found himself in a field behind his team, healthful and vigorous, jocund and gay, and again

blessed Jupiter for his merciful dispensation. The season was spring, when yet the chill blast of the north, the bright blaze of a powerful sun, and rain, interchange in quick and varying succession. He drove his plough along, the rain descended, but it wet not *him*; the sharp winds blew, but they chilled no fibre in *his* frame; the flood of heat next poured upon his brow, but no sweat started from its pores; the physical and organic laws were suspended as to him.

Rejoicing in his freedom from annoyance and pain, he returned gladly home to meet his smiling family, after the labors of the day. It had been his custom in the evening to put off the garments in which during day he had toiled, to clothe himself in linen fresh from the fold, to sup on milk prepared by his wife, with savory fruits and spices; and to press his children to his bosom with all the fervor of a parent's love: and he used to feel a thrill of pleasure pervading every nerve, as they acknowledged and returned the affectionate embrace.

He looked to find the linen clean, cool, delicately dressed, and lying in its accustomed place, but it was not there. He called to his wife to fetch it, half chiding her for neglect. With wonder and dismay depicted in every feature, she narrated a strange adventure. With the morning sun she had risen to accomplish her wonted duty, but, although the water wetted every thread that clothed other individuals, it moistened not a fibre of his. She boiled it on a powerful fire, and applied every means that affection, enlightened by intellect, could devise, but the result was still the same; water glided over his clothes, and would not wet them. 'The physical law,' said the husbandman within himself, 'is suspended as to me; henceforth water wetteth not me and mine.' He said no more, but placed himself at table, and smiled over his lovely family. He lifted his youngest child upon his knee, a girl just opening in her bloom, pressed her to his bosom, and kissed her ruddy cheek. But he started when he experienced no sensation. He saw her

with his eyes, and heard her speak, but had no feeling of her presence. His knee was as stone ; his bosom as marble ; and his lips as steel ; no sensation penetrated through his skin. He placed her on the floor, looked wistfully on her form, graceful, vivacious, and instinct with love ; and, as if *determined* to enjoy the well remembered pleasure now withheld, he clasped her to his bosom with an embrace so ardent that she screamed with pain. Still he was all adamant ; no *sensation* reached his soul. He sent her away, heaved a deep sigh, and again the thought entered his very soul, that ‘ the organic law is suspended as to me.’ Recollecting well the sweet gratifications of his evening meal, he seized a bowl, and delicately began to sip, exciting every papilla of the tongue to catch the grateful flavor. But no flavor reached his mind ; the liquid glided over his gustatory organs like quicksilver over the smooth surface of a mirror without impression, and without leaving a trace behind. He started now in horror, and his spirit sank within him, when he thought that henceforth he should live without sensation. He rushed into the fields and called aloud on Jupiter. ‘ O Jupiter, I am the most miserable of men ; I am a being without sensation. Why hast thou made me thus ?’

Jupiter heard his cry, and answered ‘ I have suspended the physical and organic laws, to which thou ascribedst thy fever and thy pain ; henceforth no pang shall cause thy nerves to shrink, or thy muscles to quiver ; why, then art thou thus unhappy, and why discontented with thy new condition.’

‘ O Jupiter,’ replied the husbandman, ‘ but thou hast taken away from me sensation ; I no longer feel the grateful breath of morn fanning my cheek as I drive my team afield ; the rose diffuses its fragrance for me in vain ; the ruddy grape, the luscious fig, the cooling orange, and the fresh fountain, to me are now savorless as adamant or air ; my children are as stones ; O, Jupiter, I am utterly wretched, I am a man without sensation !’

‘Unhappy mortal,’ replied the god, ‘how can I afford thee satisfaction? When I gave thee nerves to feel, and muscles to execute the purposes of thy mind, and bestowed on thee water to refresh thy palate, and made thy whole frame one great inlet of enjoyment, thou wert not content. I made thy nerves liable to pain, to warn thee when thou departedst from my laws. The rain that was sent, fell to fructify and refresh the earth, and not to injure thee. I saw thee while the showers descended, stay abroad, regardless of its influence on thy corporeal frame. The northern blast received from me its piercing cold, to warn thee of its effects; and yet I saw thee, wet and shivering, stand in its course, regardless of its power. In the voice of the storm I spake to thy understanding, but thou didst not comprehend. The fever that parched thy blood was sent to arrest thee in thy departures from my organic laws. If I restore to thee my institutions, thou mayest again forget my ways, and in misery impeach my justice.’

‘O most gracious Jupiter,’ cried the husbandman, ‘now I see thy power and wisdom, and my own folly and presumption. I accept thy laws and gratefully acknowledge, that, even in the chastisements they inflict, they are beneficent. Restore to me the enjoyments of sensation; permit me once more to reap the advantages that flow from the just uses of my nerves and muscles, and I bow with resignation to the punishment of misapplying them.’ Jupiter granted his request. His fever and pains returned; but by medicine were relieved. He slowly recovered health and strength, and never after embraced his children, or enjoyed a meal, but he poured forth a deeper offering of gratitude than he had ever done before. He was now instructed concerning the source of his enjoyment, he studied the laws of his nature and obeyed them; and when he suffered for occasional deviations, he hastened back to the right path, and never again underwent so severe a punishment as the first.

LXXII.

SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Just as the husbandman resumed his wonted labors, a new voice was heard calling loudly to Jupiter for relief. It proceeded from a young heir writhing in agony, who cried, 'O Jupiter, my father committed debaucheries, for which my bones are pierced with liquid fire; gout teareth my flesh asunder;—thou art not just to punish me for his transgressions; deliver me, O Jupiter, or renounce thy character for benevolence and justice.' 'Thou complainest of my law of hereditary descent,' said Jupiter. 'Hast thou derived from thy father any other quality besides gout?' 'O Jupiter,' said the sufferer, 'I have derived nerves that feel sweet pleasure when the gout ceaseth its gnawing; muscles that execute the purposes of my will; senses that are inlets of joy; and faculties that survey and rejoice in thy fair creation: but why didst thou permit gout to descend from him who sinned, to me?'

'Short sighted mortal,' said Jupiter, 'thy father was afflicted because he infringed my institutions; by my organic law, thou hast received a frame constituted as was that of thy father, when thy life commenced; the delicate sensibility of his nerves transmitted the same susceptibility to thine; the vigor of his muscles has been transferred into thine; and by the same law, the liability to pain that existed in his bones from debauchery, constituted an inseparable element of thine. If this law afflict thee speak the word, and I shall suspend it as to thee.'

'Bountiful Jupiter!' said the sufferer, 'but tell me first if thou suspendest thy law, shall I lose all that I inherited by it from my father,—nerves, muscles, senses, faculties, and all that constitute my delight, when the gout afflicteth me not?' 'Assuredly thou shalt,' said Jupiter, 'but thou shalt have no organic pain.'

'Forbear, most bounteous deity,' replied the sufferer. 'I gratefully accept the gift of thy organic laws, with all their chastisements annexed. But say, O Jupiter, if this

pain was inflicted on my father for transgressing thy law, may it not be lessened or removed, if I obey ?

‘The very object of my law,’ said Jupiter, ‘is that it should. Hadst thou proceeded as thy father did, thy whole frame would have become one great centre of disease. The pain was transmitted to thee to guard thee by a powerful monitor from pursuing his sinful ways, that thou mightest escape this greater misery. Adopt a course in accordance with my institutions, thy pain shall abate, and thy children shall be free from its effects.’

The heir expressed profound resignation to the will of Jupiter, blessed him for his organic law, and entered upon a life of new and strict obedience. His pain through time diminished, and his enjoyments increased. Ever after he was grateful for the law.

A feeble voice next reached the vault of heaven. It was that of an infant, sick and in pain. ‘What is thy distress, poor child,’ said Jupiter, ‘and of what dost thou complain?’ Half drowned in sobs, the feeble voice replied, ‘I suffer under thy organic law. A father’s sickness and a mother’s disordered frame, have been transmitted and combined in me. I am all over exhaustion and pain.’ ‘Hast thou received no other gift,’ said Jupiter, ‘but sickness and disease, no pleasure to thy nerves, thy muscles, or thy mental powers?’ ‘All are so feeble,’ replied the child, ‘that I exist not to enjoy, but to suffer.’ ‘Poor infant,’ said Jupiter, ‘my organic law will soon deliver thee, and I shall take thee to myself.’ The organic law instantly operated, the body of the child lay a lifeless mass, but suffered no more ; its spirit dwelt with Jupiter.

The next prayer was addressed by a merchant struggling on the Mediterranean waves, and nigh sinking in their foam. ‘What evil dost thou charge against me,’ said Jupiter, ‘and what dost thou require?’

‘O Jupiter,’ said the supplicant, ‘I sailed from Tyre to Rome, in a ship which thou seest on fire, loaded with all the merchandise acquired by my previous toils. As I lay here at anchor off the port of Syracuse, whither bu-

siness called me, a sailor, made by thee, thirsted after wine, stole it from my store, and, in intoxication, set my ship and goods on fire ; and I am now plunged in the blue waves to die by water, to escape the severer pain of being consumed by fire. ‘ Why, if thou art just, should the innocent thus suffer for the guilty ?’

‘ Thou complainest, then,’ said Jupiter, ‘ of my social law? Since this law displeaseth thee, I restore thee to thy ship, and suspend it as to thee.’

The merchant, in a moment, saw his ship entire ; the blazing embers restored to vigorous planks ; himself and all his crew sound in limb, and gay in mind, upon her deck. Joyous and grateful, he addressed thanksgiving to the god, and called to his crew to weigh the anchor, set the sails, and turn the helm for Rome. But no sailor heard him speak, and no movement followed his words. Astonished at their indolence and sloth, he cried, in a yet louder voice, and inquired why none obeyed his call. But no answer was given. He saw the crew move and speak ; act and converse ; but they seemed not to observe him. He entreated, remonstrated, and upbraided ; but no reply was given. All seemed unconscious of his presence. Unconscious of his presence ! The awful thought rushed into his mind, that the social law was suspended as to him. He now saw, in all its horror, the import of the words of Jupiter, which before he had not fully comprehended. Terrified, he seized a rope, and set a sail. Every physical law was entire, and obeyed his will. The sail filled, and strained forward from the mast. He ran to the helm, it obeyed his muscles, and the ship moved as he directed it. But its course was short, the anchor was down, and stopped its progress in the sea. He lowered the sail, seized a handspike, and attempted to weigh, but in vain. The strength of ten men was required to raise so ponderous an anchor. Again he called to his crew, but the social law was suspended as to him ; he was absolved thenceforth from all suffering, caused by mis-

conduct of others, but he was cut off from every enjoyment and advantage from their assistance.

In despair he seized the boat, rowed it into the port of Syracuse, and proceeded straight to his commercial correspondent there, to beg his aid in delivering him from the indolence of his crew. He saw his friend, addressed him, and told him all his labors to leave the anchorage, but his friend seemed quite unconscious of his presence. He did not even look upon him, but proceeded in business of his own, with which he seemed entirely occupied. The merchant, wearied with fatigue, and almost frantic with alarm, hurried to a tavern on the quay, where he used to dine, and entering called for wine, to recruit his exhausted strength. But the servants seemed unconscious of his presence, no movement was made; and he remained, as it were, in a vast solitude, amidst large companies of merchants, servants and assistants, who all bustled in active gayety, each fulfilling his duty in his own department. The merchant now comprehended all the horrors of his situation, and called aloud to Jupiter. 'O Jupiter, death in the blue waves or even by consuming flame, were better than the life thou hast assigned me. Let me die, for my cup of misery is full beyond endurance. Restore me the enjoyments of thy social law, and I hail its pains as blessings.'

But said Jupiter, 'If I restore to thee my social law, thy ship will be consumed, thou and thy crew will escape in thy boat, but thou shalt be a very beggar, and, in thy poverty, thou wilt upbraid me for dealing thus unjustly by thee.'

'O bountiful Jupiter,' replied the merchant, 'I never knew till now what enjoyments I owed to thy social law, how rich it renders me, even when all else is gone; and, how poor I should be, with all the world for a possession, if denied its blessings. True, I shall be poor, but my nerves, muscles, senses, propensities, sentiments and intellect will be left me: now I see that employment of

these is the only pleasure of existence ; poverty will not cut me off from exercising these powers in obedience to thy laws, but will rather add new excitements to my doing so. Under thy social law, will not the sweet voice of friendship cheer me in poverty, the ecstatic burst of adoration of thee lift my soul to heaven, will not the aid of kindred and of my fellow-men soothe the remainder of my days ? and, besides, now that I see thy designs, I shall avoid employing my fellow men in situations unsuitable to their talents, and thereby escape the penalties of infringing thy social law. Most merciful Jupiter, restore to me the benefit of all thy laws, and I accept the penalties attached to their infringement.' His request was granted ; ever after he made Jupiter's laws and the nature of man his study ; he obeyed them, became moderately rich, and found himself happier than he had ever been in his days of selfishness and ignorance.

Jupiter was assailed by many other prayers from unfortunate sufferers under infringement of his laws ; but, instead of hearing each in endless succession, he assembled his petitioners, and introduced to them, the slater, the husbandman, the young heir, and the merchant, and requested them to narrate their knowledge and experience of the natural laws ; and he intimated, that if, after listening to their account, any petitioner was not satisfied with his condition, he would suspend for him the particular law which caused him discontent. But no application followed. Jupiter saw his creatures employ themselves with real earnestness to study and observe his institutions, and ever after, they offered up to him only gratitude and adoration for his infinite goodness and wisdom.

LXXIII.

ON HAPPINESS OF TEMPER.—*Goldsmith.*

Writers of every age have endeavored to show—that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our

amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment ; and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review, like the figures of a procession ; some may be awkward, others ill-dressed ; but none but a fool is, for this, enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave, in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained ; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life ; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison.

What a practical philosopher was here ! a happy constitution supplied philosophy ; and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth ; and, though some thought him, from his insensibility, a fool—he was such an idiot as philosophers should wish to imitate : for all philosophy is only forcing the trade of happiness, when Nature seems to deny the means.

They who, like our slave, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence, to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction ; the whole world is, to them, a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the ranks of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the high-

est degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex,—when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception. If she, too, rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress: he persuaded himself—that, instead of loving the lady, he had only fancied that he had loved her;—and so all was well again.

When Fortune wore her angriest look, and he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a close prisoner, in the castle of Valenciennes,) he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy; for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himself and his persecutor: and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress—though secluded from his friends—though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniences of life, he still retained his good humor; laughed at the little spite of his enemies; and carried the jest so far, as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach—is to be stubborn, or sullen, under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry, in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humor be construed, by others, into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves; and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

The happiest silly fellow I ever knew, was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever he fell into any misery, he called it, "seeing life." If his head was broken by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian.

an dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to him.

His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless.

The old gentleman was on his death bed. The whole family (and Dick among the number) gathered around him.

"I leave my second son, Andrew," said the expiring miser, "my whole estate; and desire him to be frugal."

Andrew in a sorrowful tone (as is usual on those occasions) prayed Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself!

"I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother; and leave him, beside, four thousand pounds."

"Ah! father," cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) "may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!"

At last—turning to poor Dick, "as for you, you have always been a sad dog; you'll never come to good; you'll never be rich; I leave you a shilling, to buy a halter."

"Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "*may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!*"

LXXIV.

DESCRIPTION OF A TOURNAMENT.—*Walter Scott.*

The scene was singularly romantic. On the verge of a wood, which approached to within a mile of the town of Ashby, was an extensive meadow of the finest and most beautiful green turf, surrounded on one side by the forest, and fringed on the other by straggling oak trees, some of which had grown to an immense size. The ground, as if fashioned on purpose for the martial dis-

play which was intended, sloped gradually down on all sides to a level bottom, which was enclosed for the lists with strong palisades, forming a space of a quarter of a mile in length, and about half as broad. The form was square, save that the corners were considerably rounded off, in order to afford more convenience for the spectators. The openings for the entry of the combatants were at the northern and southern extremities of the lists, accessible by strong wooden gates, each wide enough to admit two horsemen riding abreast. At each of these portals were stationed two heralds, attended by six trumpets, as many pursuivants, and a strong body of men-at-arms for maintaining order, and ascertaining the quality of the knights who proposed to engage in this martial game.

On a platform beyond the southern entrance, formed by a natural elevation of the ground, were pitched five magnificent pavilions, adorned with pennons of russet and black, the chosen color of the five knights challengers. The cords of the tents were of the same color. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the knight by whom it was occupied, and beside it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a salvage or sylvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character which he was pleased to assume during the game. The central pavilion, as the place of honor, had been assigned to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, whose renown, in all games of chivalry, no less than his connection with the knights who had undertaken this Passage of Arms, had occasioned him to be eagerly received into the company of the challengers, and even adopted as a chief. On one side of his tent were pitched those of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf and Richard de Malvoisin, and on the other was the pavilion of Hugh de Grantmesnil, &c. The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who were expected to attend upon the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt

these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to look over the galleries, and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these stations afforded, many hundreds had perched themselves on the branches of the trees which surrounded the meadow; and even the steeple of a country church, at some distance, was crowded with spectators.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators, rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off, its splendor. The inclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's-breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene. The champions now advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered, the sound of a wild Barbaric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers,

where the performers were concealed. It was of eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land ; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up to the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood ; and there separating themselves, each touched slightly, and with the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower orders of spectators in general,—nay, many of the higher, and it is even said, several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons, who, in the present day, applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced ; and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armor, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armor was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *desdichado*, signifying disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse ; and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his horse, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favor of the multitude, which some of the lower

classes expressed by crying, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain." The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the astonishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the *sharp* end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rung again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none more than the redoubted Knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat. "Have you confessed yourself brother," said the Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"—"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight, for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney. "Then take your place in the lists," said De Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in paradise."—"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it, I advise thee to take a fresh horse, and new lance, for by my honor you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backwards down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner to move backwards through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude. When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight; yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators. The trumpets had no sooner given the signal, than the champions vanished from their posts with the speed of lightning, and closed in the center of the lists with the shock of a thun-

derbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both Knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its hams. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by the use of the bridle and spur, and having glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demi-volte, and retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the Knights resumed their station, than the clamor of applause was hushed into a silence, so deep and so dead, that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe. A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath, Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the center of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as before.

In this second encounter, the Templar aimed at the center of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance towards Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Yet, even at this disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man, rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.—To extricate him-

self from the stirrups and fallen steed, was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment; and stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them, that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter. "We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist; "and where there are none to separate us."—"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

LXXV.

ANIMATED DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE.—*Walter Scott.*

It has been truly observed, that it would be difficult to produce a passage in dramatic or epic poetry more full of life, interest and energy, than the following magnificent dialogue between Ivanhoe and the Jewess.

"The skirts of the wood seemed lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow." "Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.—"Under no ensign of war which I can observe," answered Rebecca. "A singular novelty," muttered the knight, "to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed.—See'st thou who they be that act as leaders?" "A knight clad in sable armor, is the most conspicuous," said the Jewess; "he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him."—"What device does he bear on his shield?" replied Ivanhoe.—"Something resembling a bar of iron,

and a padlock painted blue on the black shield." "A fetterlock and shackle bolt azure," said Ivanhoe; "I know not who may bear the device, but well I ween it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?" "Scarce the device itself at this distance," replied Rebecca; "but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you."—"Seem there no other leaders?" exclaimed the anxious inquirer.—"None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station," said Rebecca; "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance.—God of Zion protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows! God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers, (a species of kettle-drum,) retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy.—"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath.—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm." With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.—"Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."—"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against

stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."—"I see him not," said Rebecca.—"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"—"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back? Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds."

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.—"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger." Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"—"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"—"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness, "But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm.—His sword is broken—he snatches an ax from a yeoman—he presses Front-

de-Bœuf with blow on blow.—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!” “Front-de-Bœuf?” exclaimed Ivanhoe. “Front-de-Bœuf,” answered the Jewess; “his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—they drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.”

“The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?” said Ivanhoe.—“They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault.—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!”—“Think not of that,” replied Ivanhoe; “this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?”—“The ladders are thrown down,” replied Rebecca, shuddering; “the soldiers lie groveling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better.” “Saint George strike for us,” said the Knight, “do the false yeomen give way?”—“No!” exclaimed Rebecca, “they bear themselves right yeomanly—the black knight approaches the postern with his huge ax—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle—stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers.”

“By St. John of Acre,” said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, “methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed.”—“The postern gate shakes,” continued Rebecca; “it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh God! they hurry the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!”

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe. "No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others.—Alas! I see that it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"Seest thou nothing else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"—"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors. He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength—there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of bloodshed! it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

LXXVI.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN WAVERLY AND FERGUS MAC-IVOR,
AT CARLISLE, PREVIOUS TO THE EXECUTION OF THE
LATTER.—*Walter Scott.*

After a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverly on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted. The place of Fergus' confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the castle! a huge old tower, supposed

to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII's time, or somewhat later. The grating of the huge old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure; and how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I am sure, from your looks—and how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant, and the bear and boot-jack?" "How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment?" "Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure—on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully.

"You are rich," he continued, "Waverly, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?"—Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which afterwards he so amply redeemed, that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.—"Would to God," continued the chieftain, "I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave race: or at least as I have striven to do, per-

suade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms ; and be to you what he has been to me, the kindest—the bravest—the most devoted—”

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast from that of his foster-brother. “But,” said he, drying them, “that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words,” said he half smiling, “are the only *Open Sesame* to their feelings and sympathies; and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life.” “And I am sure,” said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that, in the obscurity of the apartment, Edward was not aware of his presence,—“I am sure Evan never desired nor deserved a better end than just to die with his chieftain.”

A tap at the door now announced the arrival of the priest; and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the church of Rome prescribes. In about an hour he was re-admitted. Soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners. “You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage; we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy; and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm.

Shortly after, the drums of the garrison beat to arms. “This is the last turn out,” said Fergus, “that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part, let us speak of Flora,—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me.”—“We part not *here*?” said Waverly. “O yes, we do, you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself,” he said proudly; “nature has her tortures as well as art, and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful dis-

order in the space of a short half hour! And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon.

"This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland: her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose, one day or other, when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies, they will blot it from their records, as leveling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head! they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my country, that I love so dearly!"

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the castle. An officer appeared, and intimated that the high sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombie: "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in a hollow square.

Within their ranks was the sledge or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with a broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the high

sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military power did not permit to come farther.

"This is well GOT UP for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, ere we could kill a dozen of them. They look bold enough, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus turning round embraced Waverly, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward.

There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the castle and the high sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the high sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King James!" These were the last words which Waverly heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march, as it is called, was instantly heard; and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighboring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally

empty, but Waverly still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor, struck with surprise and compassion at the stupefied misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her: but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy, by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he regained his inn; then threw himself into an apartment and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprised him that all was over, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations.

LXXVII.

DEATH OF MORRIS, THE SPY.—*Walter Scott.**

I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut; in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all

* At the time the celebrated Highland Chieftain, Rob Roy, was taken prisoner, Morris had been sent as a hostage for his personal safety, which being violated, excited the wrath so powerfully described in this extract.

its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curling into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted.

* * * * *

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch, already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features, I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance, Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent, and with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honored as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh—He prayed but for

life—for life he would give all he had in the world ; it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations ;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damp of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of MacGregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence.

“ I could have bid you live,” she said, “ had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—wretch ! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow,—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed,—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended,—you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher’s dog in the shambles battenning on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you ! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of ; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun.”

She gave a brief command, in Gaelic, to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, “ O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me—save me !”

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding

a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half-naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

LXXVIII.

FUNERAL OF STEENIE MUCKLEBACKIT.—*Scott.*

The antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mysel-crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine, and the season favorable, the chant, which is used by the fishers when at sea, was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother, as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbors, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathering around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting till the body was lifted. As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets as he passed, with

an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which Milkie alone could have painted, with that exquisite feeling of nature that characterizes his enchanting productions.

The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief, peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world, and all that remains in it, after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had only been withheld by main force from renewing them, at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions, which were occasionally put to him, were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word, either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favorite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence, that frightened the child; his next to snatch up the boy and devour him with kisses.

“Ye’ll be a bra’ fellow an ye be spared, Patie,—but ye’ll never—never can be—what he was to me!—he has sailed the cobble wi’ me since he was ten year auld, and there was na the like o’ him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness—they say folks maun submit—I shall try.”

And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitation of the bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the common-place topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavoring to stun the grief which they could not console.

The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant, or fisher, offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their brother’s death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendor of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle—then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear caught by the black color of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded—then, finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grand-son, as if she had at once,

and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear; nor did any one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. So she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadow of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine, and spirits, and bread were offered round to the guests. Elspeth, as these refreshments were presented, surprised and startled the whole company by motioning to the person who bore them to stop; then taking a glass in her hand, she rose up, and, as the smile of dotage played upon her shriveled features, she pronounced with a hollow and tremendous voice, “Wishing a’ your healths, sirs, and often may we have such merry meetings.”

All shrunk from the ominous pledge, and set down the untasted liquor with a degree of shuddering horror, which will not surprise those who know how many superstitions are still common on such occasions among the Scottish vulgar. But as the old woman tasted the liquor, she suddenly exclaimed with a sort of shriek, “What’s this?—this is wine—how should there be wine in my son’s house?—aye,” she continued with a suppressed groan, “I mind the sorrowful cause now;” and dropping the glass from her hand, she stood a moment gazing fixedly on the bed in which the coffin of her grand-son was deposited, and then sinking gradually into her seat, she covered her eyes and forehead with her withered and pallid hand.

At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company. He edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either ; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgment of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually, as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he said to the poor woman, could only be judged by her answers, as, half stifled by sobs ill repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech, —“ Yes, sir, yes !—Ye 're very gude,—ye 're very gude ! —Nae doubt, nae doubt !—It's our duty to submit ! But, O dear, my poor Steenie, the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him !—O my bairn, my bairn ! what for is thou lying there, and eh ! what for am I left to greet for ye !”

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box, to conceal the tears which, despite of his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and spoke with each other. The clergyman, meantime, addressed his ghostly consolation to the aged grandmother. At first she listened, or seemed to listen, to what he said, with the apathy of her usual unconsciousness. But as, in pressing his theme, he approached so near to her ear, that the sense of his words became distinctly intelligible to her, though

unheard by those who stood more distant, her countenance at once assumed that stern and expressive cast which characterized her intervals of intelligence. She drew up her head and body, shook her head in a manner that showed at least impatience, if not scorn, of his counsel, and waved her hand slightly, but with a gesture so expressive, as to indicate to all who witnessed it, a marked and disdainful rejection of the ghostly consolation proffered to her. The minister stepped back as if repulsed, and by lifting gently and dropping his hand, seemed to show at once, wonder, sorrow, and compassion for her dreadful state of mind. The rest of the company sympathized, and a stifled whisper went through them, to express how much her desperate and determined manner impressed them with awe and even horror.

In the meantime the funeral company was completed, by the arrival of one or two persons who had been expected from Fairpoint. The wine and spirits again circulated, and the dumb show of greeting was anew interchanged. The grandame a second time took a glass in her hand, drank its contents, and exclaimed with a sort of laugh, "Ha! ha! I hae tasted wine twice in ae day.—When did I that before, think ye, cummers?—Never since,"—and the transient gleam of intelligence vanishing from her countenance, she set the glass down, and sunk upon the settle from whence she had risen to snatch at it.

As the general amazement subsided, Mr. Oldbuck, whose heart bled to witness what he considered as the errings of the enfeebled intellect struggling with the torpid chill of age and of sorrow, observed to the clergyman, that it was time to proceed to the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases, goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed in his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant.

The last act which separates us forever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effects upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen, to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him, whom they have but lately seen such as they themselves and who now is such as they must in their turn become. But this decent and praise-worthy practice was not adopted at the time of which I am treating, and the ceremony proceeded without any devotional exercise.

The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father to support the head, as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he only answered by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself, as landlord and master to the deceased, "would carry his head to the grave." In spite of the sorrowful occasion, the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Alison Buck, who was present, among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, "His honor Monkbarns should never want sax warp of oysters in the season, (of which fish he was understood to be fond,) if she should gang to sea and

dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew." And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons; Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons,—miserable looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshaling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with thread-bare black coats, and hunting caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offense than he gained popularity, by condescending to perform the office of chief mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, when rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the parliament of Scotland, for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like christians, as they termed it; nor could their faithful executor be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions,—the body was consigned to its parent earth,—and when the labors of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants,

who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

LXXIX.

POST-OFFICE IN FAIRPORT.—*Scott.*

We beg leave to transport the reader to the back parlor of the post-master's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles, and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with glean- ing information, or forming conjectures about the cor- respondence and affairs of their neighbors. Two fe- males of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs. Mailsetter in her official duty.

"Preserve us, sirs," said the butcher's wife; "there's ten, eleven,—twal letters to Tenant & Co.,—thae folk do mair business than a' the rest of the burgh."

"Ay; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side,—I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

"Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?—the lieutenant's been awa' three weeks."

"Just ane, on Tuesday was a week."

"Was't a ship-letter?"

"In troth was't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant, then.—I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shoulder after her."

"Odd, here's another," quoth Mrs. Mailsetter. "A ship-letter—post-mark, Sunderland." All rushed to seize it. "Na, na, leddies," said Mrs. Mailsetter, "I hae

had enough o' that wark—ken ye that Mr. Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's, that you opened, Mrs. Shortcake?

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; "ye ken yoursel, madam, it just cam open o' free will in my hand,—what could I help it?—folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel, I wot that's true, too," said Mrs. Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken ony body wanting it. But the short and lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass; the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na; I'll neither trust to provost nor baillie,—but I wad aye be obliging and neighborly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither. See, the seal has an anchor on't—he's done it wi' ane o' his buttons, I'm thinking."

"Show me! show me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in Macbeth, upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager, and scarcely less malignant. Mrs. Heukbane was a tall woman, she held the epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs. Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood a tiptoe, to have her share of the investigation.

"It's frae him, sure enough—I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like John Tamson's, frae end to end."

"Hand it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required,—“hand it lower down. Die ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursel?"

"Whist, whist, sirs, for God's sake," said Mrs. Mailsetter, "there's somebody in the shop"—then aloud—
"Look to the customers, Baby."

Baby answered from within in a shrill tone ; " It's nae-body but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

" Tell her," said the faithful post-mistress, winking to her compeers, " to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken ; we have na had time to sort the mail letters yet ; she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappointment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

" There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs. Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

" Now, that's downright shamfer'," said Mrs. Heukbane, " to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie, after he's keepet company wi her sae lang."

" It's but o'er muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs. Shortcake ; " to cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty maker hersel ! Fy, for shame !"

" Hout, tout, leddies," cried Mrs. Mailsetter, " ye're clean wrang—its a line out o' ane of his sailor sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

" Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae—but it does na look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

" I'm no denying that," said Mrs. Mailsetter ; " but its a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office thae love-letters.—See, here's five or six letter to Sir Arthur Wardour—maist o' them sealed wi' wafers and no wi' wax—there will be a down come there, believe me."

" Ay ; they will be business letters, and no frae ony

o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats of arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs. Heukbane; "pride will hae a fa'—he has na settled his account wi' my gude man, the deacon, for this twalmonth—he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs. Shortcake—"he's but a burnt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty post-mistrass, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking—the seal has the same things wi' the knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire—"Twa letters for Monkbarns—they're frae some o' his learned friends now.—See sae close as they're written down to the very seal—and a' to save sending a double letter—that's just like Monkbarn himsel. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carry-seed would sink the scale; but he's ne're a grain abune it. Weel, I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone and sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body, the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs. Heukbane—he'll make as muckle about buying a fore quarter o' lamb in August, as about a backsey of beef. Let's taste another drop o' the sinning (perhaps she meant *cinnamon*) waters, Mrs. Mailsetter, my dear; Ah! lassies, and ye had kend his brother as I did; mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my gude man was awa' at the Falkirk tryst; weel, weel; we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs. Shortcake, "his brother never brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man; we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week; only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the *nick-sticks*, whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers, and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lassies," interrupted Mrs. Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en!—What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter?—this is new com—I hae nae seen the like o' this—For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs. Hadoway's, High Street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see—that's him that the hale town kens naething about—and a weel fa'ard lad he is—let's see, let's see." Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of Mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs. Mailsetter; "hand awa'—bide aff I tell you—this is none o' your fourpenny cuts, that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it; the postage is five and twenty shillings; and here's an order frae the secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, this manna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter; length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, impervious by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a deep and strong impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"Odd, lass," said Mrs. Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubtless, that the "too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve" itself, "I would like to ken what's in the inside o' this, for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plain stanes of Fairport—naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'll sit down and crack about it—Baby bring ben the tea-water—mickle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs. Shortcake—and then we'll steek the shop and take a hand at

the cartes till the gude man comes hame—and then we'll try your bean veal sweetbread that ye were so kind as to send me, Mrs. Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa' Mr. Lovel's letter?" said Mrs. Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't, till the gude man comes hame, for old Coucon tell'd me that Mr. Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns—he's in a high fever wi' puing the laird and Sir Arthur out o' the sea."

"Silly auld doited carles," said Mrs. Shortcake; "what gar'd them gang a donking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was ge'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs. Heukbane; "Edie Ochiltree, the Blue gown, ye ken—and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish pond, for Monkbarns had threepit on them to gang in till't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense," answered the post mistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it, as Caxon tell't it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, and Mr. Lovel suld hae dined at Monkbarns"—

"But, Mrs. Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs. Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa' this letter by express?—there's our poney and our callant hae gone expresses for the office or now, and the poney has na gane abune thirty mile the day—Jock was sorting him as I came over bye."

"Why, Mrs. Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, ye ken my gude man likes to ride the expresses himsel—we maun gie our ain fish guts to our ain seamaws—it's a red half guinea to him every time he mounts his mare—and I dare say, he'll be in sune—or I dare to say, its the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morn-ing."

"Only that Mr. Lovel will be in town before the express goes off," said Mrs. Heukbane, "and where are ye then, lass?"—but ye ken your own ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs. Heukbane," answered Mrs. Mailsetter, a little out of humor, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbor-like, and living, and letting live, as they say, and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order—ou, nae doubt, it maun be obeyed—but I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye—I'll send little Davie on your poney, and that will be just five-and-three-pence to ilka yane o' us."

"Davie! Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld: and to be plain wi' ye, our poney resists a bit, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the post-mistress gravely, "its like we maun wait then till the gude man comes hame, after a'—for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock—our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, aweel, Mrs. Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at—but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling poney was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service. Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle, with a tear in his eye and a switch in his hand. Jock good naturedly led the animal out of the town, and, by the crack of his whip, and the hoop and halloo of his too-well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sybils after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through a hundred channels, and in a hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent were the rumors to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tenant & Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested—others, that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieu-

tenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon—another that he had sent her a letter, upbraiding her with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally reported that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this rumor was only doubted by the wise, because the report was traced to Mrs. Mail-setter's shop, a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr. Lovel, and had been forwarded by an orderly dragoon, despatched from the head quarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to inquire the way to Monkbarns. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken out at La Vendee—others, that he was a spy—others, that he was a general officer, who was visiting the coast privately—others, that he was a prince of the blood, who was traveling *incognito*.

LXXX.

DESTRUCTION OF A FAMILY OF THE PILGRIMS BY THE PEQUOD INDIANS.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

—All was joy in Mrs. Fletcher's dwelling. "My dear mother," said Everell, "it is now quite time to look out for father and Hope Leslie. I have turned the hour-glass three times since dinner, and counted all the sands, I think. Let us all go on the front portico, where we can catch the first glimpse of them, as they come past the elm trees. Here, Oneco," he continued as he saw assent in his mother's smile, "help me out with mother's rocking chair: rather rough rocking,"—he added, as he adjusted the rockers lengthwise with the logs that served

for the flooring,—“but mother won’t mind trifles just now. Ah! blessed babe, brother,” he continued, taking in his arms the beautiful infant, “you shall come, too, even though you cheat me of my birthright, and get the first embrace from father.” Thus saying, he placed the laughing infant in his go-cart, beside his mother. He then aided his little sisters in their arrangement of the playthings they had brought forth to welcome and astonish Hope; and finally he made an elevated position for Faith Leslie, where she might, he said, as she ought, catch the very first glimpse of her sister.

“Thank, thank you, Everell,” said the little girl, as she mounted her pinnacle: “if you knew Hope, you would want to see her first, too; every body loves Hope. We shall always have pleasant times when Hope gets here.”

It was one of the most beautiful afternoons at the close of the month of May. The lagging Spring had at last come forth in all her power; “her work of gladness” was finished, and forests, fields and meadows were bright with renovated life. The full Connecticut swept triumphantly on, as if still exulting in its release from the fetters of winter. Every gushing rill had the spring-note of joy. The meadows were, for the first time, enriched with patches of English grain, which the new settlers had sown scantily, by way of experiment, prudently occupying the greatest portion of the rich mould with the native Indian corn. This product of our soil is beautiful in all its progress, from the moment when, as now it studded the meadow with billocks, shooting its bright pointed spear from its mother earth, to its maturity, when the long golden ear bursts from the rustling leaf.

The grounds about Mrs. Fletcher’s house had been prepared with the neatness of English taste; and a rich bed of clover that overspread the lawn immediately before the portico, already rewarded the industry of the cultivators. Over this delicate carpet, the domestic fowls, the first civilized inhabitants of the country of their

tribe, were now treading, picking their food here and there, like dainty little epicures. The scene had also its minstrels; the birds, those ministers and worshipers of nature, were on the wing, filling the air with melody, while, like diligent little house-wives, they ransacked the forest and field for materials for their house-keeping.

A mother, encircled by healthful, sporting children, is always a beautiful spectacle—a spectacle that appeals to nature in every human breast. Mrs. Fletcher, in obedience to matrimonial duty, or, it may be, from some lingering of female vanity, had on this occasion attired herself with extraordinary care. What woman does not wish to look handsome in the eyes of her husband?

“Mother,” said Everell, putting aside the exquisitely fine lace that shaded her cheek, “I do not believe you looked more beautiful than you do to-day, when, as I have heard, they called you ‘the rose of the wilderness.’ Our little Mary’s cheek is as round and as bright as a peach, but it is not so handsome as yours, mother. Your heart has sent this color here,” he continued, kissing her tenderly; “it seems to have come forth to tell us that our father is near.”

“It would shame me, Everell,” replied his mother, embracing him with a feeling that the proudest drawing-room belle might have envied, “to take such flattery from any lips but thine.” “Oh, do not call it flattery, mother—look, Magawisca—for Heaven’s sake cheer up—look, would you know mother’s eye? just turn it, mother, one minute from that road—and her pale cheek too—with its rich color on it?”

“Alas! alas!” replied Magawisca, glancing her eyes at Mrs. Fletcher, and then, as if heart-struck, withdrawing them, “how soon the flush of the setting sun fades from the evening cloud!”

“Oh, Magawisca!” said Everell, impatiently, “why are you so dismal? your voice is too sweet for a bird of ill-omen. I shall begin to think as Jennet says—though Jennet is no text book for me—I shall begin to think old

Nelema has really bewitched you.”—“You call me a bird of ill-omen,” replied Magawisca, half proud, half sorrowful, “and you call the owl a bird of ill-omen, but we hold him sacred ; he is our sentinel, and, when danger is near, he cries, ‘Awake ! awake !’”

“Magawisca, you are positively unkind. Jeremiah’s lamentations on a holy day would not be more out of time than your croaking is now. The very skies, earth, and air, seem to partake of our joy at father’s return, and you only make a discord. Do you think, if your father was near, I would not share your joy?”

Tears fell fast from Magawisca’s eyes, but she made no reply, and Mrs. Fletcher, observing and compassionating her emotion, and thinking it probably arose from comparing her orphan state to that of the merry children about her, called her, and said, “Magawisca, you are neither a stranger nor a servant ; will you not share our joy ? do you not love us ?”

“Love you !” she exclaimed, clasping her hands, “love you ! I would give my life for you.”

“We do not ask your life, my good girl,” replied Mrs. Fletcher, kindly smiling on her, “but a light heart, and a cheerful look. A sad countenance doth not become this joyful hour. Go and help Oneco ; he is quite out of breath blowing those soap bubbles for the children.” Oneco smiled, and shook his head, and continued to send off one after another of the prismatic globes, and, as they rose and floated on the air, and brightened with the many-colored ray, the little girls clapped their hands, and the baby stretched his to grasp the brilliant vapor. “Oh !” said Magawisca, impetuously covering her eyes, “I do not like to see any thing so beautiful pass so quickly away.”

Scarcely had she uttered these words, when suddenly, as if the earth had opened on them, three Indian warriors darted from the forest, and pealed on the air their horrible yells.

“My father ! my father !” burst from the lips of Ma-

gawisca and Oneco. Faith Leslie sprang towards the Indian boy, and clung fast to him, and the children clustered about their mother; she instinctively caught her infant, and held it close within her arms, as if their ineffectual shelter were a rampart.

Magawisca uttered a cry of agony, and, springing forward with her arms uplifted, as if deprecating his approach, she sunk down at her father's feet, and, clasping her hands, "Save them!—save them!" she cried; "the mother—the children—oh! they are all good: take vengeance on your enemies, but spare, spare our friends! our benefactors! I bleed when they are struck; oh! command them to stop!" she screamed, looking to the companions of her father, who, unchecked by her cries, were pressing on to their deadly work.

Mononotto was silent and motionless: his eye glanced wildly from Magawisca to Oneco. Magawisca replied to the glance of fire: "Yes, they have sheltered us—they have spread the wing of love over us—save them—save them—oh! it will be too late," she cried, springing from her father, whose silence and fixedness showed that, if his better nature rebelled against the work of revenge, there was no relenting of purpose. Magawisca darted before the Indian, who was advancing towards Mrs. Fletcher with an uplifted hatchet. "You shall hew me to pieces ere you touch her," she said, and planted herself as a shield before her benefactress.

The warrior's obdurate heart, untouched by the sight of the helpless mother and her little ones, was thrilled by the courage of the heroic girl: he paused, and grimly smiled on her, when his companion, crying, "Hasten! the dogs will be on us!" leveled a deadly blow at Mrs. Fletcher; but his uplifted arm was penetrated by a musket shot, and the hatchet fell harmless to the floor.

"Courage mother!" cried Everell, reloading the piece; but neither courage nor celerity could avail; the second Indian sprang upon him, threw him on the floor, wrested his musket from him, and, brandishing his tomahawk

over his head, he would have aimed the fatal stroke, when a cry from Mononotto arrested his arm. Everell extricated himself from his grasp, and, a ray of hope flashing into his mind, he seized a bugle horn, which hung beside the door, and winded it. This was the conventional signal of alarm, and he sent forth a blast long and loud—a death-cry.

Mrs. Grafton and her attendants were just mounting their horses to return home. Digby listened for a moment: then, exclaiming, "It comes from our master's dwelling! ride for your life, Hutton!" he tossed away a handbox that encumbered him, and spurred his horse to its utmost speed.

The alarm was spread through the village, and, in a brief space, Mr. Pyncheon, with six armed men, was pressing towards the fatal scene. In the meantime the tragedy was proceeding at Bethel. Mrs. Fletcher's senses had been stunned with terror. She had neither spoken nor moved after she grasped her infant. Everell's gallant interposition restored a momentary consciousness; she screamed to him, "Fly, Everell, my son, fly; for your father's sake, fly!" "Never!" he replied, springing to his mother's side.

The savages always rapid in their movements, were now aware that their safety depended on despatch. "Finish your work, warriors!" cried Mononotto. Obedient to the command, and infuriated by his bleeding wound, the Indian, who, on receiving the shot, had staggered back, and leaned against the wall, now sprang forward, and tore the infant from its mother's breast. She shrieked, and in that shriek passed the agony of death. She was unconscious that her son, putting forth a strength beyond nature, for a moment kept the Indian at bay; she neither saw nor felt the knife struck at her own heart. She felt not the arms of her defenders, Everell and Magawisca, as they met around her neck. She fainted and fell to the floor, dragging her impotent protectors with her.

The savage, in his struggle with Everell, had tossed the infant boy to the ground; he fell, quite unharmed, on the turf at Mononotto's feet; there, raising his head, and looking up into the chieftan's face, he probably perceived a gleam of mercy; for, with the quick instinct of infancy, that with unerring sagacity directs its appeal, he clasped the naked leg of the savage with one arm, and stretched the other towards him with a piteous supplication, that no words could have expressed. Mononotto's heart melted within him; he stooped to raise the sweet suppliant, when one of the Mohawks fiercely seized him, tossed him wildly around his head, and dashed him on the door-stone. But the silent prayer, perhaps the celestial inspiration of the innocent creature, was not lost. "We have had blood enough," cried Mononotto; "you have well avenged me brothers." Then, looking at Oneco, who remained in one corner of the portico, clasping Faith Leslie in his arms, he commanded him to follow him with the child. Everell was torn from the lifeless bodies of his mother and sisters, and dragged into the forest. Magawisca uttered one cry of agony and despair, as she looked for the last time on the bloody scene, and then followed her father.

As they passed the boundary of the cleared ground, Mononotto tore from Oneco his English dress, and, casting it from him, "Thus perish," he said, "every mark of the captivity of my children. Thou shalt return to our forest," he continued, wrapping a skin around him, "with the badge of thy people." * * *

We hope our readers will not think we have wantonly sported with their feelings, by drawing a picture of calamity that only exists in the fictitious tale. No—such events as we have feebly related were common in our early annals, and attended by horrors that it would be impossible for the imagination to exaggerate. Not only families, but villages, were cut off by the most dreaded of all foes—the ruthless, vengeful savage.

In the quiet possession of the blessings transmitted, we

are, perhaps, in danger of forgetting or undervaluing the sufferings by which they were obtained. We forget that the noble pilgrims lived and endured for us; that, when they came to the wilderness, they said truly, though, it may be, somewhat quaintly, that they turned their backs on Egypt. They did virtually renounce all dependence on earthly support: they left the land of their birth, of their homes, of their fathers' sepulchres; they sacrificed ease and preferment, and all the delights of sense—and for what?—to open for themselves an earthly paradise?—to dress their bowers of pleasure, and rejoice with their wives and children? No!—they came not for themselves; they lived not to themselves. An exiled and suffering people, they came forth in the dignity of the chosen servants of the Lord, to open the forests to the sunbeam, and to the light of the Sun of righteousness; to restore man, man, oppressed and trampled on by his fellows, to religious and civil liberty and equal rights; to replace the creatures of God on their natural level; to bring down the hills, and make smooth the rough places, which the pride and cruelty of man had wrought on the fair creation of the Father of all. What was their reward? Fortune?—distinctions?—the sweet charities of home? No—but their feet were planted on the mount of vision, and they saw with sublime joy, a multitude of people where the solitary savage roamed the forest; the forest vanished, and pleasant villages and busy cities appeared; the tangled foot-path expanded to the thronged highway; the consecrated church was planted on the rock of heaven sacrifice. And that we might realize this vision,—enter into this promised land of faith,—they endured hardship, and braved death, deeming, as said one of their company, that “he is not worthy to live at all, who, for fear of danger or death, shunneth his country's service or his own honor—since death is inevitable, and the fame of virtue immortal.”

If these were the fervors of enthusiasm, it was an enthusiasm kindled and fed by the holy flame that glows

on the altar of God ; an enthusiasm that never abates, but gathers life and strength as the immortal soul expands in the image of its Creator.

LXXXI.

STAGE-COACH.—*W. Irving.*

IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies ; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked school-boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holydays, in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of the anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog ; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters, by the presents with which their pockets were crammed ; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience, was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot ! how he could run ! and then such leaps as he would take,—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business; but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untraveled readers, to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, whenever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his button hole, the present, most probably, of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color, striped, and his small clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety

of person, which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road ; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence ; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler ; his duty being merely to drive them from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great-coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers on, that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of fattening on the drippings of the kitchen, and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as an oracle ; treasure up his cant phrases ; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore ; and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back, thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends ; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the mean time, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute ; sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant ; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house, and sometimes, with a knowing leer and words of sly im-

port, hands to some half blushing, half laughing housemaid, an odd shaped billet-doux, from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces, and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass : but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing, of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by ; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool ; and the sooty specter, in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long drawn-sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

I was roused from a fit of luxurious meditation, by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy—"There's John ! and there's old Carlo ! and there's Bantam !" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane, there was an old sober looking servant in livery, waiting for them ; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the road side, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest ; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last ; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him ; and the others holding John's hands ; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated ; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses ; and, on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

LXXXII.

DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW-ENGLAND FARMER.

W. Irving.

THE first thought of a Yankee farmer, on coming to the years of manhood, is to settle himself in the world—which means nothing more than to begin his rambles. To this end, he takes to himself for a wife some buxom country heiress, passing rich in red ribands, glass beads, and mock tortoise-shell combs, with a white gown and morocco shoes for Sunday, and deeply skilled in the mystery of making apple-sweetmeats, long-sauce, and pumpkin-pie. Having thus provided himself, like a pedlar, with a heavy knapsack, wherewith to regale his shoulders through the journey of life, he literally sets out on his peregrinations.

His whole family, household furniture, and farming utensils, are hoisted into a covered cart ; his own and wife's wardrobe packed up in a firkin—which done he

shoulders his axe, takes staff in his hand, whistles "Yankee doodle," and trudges off to the woods, as confident of the protection of Providence, and relying as cheerfully on his own resources, as ever did a patriarch of yore when he journeyed into a strange country of the Gentiles. Having buried himself in the wilderness, he builds himself a log-hut, clears away a corn-field and potato-patch, and, Providence smiling upon his labors, he is soon surrounded by a snug farm, and some half a score of flaxen-headed urchins, who, by their size, seem to have sprung all at once out of the earth, like a crop of toadstools.

But it is not the nature of this most indefatigable of speculators to rest contented with any state of sublunary enjoyment: improvement is his darling passion; and having thus improved his lands, the next state is to provide a mansion worthy the residence of a landholder. A huge palace of pine-boards, immediately springs up in the midst of the wilderness, large enough for a parish church, and furnished with windows of all dimensions; but so rickety and flimsy withal, that every blast gives it a fit of the ague. By the time the outside of this mighty air-castle is completed, either the funds or the zeal of our adventurer are exhausted, so that he barely manages to half finish one room within, where the whole family burrow together, while the rest of the house is devoted to the curing of pumpkins, or storing of carrots and potatoes, and is decorated with fanciful festoons of dried apples and peaches.

The outside remaining unpainted, grows venerably black with time; the family wardrobe is laid under contribution for old hats, petticoats, and breeches to stuff into the broken windows; while the four winds of heaven keep up a whistling and howling about the ærial palace, and play as many unruly gambols as they did of yore in the cave of Æolus. The humble log-hut, which whilome nestled this improving family snugly within its narrow but comfortable walls, stands hard by,—ignominious contrast! degraded into a cow-house or pig-sty; and the

whole scene reminds one forcibly of a fable, which I am surprised has never been recorded, of an aspiring snail, who abandoned his humble habitation, which he had long filled with great respectability, to crawl into the empty shell of a lobster, where he could no doubt have resided with great style and splendor, the envy and hate of all the pains-taking snails in his neighborhood, had he not accidentally perished with cold in one corner of his stupendous mansion.

Being thus completely settled, and, to use his own words, "to rights," one would imagine that he would begin to enjoy the comforts of his situation, to read newspapers, to talk politics, neglect his own business, and attend to the affairs of the nation, like a useful or patriotic citizen; but now it is that his wayward disposition again begins to operate. He soon grows tired of a spot where there is no longer any room for improvement, sells his farm—his air-castle, petticoat-windows and all, reloads his cart, shoulders his ax, puts himself at the head of his family, and wanders away in search of new lands; again to fell trees, again to clear corn-fields, again to build a shingle-palace, and again to sell off and wander.

LXXXIII.

NOT AT HOME.—*Knares.*

One morning I was sitting with my father and mother when the servant entered the parlor saying, "Ma'am there's some company coming down the avenue; will you please to be at home?" Why, where else can she please to be? "Oh," says my father, hastily, "*not at home, not at home, unless it should be so and so, and so and so*;" enumerating rapidly a select list of worthies. As there was a necessity for the carriage to pass the window of the room where we were sitting, and it was too near to admit of our going elsewhere, my father and mother got both behind a great screen, while I was has-

tily hurried up into the nook of a book-case. *Thinks I to myself*, I suppose this is *being not at home* ! As the servant had inadvertently left the door open, I observed that it was judged necessary, for fear of discovery, to stifle all sorts of natural or other noises, even to the inhalation and exhalation of the breath of life ; so that my father stood with his pocket handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, and my mother with her lips pressed close and flat against the back of the screen, while I poked mine as well as I could behind the book-case, whence a little dust seemed to arise that made me fear greatly that a *sneeze* would be inevitable ; while we were thus grouped, expecting every moment that the carriage would drive off, in came the servant with two of the finest ladies in the neighborhood, who actually discovered my father and mother behind the screen ; who were obliged accordingly, to come out, which they contrived to do with the greatest apparent delight, so that *I*, of course, apprehended the visitors must be some of the *so and so's* that were doomed to be admitted. "I was sure you were at home," said they ; and so they might well be, for another servant, whom they had met in the avenue, had told them so, as it turned out in the end. "We could not think who it was," said my mother ; "had we had the least idea of its being *you*, we should have been at home of course, but we had intended to deny ourselves if it had been any body else."

I would have given any thing to have known *enough of the world* to have determined whether I ought to come out of my hiding place or not ; for my father and mother in their confusion, had quite forgotten me, and the company had managed to seat themselves so as to be wholly incapable of investigating the contents of the book in which I happened to stand. *Thinks I to myself*, they talk so loud I may at least breath more freely ; but at length what I was most afraid of actually befel me ; some dust, or some smoke, or some sun-shine, or something or other, or the mere expectation and alarm of it,

got up my nose, and so affected the olfactory and other nerves of that noble organ as to produce an indispensable necessity to take some measures to stifle the storm of sneeze, with which I seemed to be threatened; unfortunately I had not time to go to my pocket, so that I was obliged to let all depend upon the weak resistance to be produced by the interposition of my five fingers; which having, as every body knows, as many interstices as there are fingers, had no other effect but that of ramifying and dividing the noise into as many parts as there were fingers, so that out it all came, *five-fold* louder than there was any natural necessity for; the sounds, besides, being severally of a description by no means fit for the refined ears of a courtly company; the effect was such as might be expected, the two strangers were nearly thrown from their seats by the shock and alarm of so unexpected a salute, while my father and mother were little less surprised, and at the same time much more confused. I was of course obliged to come out, and an attempt was made to laugh the matter off; but one of the ladies was really so alarmed as to be near fainting, and though she made every effort to *seem* to forgive me, yet I was sure, by her looks, that she wished me dead, or worse, if possible; they took the earliest opportunity afterwards of ordering their carriage to the door, and as they quitted the house, I secretly gave them my blessing; it then first came to my knowledge that, instead of being any of the *so and so's* that had a fair claim to be admitted, my poor father and mother would as willingly have seen the witch of Endor, and that the whole visit had been the effect of accident and blunder.

LXXXIV.

CASE OF LORD MANSFIELD'S WIG, COURT OF REQUESTS,
LONDON.

THIS was a case which by the parties concerned was considered of no small importance; and which, to the

auditors, in the course of its discussion, excited no small merriment. Mr. Williams, who is what is vulgarly called a barber, but in more refined language is termed a perruquier, appeared in this court a few days back, and obtained a summons against the defendant, who is clerk to Reeves, an attorney in Tottenham-court-road, calling upon him to attend on a given day, to shew cause why he should not pay a debt of thirty-nine shillings and elevenpence, three farthings.

Mr. Williams, who spoke with a sort of lisping squeak, garrulously addressed the commissioner:—"He had (he said) been a hair-dresser, man and boy, for sixty-eight years. He had served his time in the Temple, where he had the honor of making wigs for some of the greatest men as ever lived—of all professions and of all ranks—judges, barristers, and commoners—churchmen as well as laymen—illiterate men as well as literate men, and among the latter he had to rank the immortal Dr. Johnson; but of all the wigs he had ever set comb to, there was none on which he so prided himself as a full state wig which he had made for Lord Mansfield: it was one of the earliest proofs of his genius; it had excited the warm commendations of his master, and the envy of his shop-mates; but above all, it had pleased, nay even delighted, the noble and learned judge himself." "Oh, gemmen!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, "if you had known what joy I felt when I first saw his noble lordship on the bench with that wig on his head!"—(In an undertone but rubbing his hands with ecstasy)—"Upon my say-so I was fuddled for three days after!"

The Commissioner. What has the wig to do with the defendant's debt?

Mr. Williams. A great deal; that's the very bone of contention.

Com. Doubtless; but you must come to the marrow, if you can, as soon as possible.

Mr. W. I will. Well as I was saying—where did I leave off?—Oh! when I was fuddled—

Com. I hope you have left off that habit now, my good man.

Mr. W. Upon my say-so, I have, trust me; but as I was saying, to make a long story short, in course of time I left my master in the temple, set up for myself, and did a great stroke of business. Ay, I could tell you such a list of customers! There was—

Com. Never mind; we don't want your list: go on.

Mr. W. Well, then, at last I set up in Boswell-court, Queen-square. Lawk me! what alterations I have seen in that square, surely, in my time! I remember when I used to go to shave old Lord—

Com. Come, come to the end of your story.

Mr. W. Well, I will. Where was I? Oh! in Boswell-court—

Com. [*Aside.*]—I wish you were there now.

Mr. W. Well, then you must know, when Lord Mansfield died, his wig—the very, very wig I made—got back to my old master's shop; and he kept it as a pattern for other judges' wigs; and at last who should die but my master himself—aye, it's what we must all come to.

Com. Go on, go on, man and come to the end of your story.

Mr. W. I will, I will. Well, where was I? Oh! in my poor master's shop. Well, so when he died, my mistress gave me—for she knew, poor soul! how I loved it—this identical wig; and I carried it home with as much delight as it had been one of my children. Ah, poor little things! they are all gone before me.

Com. Come if you don't cut this matter short, I must, and send you after.

Mr. W. Dearee me! you put me out. Well, as I was saying, I kept this here wig as the apple of my eye; when, as ill luck would have it, that 'ere Mr. Lawrence came to my shop, and often asked me to lend it him to act with in a play: I think he called it Shycock or Shylock, for he said he was to play the Judge. I long refu-

sed ; but he over-persuaded me, and on an unlucky day I let him have it, and have never (weeping and wiping his little eyes with his white apron) seen it since.

Com. And so you have summoned him for the price of the wig ?

Mr. W. You have just hit the nail on the haed.

Com. Well, Mr. Lawrence, what have you to say to this ?

Mr. L. (*With great pomposity.*) Why, sir, I have a great deal to say.

Com. Well then, sir, I desire you will say as little as you can, for there are a great many persons waiting here whose time is very precious.

Mr. L. Not more precious than mine, I presume, sir. I submit that this case is in the nature of an action of trover, to recover the possession of this wig ; and, this admitted, sir, I have humbly to contend, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited ; for, sir, you will not find one word of or concerning a wig in his declaration. The plaintiff must not travel out of his record.

Com. What record ?

Mr. L. The record in court.

Com. We have no record.

Mr. L. You have a summons on which I attend to defend myself ; and that is, to all intents and purposes, *de facto* as well as *de jure*, a record similar to, and the essence of, a record in the court above.

Com. Sir, we are not guided by the precedents of courts above here. Our jurisdiction and our powers are defined by particular acts of parliament.

Mr. L. Sir, I contend, according to the common law of these realms, that I am right.

Com. I say, according to the rules of common sense, you are wrong.

Mr. L. I have cases—

Com. Sir, I desire you will confine yourself to this case.

Mr. L. What says Kitty upon the nature of these pleadings ?

Com. And pray who is Kitty?

Mr. L. The most eminent pleader of the present day.

Com. I never heard of a woman being a special pleader.

Mr. L. He is not a woman, sir—he is a man, sir—and a great man, sir—and a man, sir—

Com. Do you mean Mr. Chitty?

Mr. L. I mean the gentleman *you* call Chitty, and most erroneously so call him; for you ought to know that the *Ch* in Italian sounds like an English *K*; and Mr. Kitty, by lineal descent, is an Italian. It is a vulgar error to spell his name with a *y* final, it ought to be *i*, and then it would properly sound Kittee.

Com. I should rather take Mr. Chitty's authority for this than your's.

Mr. L. (In anger.) Sir, do you contradict me?

Com. Sir, I will bring this case to a short issue. Did you borrow this man's wig?

Mr. L. I did.

Com. Do you mean to return it?

Mr. L. It is destroyed.

Com. How destroyed?

Mr. L. It was burnt by accident.

Com. Who burnt it?

Mr. L. I did, in performing the part of the *Judge*, in Shakspeare's inimitable play of the *Merchant of Venice*. While too intent on the pleadings of *Portia*, the candle caught the curls, and I with difficulty escaped having my eyes burned out.

[The plaintiff here uttered an ejaculation of mental suffering, something between a groan and a curse.]

Com. Well then, sir, I have only to tell you, you are responsible for the property thus intrusted to your care; and, without further comment, I order and adjudge that you pay to the plaintiff the sum of 39s. 11½d. which is the sum he is prepared to swear it is worth.

Mr. Williams. Swear! Lord love you, I'd swear it's

worth a *Jew's eye* ! Indeed no money can compensate me for its loss.

Com. I cannot order you a Jew's eye, Mr. Williams, unless Mr. Lawrence can persuade his friend Shylock to part with one of his ; but I will order you such a sum, in monies numbered, as you will swear this wig was fairly and honestly worth.

A long dispute followed as to the value of the wig, when Mr. Williams ultimately agreed to take 20s. and costs ; and the parties were dismissed, mutually grumbling at each other.

LXXXV.

THE MICE—*Fenelon*.

A MOUSE, weary of living in the continual alarm attendant on the carnage committed among her nation by *Mitis* and *Rodilardus*, thus addressed herself to the tenant of a hole near her own.

“ An excellent thought has just come into my head :— I read in some book which I gnawed a few days ago, that there is a fine country, called the Indies, in which mice are in much greater security than here. In that region, the sages believe that the soul of a mouse has been that of a king, a great captain, or some wonderful saint, and that after death it will probably enter the body of a beautiful woman or mighty potentate. If I recollect rightly, this is called metempsychosis. Under this idea, they treat all animals with paternal charity, and build and endow hospitals for mice, where they are fed like people of consequence. Come then, my good sister, let us hasten to a country, the customs of which are so excellent, and where justice is done to our merits.” Her neighbor replied, “ But, sister, do not cats enter these hospitals ? if they do, metempsychosis must take place very soon, and in great numbers ; and a talon or a tooth might

make a fakir, or a king ; a miracle we can very well do without." "Do not fear," said the first mouse, "in these countries order is completely established ; the cats have their houses as well as we ours, and they have their hospitals for the sick separate from ours." After this conversation, our two mice set out together, contriving the evening before she set sail, to creep along the cordage of a vessel that was to make a long voyage.

They got under weigh, and were enraptured with the sight of the sea, which took them from the abominable shores on which cats exercise their tyranny. The sail was pleasant, and they reached Surat, not like merchants, to acquire riches, but to receive good treatment from the Hindoos. They had scarcely entered one of the houses fitted up for mice, when they aspired to the best accommodation. One of them pretended to recollect having formerly been a Bramin on the coast of Malabar, and the other protested that she had been a fine lady of the same country, with long ears ; but they displayed so much impertinence, that the Indian mice lost all patience. A civil war commenced, and no quarter was given to the two Franks who pretended to impose laws on the others ; when, instead of being eaten by cats, they were strangled by their own brethren. From this it is evident, that it is useless to go far in search of safety ; as, if we are not modest and wise, we only go into danger ; and if we are so, we may be secure at home.

LXXXVI.

A STATE OF PROBATION CONSIDERED WITH REFERENCE
TO DIVINE GOODNESS.—*Paley.*

Of all views under which human life has been considered, the most reasonable, in my judgment, is that which regards it as a state of *probation*.—It is not a state of unmixed happiness simply : it is not a state of designed misery, or of misery simply : it is not a state of retribution :

it is not a state of punishment. It suits with none of these suppositions. It accords much better with the idea of its being a condition calculated for the production, exercise and improvement, of moral qualities, with a view to a future state, in which these qualities, after being so produced, exercised and improved, may, by a new and more favorable constitution of things, receive their final reward.

If it be said that this is to enter upon a religious, rather than a philosophical consideration, I answer that the name of religion ought to form no objection, if it shall appear that the more religious our views are, the more probable they become. It may be observed that a future state alone rectifies all disorders; and if it can be shown that the appearance of disorder is consistent with the uses of life as a preparatory state, and that, in some respects it promotes these uses, then so far as this hypothesis may be accepted, the ground of the difficulty is removed.

In the wide scale of human condition, there is not perhaps one of its manifold diversities which does not bear upon the design here suggested. Virtue is infinitely various. There is no situation in which a rational being is placed, from that of the best instructed christian, down to the condition of the rudest barbarian, which affords not room for moral agency, for the acquisition, exercise, and display of voluntary qualities, good and bad. Health and sickness, enjoyment and suffering, riches and poverty, knowledge and ignorance, power and subjection, liberty and bondage, civilization and barbarism, have all their offices and duties, all serve for the formation of character. The *best* dispositions may subsist under the most depressed, the most afflicted fortunes. A West-Indian slave, who amidst his wrongs retains his benevolence, is among the foremost of human candidates for the rewards of virtue. The kind master of such a slave, he who in the exercise of an inordinate authority postpones his own interest to his slave's comfort, is likewise a meritorious character; but he is inferior to his slave. But what we

contend for is, that these destinies, opposite as they may be in other respects, are both trials.

Now, if it be true that our ultimate and eternal happiness will depend not on the temporary condition in which we are cast, but our behavior in it, then it is a much more fit subject of *chance*, than we usually allow or apprehend it to be, in what manner the variety of external circumstances which subsist in the human world, is distributed amongst the individuals of the species. Of two agents who stand indifferent to the moral governor of the universe, one may be exercised by riches, the other by poverty : both have their duties and temptations, not less arduous or dangerous in one case than the other ; but if the final award follow the character, the original distribution of the circumstances under which that character is formed may be defended upon principles of justice. The appearance of casualty which attends the occurrences and events of life, not only does not interfere with its uses, as a state of probation, but promotes them. Passive virtues, of all others, the severest and the most sublime, of all others, perhaps, the most acceptable to the deity, would, it is evident, be excluded from a constitution in which happiness and misery always followed virtue and vice. Patience and composure under distress, affliction and pain ; and a steadfast keeping up of our confidence in God, and of our reliance upon his final goodness, when every thing is adverse and discouraging ; and (what is no less difficult to retain) a cordial desire for the happiness of others, even when we are deprived of our own : these dispositions which constitute, perhaps, the perfection of our moral nature, would not have found their proper object and office in a state of avowed retribution ; and in which, consequently, the endurance of evil would be only submission to punishment.

Again, one man's sufferings may be another's trial. The bedside of a sick parent, is a school of filial piety. The charities of domestic life, and not only these, but all the social virtues, are called forth by distress. But, mi-

sery, to be the proper object of mitigation, or of that benevolence which endeavors to relieve, must be really or apparently casual. It is upon such sufferings alone that benevolence can operate. Were there no evils in the world, but what were punishments, properly and intelligibly such, benevolence would only stand in the way of justice. Such evils, consistently with the administration of moral government, could not be prevented or alleviated; that is to say could not be remitted in whole or in part, except by the authority which inflicted them, or by an appellate, or superior, authority. This consideration, which is founded in our most acknowledged apprehensions of the nature of penal justice, may possess its weight in the divine counsels. Virtue is, perhaps, the greatest of all ends. In human beings, relative virtues form a large part of the whole. But, relative virtue presupposes, not only the existence of evil, without which it could have no object, no material to work upon, but that evils be, apparently at least, *misfortunes*. I have already observed that, when we let in religious considerations, we often let in light upon the difficulties of nature. So in the fact now to be accounted for, the usual *degree* of human happiness, that degree may be better suited to a state of trial and probation than a greater portion. The truth is, we are rather too much delighted with the world than too little. Imperfect, broken and precarious, as our pleasures are, they are more than sufficient to attach us to the eager pursuit of them. A regard to a future state can hardly keep its place as it is. Designed, as we are, to be influenced by that regard, might not a more indulgent system, a higher or more uninterrupted state of gratification, have interfered with such design? In a religious view, then, privation, disappointment and satiety, are not without the most salutary tendencies.

LXXXVII.

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.—*Chalmers.*

WHEN I look abroad, on the wondrous scene that is immediately before me—and see, that in every direction, it is a scene of the most various and unwearied activity—and expatiate on all the beauties of that garniture by which it is adorned, and on all the prints of design and of benevolence which abound in it—and think, that the same God, who holds the universe, with its every system, in the hollow of his hand, pencils every flower, and gives nourishment to every blade of grass, and actuates the movements of every living thing, and is not disabled, by the weight of his other cares, from enriching the humble department of nature I occupy, with charms and accommodations of the most unbounded variety—then, surely, if a message, bearing every mark of authenticity, should profess to come to me from God, and inform me of his mighty doings for the happiness of our species, it is not for me, in the face of all this evidence, to reject it as a tale of imposture, because astronomers have told me that he has so many other worlds, and other orders of beings to attend to—and, when I think that it were a deposition of him from his supremacy over the creatures he has formed, should a single sparrow fall to the ground without his appointment, then let science and sophistry try to cheat me of my comfort as they may—I will not be afraid, for I am of more value than many sparrows.

It was the telescope, that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put infidelity in possession of the argument, against which we are now contending. But, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery, which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star. The other leads

me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me, that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people, and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity. The other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon. The other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe. The other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

LXXXVIII.

ON SINCERITY.—*From Abp. Tillotson. (Abridged.)*

Truth and sincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not,—but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? Now the best way for a man to seem to be any thing,

is to be in reality what he would seem to be: besides,—it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it: and, if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then all his labor to seem to have it, is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good; let him be so indeed; and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier,—much the safer, and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less serviceable to those that practice them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it the greater service it does him; by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest confidence in him; which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another; but truth is always consistent, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troublesome, and needs a great many more to make it good. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual; because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion; so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth; nor trusted when, perhaps, he means honestly. When a man hath

once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn ; neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once ; or ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions ; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail ; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

LXXXIX.

RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.—*Channing.*

RELIGION is a social concern ; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing, in various ways, to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair ; the community is deeply interested in its diffusion ; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good ; and it follows, very plainly, that, if God be the Author and Friend of society, then the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order. Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain ; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God ; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it ; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a supreme

Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them *thoroughly* abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

XC.

WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.—*Sermon—Rev. Robert Hall.*

THE exclusion of a Supreme Being, and of a superintending providence, tends directly to the destruction of

moral taste. It robs the universe of all finished and consummate excellence, even in idea. The admiration of perfect wisdom and goodness for which we are formed, and which kindles such unspeakable rapture in the soul, finding in the regions of scepticism nothing to which it corresponds, droops and languishes. In a world which presents a fair spectacle of order and beauty, of a vast family nourished and supported by an almighty Parent; in a world which leads the devout mind, step by step, to the contemplation of the first fair and the first good, the sceptic is encompassed with nothing but obscurity, meanness, and disorder.

When we reflect on the manner in which the idea of Deity is formed, we must be convinced that such an idea intimately present to the mind, must have a most powerful effect in refining the moral taste. Composed of the richest elements, it embraces, in the character of a beneficent Parent and almighty Ruler, whatever is venerable in wisdom, whatever is awful in authority, whatever is touching in goodness.

Human excellence is blended with many imperfections, and seen under many limitations. It is beheld only in detached and separate portions, nor ever appears in any one character whole and entire. So that when, in imitation of the Stoics, we wish to form out of these fragments the notion of a perfectly wise and good man, we know it is a mere fiction of the mind, without any real being in whom it is embodied and realized. In the belief of a Deity, these conceptions are reduced to reality; the scattered rays of an ideal excellence are concentrated, and become the real attributes of that Being with whom we stand in the nearest relation, who sits supreme at the head of the universe, is armed with infinite power, and pervades all nature with his presence.

The efficacy of these sentiments in producing and augmenting a virtuous taste, will indeed be proportioned to the vividness with which they are formed, and the fre-

quency with which they recur ; yet some benefit will not fail to result from them, even in the lowest degree.

The idea of the Supreme Being has this peculiar property ; that, as it admits of no substitute, so, from the first moment it is impressed, it is capable of continual growth and enlargement. God himself is immutable ; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accession ; is continually growing more extended and refulgent, by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness ; by attracting to itself, as a centre, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. It borrows splendor from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.

XCI.

ON GAMING—*Rennel*.

To a rapacious thirst for gain, the gamester joins a disposition to FRAUD, and that of the *meanest* cast. To those who soberly and fairly appreciate the real nature of human actions, nothing appears more inconsistent than that societies of men, who have incorporated themselves for the express purpose of gaming, should disclaim fraud or indirection, or affect to drive from their assemblies those among their associates whose crimes would reflect disgrace on them. Surely this, to a considerate mind, is as solemn and refined a banter as can well be exhibited : For when we take into view the vast latitude allowed by the most upright gamesters ; when we reflect that, according to their precious casuistry, every advantage may be legitimately taken of the young, the unwary, and the inebriated, which superior coolness, skill, address, and activity, can supply, we must look upon pretences to honesty as a most shameless aggravation of their crimes. Even if it were possible that, in his own practices, a man might be a FAIR GAMESTER, yet, for the result of the extended frauds committed by his fellows, he stands

deeply accountable to God, his country, and his conscience. To a system necessarily implicated with fraud ; to associations of men, a large majority of whom subsist by fraud ; to habits calculated to poison the source and principle of all integrity, he gives efficacy, countenance and concurrence. Even his *virtues* he suffers to be subsidiary to the cause of vice. He sees, with calmness, depredation committed daily and hourly in his company, perhaps under his very roof. Yet men of this description declaim (so desperately deceitful is the heart of man) against the very knaves they cherish and protect, and whom, perhaps, with some poor sophistical refuge for a worn-out conscience, they even imitate. To such, let the scripture speak with emphatical decision—“ *When thou sawest a thief, then thou consentedst with him.*”

But in addition to fraud, and all its train of crimes, propensities and habits of a very different complexion enter into the composition of a gamester : a most ungovernable FEROCITY OF DISPOSITION, however for a time disguised and latent, is invariably the result of his system of conduct. Jealousy, rage and revenge, exist among gamesters in their worst and most frantic excesses, and end frequently in consequences of the most atrocious violence and outrage. By perpetual agitation, the malignant passions spurn and overwhelm every boundary which discretion and conscience can oppose. From what source are we to trace a very large number of those murders, sanctioned or palliated indeed by custom, but which stand at the tribunal of God precisely upon the same grounds with every other species of murder?—From the gaming table, from the nocturnal receptacles of distraction and frenzy, the duellist rushes with his hand lifted up against his brother's life !

Those who are as yet on the threshold of these habits, should be warned, that however calm their *natural* temperament, however meek and placable their disposition, yet that, by the events which every moment arise, they stand exposed to the ungovernable fury of themselves,

and others. In the midst of fraud, protected by menace on the one hand, and, on the other, of despair; irritated by a recollection of the meanness of the artifices, and the baseness of the hands by which utter and remediless ruin has been inflicted; in the midst of these feelings of horror and distraction, it is, that the voice of brethren's blood "*crieth unto God from the ground*"—"and now thou art cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand." Not only THOU who actually sheddest that blood, but THOU who art the artificer of death—thou who adminis-terest incentives to these habits—who disseminatest the practice of them—improvest the skill in them—sharp-eneest the propensity to them—at THY hands will it be required, surely at the tribunal of God in the next world, and perhaps, in most instances, in his distributive and awful dispensations towards thee and thine here on earth."

XCII.

MEMENTOS OF THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.

Fitch.

WE have such a memento in the fact, that others, who have been sharing with us in our privileges, are constantly leaving the world. They who dwell with us in the city of our residence on earth—beings of immortality—are constantly bidding us adieu, and entering into eternity. All our privileges thus become associated with the memory of former companions, who once had their abode below. They dwelled with us but a few days, they scarcely made themselves known to us, when they gave the farewell look, pressed the parting hand, bade adieu, and entered on an abode in eternity. The tolling bell, the mournful procession, the grave of their relics, the erected monument, signalized their departure; and now all around the city of our abode are the traces of their former presence, reminding us of our having no continuing residence here.

We look back at the days they passed with us before they entered into eternity, and they appear to us but a hand breadth ; and, from their dwelling in eternity, we seem to hear them say, as we miss them from the scenes in which they once mingled with us, that these are scenes where pilgrims to eternity tarry but a day. When in the habitations where they once dwelt with us, or in the streets where they walked with us, or the sanctuary to which they went with us in company, or at the mercy-seat where they once bent with us the knee of devotion, or by the scriptures before which they once listened with us to the words of Jesus Christ, we look for them, but they are gone ; the place which they once occupied at our side is vacant ; they are far from us in their eternal dwelling ; and the places where we once knew them are now so many mementos, that here we ourselves have no continuing city.

We have another continual memento of this fact, in the advancement we are constantly making ourselves towards eternity. Every thing in the city of our residence on earth reminds us, that we are never stationary in it, but are always advancing towards the period of our final departure. We have entered into a scene of divine wonders, but we cannot delay to spend our existence here in gazing upon them ; we are constantly in motion, urging our way through them to an eternal dwelling. Each breaking morn, each radiant noon, each shadowy eve, as they pass by us, make no tarrying, but pass us never more to return. The jocund Spring, Summer with his swarms of life, Autumn with her golden harvest, Winter with his icy sceptre and his snowy robes, as each year they pass us, are in constant motion, and, while we greet them, take their leave of us forever. Each changing scene of life arrests our minds, enlists our feelings ; then takes its final leave of us, the sons of eternity. Creeping infancy, merry boyhood, aspiring youth, industrious manhood, decrepit age, we meet in swift succession ; just greet, and bid adieu for eternity. In the midst of all

the privileges of our city here below, do our advancing steps towards the eternal world serve constantly to remind us, that here we have no permanent dwelling. The aggregate of days that have passed by us, the yearly seasons, the scenes of life, and periods of age, since we came into possession of our privileges—since we first knew our dwellings, walked our streets, and entered our sanctuaries, and heard the words of God—are so many advances towards eternity ; and tell, as they thicken on the path we leave, how soon we reach the close of our pilgrimage, and enter upon unknown worlds.

We have another constant memento of the fact, again, in our inability of prolonging our continuance in the world. We have constant notices around us of our frailty, and inability to continue to ourselves our present privileges for the future. Even in the city of our privileges below, do we see ourselves hurried on, by an unseen hand we cannot control ; the almighty Guide who conducts us seems unwilling we should stay ; the God of our spirits, who goes with us, designs we should have our settled dwelling in eternity ; and soon he will bring us to the gates of the city, and, at the bidding we cannot resist, must we take our leave of it for eternity. Around us, every thing is betokening his design of our departure, and our inability to prolong our stay. The frail hold we take of every earthly possession tells that our grasp on none is for eternity. We are hurried on from object to object, before we can call any thing ours. We meet friends, but, while we cling to them, the unseen hand of Providence tears us away from their embrace. Beauty we would linger here to admire, but, while we look, the grace of the fashion of it perisheth. Power just takes us by the hand, and bids us adieu to greet a successor. Fame crowns us with her wreath, but, while we feel the rising flush of joy, she plucks it off to sport with others. Wealth comes to feast us, and roll us in his car of pleasures, and, while accepting his proposals, he dismisses us to tempt some other pilgrims on their way to eternity. The un-

seen hand of Providence thus tears us away from object after object, to show that here is not our rest, and that our hold on earth is frail and giving way. Around the city of our habitation, too, are the messengers he sends to warn us of this approaching departure. Decay stands with tottering limbs and feeble breath, and lisps to us, with dying life, that we draw nigh the gates of our habitation, and soon will leave it for eternal worlds. Diseases—busy messengers—fly here and there, to tell us of our frail abode, and whisper in our ears “eternity.” Death, armed with resistless power, stands with his commissions, and their unknown dates, to lead us out of our residence below, and bar on us its gates forever. Every where in the city of our abode are we reminded, that we have not the power to prolong our stay in it, and that soon we shall leave its privileges, its dwellings, its streets, its sanctuaries, its Scriptures, its busy throng, for eternity.

There is another means reminding us constantly of this fact—the *voice of God*. In the city of our habitation below, God has published his glories, his statutes, his offers of pardon and assistance, for our use as sojourners here, who are passing to eternity. He, the infinite Being, who is from everlasting to everlasting himself, has conferred on us an existence, that is to continue and grow up by the side of his, through everlasting ages. He has beheld us, in the first stages of our being here, engaged in unrighteous rebellion against his authority, and bent on neglect of his glories; and, moved with pity, sent his everlasting Son to atone for our guilt, and to call us to repentance, and his Holy Spirit to indite his will, and influence us to obedience. In our habitation we have his word; here temples are erected for his service; a day is appointed by him for men to assemble; ministers commissioned to teach; and they who love his name speak to one another and to their fellow-men of his designs. Wherever we go, then, the voice of God is reaching us, and re-echoing the truth that we are beings whose final dwelling-place is eternity, and who have here no continuing city. The

bible, wherever it meets our eye, reiterates the voice of God, that we must die and rise again in other worlds. In each reproof of conscience, his awful voice is heard to speak a reckoning day in eternity. In each act we do for God or for his kingdom here, his voice of love whispers of eternal joys. Each revolving Sabbath, with its pealing bells, and open sanctuaries, and solemn rites, bears on its hours his voice, that warns us of an abode in heaven or hell. Each sermon is the call he makes to hear his voice to-day. In each season of prayer we hear him say, that we have not reached our home—that we are pilgrims here. From the throne of glory, on which he will sit in judgment, and assign us our dwelling in eternity, the Savior now sends down the voice of monition; and while it rolls round the world we dwell in, ten thousand messengers echo back the voice to our ears, that “here we have no continuing city.”

XCIII.

EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE ON INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

Wayland.

Let us pause for a moment, and inquire whether, in addition to its moral efficacy, the BIBLE may not exert a powerful influence on the intellectual character of man.

And here it is scarcely necessary that I should remark, that of all the books with which, since the invention of writing, this world has been deluged, the number of those is very small which have produced any perceptible effect on the mass of human character. By far the greater part have been, even by their contemporaries, unnoticed and unknown. Not many a one has made its little mark upon the generation that produced it, though it sunk with that generation to utter forgetfulness. But after the ceaseless toil of six thousand years, how few have been the works, the adamant basis of whose reputation has stood unhurt amid the fluctuations of time, and whose impres-

sion can be traced through successive centuries on the history of our species.

When, however, such a work appears, its effects are absolutely incalculable ; and such a work, you are aware, is the *Iliad* of Homer. Who can estimate the results produced by this incomparable effort of a single mind ! Who can tell what Greece owes to this first born of song Her breathing marbles, her solemn temples, her unrivalled eloquence, and her matchless verse, all point us to that transcendant genius, who by the very splendor of his own effulgence, woke the human intellect from the slumber of ages. It was Homer who gave laws to the artist ; it was Homer who inspired the poet ; it was Homer who thundered in the senate ; and more than all, it was Homer who was sung by the people ; and hence a nation was cast into the mould of one mighty mind, and the land of the *Iliad* became the region of taste, the birth-place of the arts. Nor was this influence confined within the limits of Greece. Long after the sceptre of empire had passed westward, genius still held her court on the banks of the *Ilyssus*, and from the country of Homer gave laws to the world. The light, which the blind old man of Scio had kindled in Greece, shed its radiance over Italy, and thus did he awaken a second nation to intellectual existence. And we may form some idea of the power, which this one work has to the present day exerted over the mind of man, by remarking, that "nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments."

But considered simply as an intellectual production, who will compare the poems of Homer with the Holy scriptures of the old and new testament. Where in the *Iliad* shall we find simplicity and pathos, which shall vie with the narrative of Moses, or maxims of conduct to equal in wisdom the Proverbs of Solomon, or sublimity, which does not fade away before the conceptions of Job or David, of Isaiah or St. John. But I cannot pursue

this comparison. I feel that it is doing wrong to the mind which dictated the Iliad, and to those other mighty intellects on whom the light of the holy oracles never shined. Who that has read his poem has not observed how he strove in vain to give dignity to the mythology of his time? Who has not seen how the religion of his country, unable to support the flight of his imagination, sunk powerless beneath him? It is the unseen world, where the master spirits of our race breathe freely and are at home; and it is mournful to behold the intellect of Homer striving to free itself from the conceptions of materialism, and then sinking down in hopeless despair to weave idle fables of Jupiter and Juno, Apollo or Diana. But the difficulties under which he labored are abundantly illustrated by the fact, that the light, which he poured upon the human intellect, taught other ages how unworthy was the religion of his day, of the man who was compelled to use it. "It seems to me," says Longinus, "that Homer, when he ascribes dissensions, jealousies, tears, imprisonments, and other afflictions to his Deities, hath, as much as was in his power, made the men of the Iliad gods, and the gods men. To man when afflicted, death is the termination of evils; but he hath made not only the nature but the miseries of the gods eternal." If then so great results have flowed from this one effort of a single mind, what may we not expect from the combined efforts of several, at least his equals in power over the human heart? If that one genius, though groping in the thick darkness of absurd idolatry, wrought so glorious a transformation in the character of his countrymen, what may we not look for from the universal dissemination of those writings, on whose authors was poured the full splendor of eternal truth? If unassisted human nature, spell bound by a childish mythology, have done so much, what may we not hope for from the supernatural efforts of pre-eminent genius, which spake as it was moved by the Holy Ghost.

XCIV.

EXTRACT OF A SERMON ON THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS.—*Dr. Beecher.*

We are called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections the memory of our fathers. Both the ties of nature and the dictates of policy demand this. And surely no nation ever had less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, or more occasion for gratulation in that respect; for while most nations trace their origin to barbarians, the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men—by christians. Many of them were men of distinguished families, of powerful talents, of great learning, of pre-eminent wisdom, of decision of character, and of most inflexible integrity. And yet, not unfrequently, they have been treated as if they had no virtues; while their sins and follies have been sedulously immortalized in satirical anecdote.

The influence of such treatment of our fathers is too manifest. It creates and lets loose upon their institutions the Vandal spirit of innovation and overthrow; for after the memory of our fathers shall have been rendered contemptible, who will appreciate and sustain their institutions? **THE MEMORY OF OUR FATHERS**, should be the watchword of our liberty throughout the land:—for imperfect as they were, the world before, had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, such shades of the illustrious dead, looking down upon their descendants with approbation or reproof, according as they follow or depart from the good way, constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God;—and to ridicule them is national suicide. The doctrines of our fathers have been represented as gloomy, superstitious, severe, irrational, and of a licentious tendency. But when other systems shall have produced a piety as devoted, a morality as pure, a patriot

ism as disinterested, and a state of society as happy, as have prevailed where their doctrines have been most prevalent; it may be in season to seek an answer to this objection. The same doctrines have been charged with inspiring a spirit of dogmatism and religious domination. But in all the struggles of man with despotic power, for civil liberty, the doctrines of our fathers have been found, usually, if not always, on the side of liberty, as their opposite have been usually found in the ranks of arbitrary power.

The persecutions instituted by our fathers, have been the occasion of ceaseless obloquy upon their fair fame. And truly it was a fault of no ordinary magnitude that, sometimes, they did persecute. But let him, whose ancestors were not ten times more guilty, cast the first stone, and the ashes of our fathers will no more be disturbed. Their swas the fault of the age, and it will be easy to show, that no class of men had at that time approximated so nearly to just apprehensions of religious liberty; and that it is to them that the world is now indebted for the more just and definite views which prevail. More exclamation and invective has been called forth by the few instances of persecution by the fathers of New-England, *than* by all the fires which lighted the realm of Old England for centuries, and drove into exile thousands of her most valuable subjects.

The superstition and bigotry of our fathers are themes, on which some of their descendants, themselves far enough from superstition, if not from bigotry, have delighted to dwell. But when we look abroad, and behold the condition of the world compared with the condition of New-England, we may justly exclaim, Would to God that the ancestors of all the nations had been not only almost, but altogether such bigots as our fathers *were*!

XCV.

REVELATIONS V.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth.

And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders: and the number of them was about ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

* * * * *

After this I beheld, and lo a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the Elders, and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen.

And one of the Elders answering said unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence

came they ? and I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them White in the blood of the Lamb : Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

XCVI.

PSALM CXXXIX.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down sitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compassedst my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me : it is high, I cannot attain unto it. Whither shall I go from thy spirit ? or whither shall I flee from thy presence ? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there : if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea : Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me : even the night shall be light about me. Yea the darkness hideth not from thee : but the night shineth as the day : the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

XCVII.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.—*Henry Kirke White.*

Come, Disappointment, come.
 Not in thy terrors clad ;
 Come in thy meekest, saddest guise ;
 Thy chastening rod but terrifies
 The restless and the bad.
 But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
 Before thy hollow tread,
 Yet meditation, in her cell,
 Hears with faint eye the lingering knell,
 That tells her hopes are dead ;
 And though the tear
 By chance appear,
 Yet she can smile and say, my all was not laid here.

Come Disappointment, come.
 Though from Hope's summit hurl'd
 Still rigid nurse thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe wert sent from heaven
 To wean me from the world :
 To turn my eye
 From vanity
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene ?
 A peevish April day !
 A little sun, a little rain,
 And then night sweeps along the plain,
 And all things fade away.
 Man (soon discuss'd)
 Yields up his trust,
 And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live,
Here in this happy dell."

Thus nature spake.—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died,—and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

XCIX.

GRAVE OF THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.—*Mrs. Si-*
gourney.

MOTHER of him whose godlike fame
The good throughout the world revere,
Ah! why, without a stone or name,
Thus sleep'st thou unregarded here?

Fair pensile branches o'er thee wave,
And nature decks the chosen dell;
Yet surely o'er thy hallow'd grave
A nation's mournful sighs should swell!

Rome, with a burst of filial pride,
The mother of her Gracchi view'd;
And why should we restrain the tide
Of reverential gratitude?

She to sublime Volumnia paid
Her tribute of enraptured tears,
When the dread chief that voice obeyed
Which sternly curb'd his infant years.

Thou in the days of Sparta's might,
Had'st high on her illustrious roll
Been rank'd, amidst those matrons bright,
Who nobly nursed the great of soul.

For disciplined in Wisdom's school,
The lofty pupil own'd thy sway ;
And well might he be skill'd to rule,
So early nurtured to obey.

No enervating arts refined
To slumber lull'd his heaven-born might ;
No weak indulgence warp'd thy mind,
To cloud a hero's path of light.

Say—when upon thy shielding breast
The savior of his country hung,
When his soft lip to thine was prest,
 wooing the accents from thy tongue,

Saw'st thou, prescient, o'er his brow,
The shadowy wreath of laurel start ?
Or, did thy nightly dream bestow
High visions of his glorious part ?

And when his little hands were taught
By thee, in simple prayer to rise,
Say—were thine own devotions fraught
With heighten'd incense for the skies ?

Well may that realm confiding rest,
Heroes and mighty chiefs to see,
Which finds its infant offspring blest
With monitors and guides like thee.

A future age, than ours more just,
With his, shall blend thy honored name,
And rear, exulting, o'er thy dust,
The monument of deathless fame.

And thither bid young mothers wend,
To bless thy spirit as they rove,
And learn, while o'er thy tomb they bend,
For heaven to train the babes they love.

Oh ! what is Beauty's power?
 It flourishes and dies ;
 Will the cold earth in silence break,
 To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
 Beneath its surface lies ?

Mute, mute is all
 O'er Beauty's fall ;
 Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
 Not long survives to-day ;
 So music past is obsolete,
 And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
 But now, tis gone away.
 Thus does the shade
 In memory fade,
 When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys
 Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
 And cares and sorrows eat ?
 Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,
 When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be
 still.

Come Disappointment, come !
 Thou art not stern to me :
 Sad monitress ! I own thy sway ;
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee.
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow and say, my God thy will be done.

XCVIII.

LUCY.—*Wordsworth.*

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then nature said, "a lovelier flower

On earth was never sown ;
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle and restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round ;
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;

C.

ODE SUNG AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. SPURZHEIM.

Pierpont.

Stranger, there is bending o'er thee
Many an eye with sorrow wet:
All our stricken hearts deplore thee:
Who, that knew thee, can forget?
Who forget what thou hast spoken?
Who, thine eye, thy noble frame?
But, that golden bowl is broken,
In the greatness of thy fame.

Autumn's leaves shall fall and wither,
On the spot where thou shalt rest;
'Tis in love we bear thee thither
To thy mourning Mother's breast.
For the store of science brought us,
For the charm thy wisdom gave,
To the lessons thou hast taught us,
Can we give thee but a grave?

Nature's Priest, how pure and fervent
Was thy worship at her shrine!
Friend of man, of God the servant,
Advocate of truths divine,—
Taught and charmed as by no other
We have been, and hoped to be,
But, while waiting round thee, Brother,
For thy light—'tis dark with thee.

Dark with thee!—No, thy Creator,
All whose creatures and whose laws
Thou didst love,—shall give thee greater
Light than earth's, as earth withdraws.
To thy God, thy godlike spirit
Back we give in filial trust:
Thy cold clay—we grieve to bear it
To its chamber—but we must.

CI.

TO A WATERFOWL.—*Bryant.*

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And stream among thy fellows: reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

CII.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.—*Burns.*

The small-birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear through the vale;
 The hawthorn-trees blow in the dew's of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the sweet dale.

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
 While the lingering moments are number'd by care?
 No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
 Can sooth the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
 A King and a Father to place on his throne!
 His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.

But 'tis not my suffering,—thus wretched, forlorn!
 My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn:
 Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial!
 Alas! can I make you no sweeter return!

CIII.

NOURMAHAL.—*Moore.*

There's a beauty, forever unchangingly bright,
 Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
 Shining on—shining on, by no shadow made tender,
 Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.
 This was not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
 That to young Nourmahal gave such magic of bliss;
 But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
 Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
 Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies
 From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes;
 Now melting in mist, and now breaking in gleams,
 Like the glimpses a saint hath of heaven in his dreams!
 When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,

That charm of all others, was born with her face ;
 And when angry,—for ev'n in the tranquilerest climes
 Light breezes will ruffle the flowers sometimes—
 The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
 New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
 If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
 At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
 From the depths of whose shadow, like holy revealings,
 From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings !
 Then her mirth—oh ! 'twas playful as ever took wing
 From the heart, with a burst, like the wild bird in spring ;
 Illumed by a wit that would fascinate sages,
 Yet playful as Peris just loosed from their cages.
 While her laugh, full of life, without any control
 But the sweet one of gentleness, rung from her soul ;
 And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
 In lip, cheek or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
 Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
 When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.

 CIV.

CATHARINA.—*Addressed to Miss Stapleton.—Cowper.*

She came—she is gone—we have met—
 And meet perhaps never again ;
 The sun of that moment is set,
 And seems to have risen in vain.
 Catharina has fled like a dream—
 (So vanishes pleasure alas !)
 But has left a regret and esteem,
 That will not so suddenly pass.

The last evening ramble we made,
 Catharina, Maria, and I,
 Our progress was often delayed
 By the Nightingale warbling nigh.
 We paused under many a tree,
 And much was she charmed with a tone

Less sweet to Maria and me,
 Who so lately had witnessed her own.

My numbers that day she had sung,
 And gave them a grace so divine,
 As only her musical tongue
 Could infuse into numbers of mine.
 The longer I heard, I esteemed
 The work of my fancy the more,
 And ev'n to myself never seemed
 So tuneful a poet before.

Tho' the pleasures of London exceed
 In number the days of the year,
 Catharina, did nothing impede,
 Would feel herself happier here ;
 For the close woven arches of limes
 On the banks of our river, I know,
 Are sweeter to her many times
 Than aught that the city can show.

So it is, when the mind is endued
 With a well judging taste from above,
 Then, whether embellished or rude,
 'Tis nature alone that we love ;
 The achievements of art may amuse,
 May even our wonder excite,
 But groves, hills, and vallies, diffuse
 A lasting, a sacred delight.

Since then in the rural recess
 Catharina alone can rejoice,
 May it still be her lot to possess
 The scene of her sensible choice !
 To inhabit a mansion remote
 From the clatter of street-pacing steeds,
 And by Philomel's annual note
 To measure the life that she leads.

With her book, and her voice, and her lyre,
 To wing all her moments at home ;

And with scenes that new rapture inspire,
As oft as it suits her to roam;
She will have just the life she prefers,
With little to hope or to fear,
And ours would be pleasant as hers,
Might we view her enjoying it here.

CV.

THE OLD MAN.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Why gaze ye on my hoary hairs,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks beneath the blast of cares,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling, pray for me.

But then, there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands bore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I plucked a fair white rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchained her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve I knelt me down in woe
And said a lonely prayer,
Yet, still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled—and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear,
I rose a wild and wayward boy,
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came—the props of virtue reeled!—
But oft at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congealed—
Blest mother! was it thine?—

In foreign lands I traveled wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lured my eye;—

Yet, still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
Maintained its mystic sway,
As when amid my curls of gold
With gentle force it lay.

And with it breathed a voice of care,
As from the lowly sod;
“My son—my only one—beware!
Nor sin against thy God.”

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
My kindly warmth away,
And dimmed the tablet of the soul;
Yet when with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm displayed
That guides the warrior throng;
Or beauty's thrilling fingers strayed
These manly locks among,

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!—
And now, though Time hath set

His frosty seal upon my lot,
 These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear,
 A mother's holy prayer,
 A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
 That pointed to a Savior dear,
 Have led the wanderer there.

CVI.

ON PRAYER.—*Montgomery.*

Prayer is the Soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered, or unexpressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try,
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's native breath,
 The Christian's native air:
 His watchword at the gates of Death.
 He enters Heaven with Prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry, "Behold he prays!"

In prayer on earth the Saints are one,
 In word, in deed, in mind,
 When with the Father and the Son,
 Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on Earth alone,
 The Holy Spirit pleads ;
 And Jesus on the Eternal Throne,
 For Sinners intercedes.

Oh ! Thou by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way,
 The path of Prayer, thyself hast trod,
 Lord ! teach us how to pray.

CVII.

WHAT IS TIME ?—*Marsden.*

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
 Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs :
 "Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh, tell
 The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it *well* !"
 I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
 Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled ;
 From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
 "Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"

I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
 Of life had left his veins : "Time !" he replied ;
 "I've lost it !" Ah, the treasure ! and he died.
 I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
 Those bright chronometers of days and years :
 They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare !"
 And bade us for *eternity* prepare.

I asked the Seasons, in their annual round,
 Which beautify, or desolate the ground ;
 And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
 "'Tis Folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize !"
 I asked a spirit lost : but oh, the shriek
 That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
 It cried, "A particle ! a speck ! a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite !"

Of things inanimate, my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply :—

"Time is the season fair of *living* well,
 The path of glory, or the path of hell."
 I asked my Bible ; and methinks it said,
 "Time is the *present hour*—the past is fled ;
 Live ! live to-day ! to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."

I asked old Father Time himself, at last,
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past :
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
 I asked the mighty Angel, who shall stand,
 One foot on sea, and one on solid land ;
 "By Heavens," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er:
 Time *was*," he cried, "but Time shall be no more !"

CVIII.

THE POPLAR FIELD.—*Cowper.*

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
 The winds play no longer nor sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed, since I last took a view
 Of my favorite field, and the bank where they grew ;
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat,
 And the scene, where his melody charmed me before,
 Resounds with his sweet flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breast, and a stone at my head,
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if any thing can,
 To muse on the perishing nature of man ;

Tho' his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

Mr. Cowper afterwards altered the last stanza in the following manner.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we.

CIX.

GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

Reprinted according to the original copy.

The curfew tolls—the knell of parting day!
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds—
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the strawbuilt shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees, the envy'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor ;

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud ! impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?—

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust—
Or flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;—

Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,—
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,—
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,—
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,—
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed, alone,
Their growing virtues,—but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne ;
And shut the gate of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame !

Yet, even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes, and shapeless sculpture, decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews—
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing—lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb, the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes, live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost, in these lines, their artless tale relate,

By chance and lonely Contemplation led,
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate ;

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease ;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace !

No more, with nature and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room,
But thro' the cool sequestered vale of life
Pursue the noisless tenor of thy doom.

CX.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE INTO A WOOD-
Bryant.

STRANGER, if thou has learnt a truth which needs
Experience more than reason, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery ; and hast known
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes and cares
To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pain'd thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. Misery is wed
To guilt. And hence these shades are still the abodes
Of undissembled gladness ; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches, is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit ; while, below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the glade
Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam

That waked them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment ; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in, and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
 The old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees,
 That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots
 With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch, thou scare the wren
 That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
 That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
 Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
 Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

 CXI.

GERTRUDE.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

The Baron Von der Wart, accused, though it is believed unjustly, as an accomplice in the assassination of the Emperor Albert, was bound alive on the wheel, and attended by his wife Gertrude, throughout his last agonizing moments, with the most heroic fidelity. Her own sufferings, and those of her unfortunate husband, are most affectingly described in a letter which she afterwards addressed to a female friend, and which was published some years ago at Haarlem, in a book entitled "Gertrude Von der Wart, or fidelity unto Death."

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised,
 The breeze threw back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed,
 All that she loved was there.
 The night was round her, clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above ;

Its pale stars watching to behold
The night of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she cried,

“My Rudolph! say not so!

This is no time to quit thy side,

Peace, peace! I cannot go.

Hath the world aught for *me* to fear

When death is on thy brow?

The world!—what means it?—*mine is here—*

I will not leave thee now?

“I have been with thee in thine hour

Of glory and of bliss,

Doubt not its memory’s living power

To strengthen me through this!

And thou, mine honored love and true,

Bear on, bear nobly on!

We have the blessed Heaven in view,

Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow

From Woman’s breaking heart?

—Through all that night of bitterest wo

She bore her lofty part:

But oh! with such a freezing eye,

With such a curdling cheek—

—Love, love! of mortal agony,

Thou, only *thou*, shouldst speak!

The winds rose high—but with them rose

Her voice that he might hear;—

Perchance that dark hour brought repose

To happy bosoms near:

While she sat striving with despair

Beside his tortured form,

And pouring her deep soul in prayer

Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,

With her pale hands and soft,

Whose touch, upon the lute chords low,
 Had stilled his heart so oft:
 She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
 She bathed his lips with dew,
 And on his cheek such kisses pressed,
 As Joy and Hope ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
 Enduring to the last !
 She had her meed—one smile in Death—
 And his worn spirit passed.
 While even as o'er a martyr's grave,
 She knelt on that sad spot,
 And weeping, blessed the God who gave
 Strength to forsake it not !

 CXII.

GREECE.—*Byron.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled,
 The first dark day of nothingness,
 The last of danger and distress,
 (Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)
 And marked the mild angelic air,
 The rapture of repose that's there,
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of the placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
 And but for that chill, changeless brow,
 Where cold Obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;
 Yes, but for these and these alone,
 Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;
 So fair, so calm, so softly sealed,
 The first, last look by death revealed !
 Such is the aspect of this shore ;
 'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
 We start, for soul is wanting there.
 Hers, is the loveliness in death,
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb ;
 Expression's last receding ray,
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !
 Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,
 Which gleams, but warms no more its cherished earth !

 CXIII.

 AGAINST PROCRASTINATION.—*Young.*

Be wise to day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead,
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment, leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 'tis so frequent ; this is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, that all men are about to live,
 Forever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise,
 At least their own : their future selves applaud ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !

Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails ;
 That lodged in fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;
 'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool ;
 And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage ; when young, indeed
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest
 Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve :
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

 CXIV.

 DISCIPLINE.—*Cowper's Task.*

In colleges and halls in ancient days,
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
 Were precious, and inculcated with care,
 There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head,
 Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
 But strong for service still, and unimpaired.
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
 Played on his lips, and in his speech was heard
 Paternal sweetness, dignity and love.
 The occupation dearest to his heart
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
 The head of modest and ingenuous worth,
 That blushed at its own praise ; and press the youth
 Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew
 Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant ;
 The mind was well informed, the passions held
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.

If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleaped
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern and darted a severe rebuke :
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and closed the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years :
A palsy struck his arm : his sparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age : his voice, unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and moved derision more
Than rev'rence, in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend ; and Discipline at length,
O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and died.
Then Study languished. Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and scrutiny
Became stone blind ; precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so :
A dissolution of all bonds ensued ;
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken ; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse ; and massy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch ;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,
The tasseled cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mockery of the world. What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot ;
And such expense, as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squandered in pursuits of idle sports

And vicious pleasures ; buys the boy a name,
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves thro' life inseparably close
To him that wears it.

Now blame we most the nurslings or the nurse ?
The children crooked, and twisted, and deformed,
Through want of care ; or her, whose winking eye
And slumbering oscitancy mars the brood ?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction ; needs to learn,
That it is dangerous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge,
All are not such. I had a brother once—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of manners too !
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.
He graced a college, in which order yet
Was sacred ; and was honored, loved and wept,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
Some minds are tempered happily, and mixed
With such ingredients of good sense, and taste
Of what's excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
Nor can example hurt them : what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure from so foul a pool to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth
Exposed their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.

CXV.

THE APOSTROPHE TO LIGHT.—*Milton.*

Hail, holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed ! Since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure etherial stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell ? before the sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to th' Orphean lyre
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night ;
Taught by the Heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare, thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flow'ry brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
Those other two equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,

And Tyresias, and Phineus, prophets old :
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n and morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful rays of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of Nature's works to me expunged and razed ;
 And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the Mind through all her powers,
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

 CXVI.

THE MILLENNIUM.—*Cowper's Task.*

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
 Not to be wronged by a mere mortal touch :
 Nor can the wonders it records be sung
 To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
 But when a poet, or when one like me,
 Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
 Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
 On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
 Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
 To give it praise proportioned to its worth,
 That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
 The labor, were a task more arduous still.

O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true.
 Scenes of accomplished bliss ! which who can see,

Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refreshed with foretaste of the joy ?
Rivers of gladness water all the Earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty : the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repealed.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight ; and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
Together, or all gambol in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.
Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now : the mother sees
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Stretched forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :
That creeping pestilence is driven away :
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and lové. Disease
Is not : The pure and uncontaminate blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age
One song employs all nations ; and all cry,
" Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us."
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannah round.
Behold the measure of the promise filled ;
See Salem built, the labor of a God !

Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
 Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands
 Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
 And endless her increase. The rams are there
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there :
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
 Praise is in all her gates : upon her walls,
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;
 And Ethiopia spreads abroad the hand,
 And worships. Her report has traveled forth
 Into all lands. From every clime they come
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
 O Sion ! an assembly such as Earth
 Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.

 CXVII.

ADAM AND EVE'S MORNING HYMN.—*Milton.*

'These are thy glorious works ! Parent of good !
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair : Thyself how wond'rous, then,
 Unspeakable ! who sit'st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven !
 On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars ! last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater: sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies!
And ye five other wandering fires! that move
In mystic dance, not without song! resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb; that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations! that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud! and wave your tops, ye pines
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise—
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still,
To give us only good; and, if the night

Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed—
Disperse it as now light dispels the dark.

CXVIII.

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.—*Byron.*

Oh ! that the Desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !
Ye Elements !—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being ? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on ; thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields

For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 Then dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war !
 These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
 (Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving,)—boundless, endless, and sublime—
 The image of Eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy

I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

 CXIX.

THE THUNDER STORM.—*Montgomery.*

Oh for evening's brownest shade ;
 Where the breezes play by stealth,
 In the forest cinctured glade,
 Round the hermitage of health
 While the noon-bright mountains blaze,
 In the Sun's tormenting rays :

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
 Through the dim delirious air,
 Agonizing silence reigns ;
 And the wanness of despair.
 Nature faints with fervent heat ;
 Ah ! her pulse has ceased to beat.

Now in deep and dreadful gloom,
 Clouds on clouds portentous spread ;
 Black as if the day of doom
 Hung on nature's shrinking head.
 Lo ! the lightning breaks from high ;
 God is coming ! God is nigh !

Hear ye not his chariot wheels,
 As the mighty thunder rolls ?
 Nature, startled nature, reels
 From the centre to the poles.
 Tremble ocean, earth, and sky,
 Tremble ! God is passing by !

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
 His mysterious hiding-place ;

Should he from his ark of storms
Rend the veil, and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall,
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all.
Struggling nature gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

God of Vengeance ! from above
While thine awful bolts are hurled,
Oh ! remember thou art love :
Spare, oh spare a guilty world.
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile ;
See thy bow of promise smile.

Welcome in the eastern cloud
Messenger of Mercy still ;
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
Peace on earth, to man, good will !
Nature, God's repenting child,
See thy parent reconciled !

Hark ! the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest ;
And awakes the evening star
In the rosy tinted west ;
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high !

Clear and tranquil is the night,
Nature's sore afflictions cease ;
And the storm that spent its might
Has a covenant of peace.
Vengeance drops her harmless rod,
Mercy is the power of God !

CXX.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story !)

In Thebes' streets, three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,

Thou hast a tongue—come let us hear its tone ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !

Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect,

To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect

Of either Pyramid that bears his name !

Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer ?

Had Thebes a hundred gates as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden

By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade ;

Then say, what secret melody was hidden

In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played ?

Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles

Are vain,—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,

Has hob-a-nobb'd with Pharaoh glass to glass ;

Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,

Or doff'd thine own, to let Queen Dido pass.

Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,

A torch, at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,

Hast any Roman soldier maul'd and knuckled,

For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,

Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New works have risen—we have lost old nations,
And courtly kings have unto dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:—
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:—
Have children climb'd and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence?
Posthumous man, who quitted thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue; that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

CXXI.

TO A MUSQUITO.—*Bryant.*

Fair insect! that with threadlike wings spread out,
And blood-extracting bill, and filmy wing,
Dost murmur as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins should bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need.

Unwillingly, I own, and, what is worse,
Full angrily men hearken to thy plaint,
Thou gettest many a brush, and many a curse,
For saying thou art gaunt, and starved, and faint:
Even the old beggar, while he asks for food,
Would kill thee, hapless stranger, if he could.

I call thee stranger, for the town, I ween
Has not the honor of so proud a birth,
Thou com'st from Jersey meadows, fresh and green,
The offspring of the gods, though born on earth;
For Titan was thy sire, and fain was she
The ocean nymph that nursed thy infancy.

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when, at length, thy gauzy wings grew strong,
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung,
Rose in the sky, and bore thee soft along;
The south wind breathed to waft thee on thy way,
And danced and shone beneath the billowy bay.

And calm, afar, the city spires arose,—
Thence didst thou hear the distant hum of men,
And as its grateful odors met thy nose,
Didst seem to smell thy native marsh again;
Fair lay its crowded streets, and at the sight
Thy tiny song grew shriller with delight.

At length thy pinions fluttered in Broadway—
Ah! there were fairy steps, and white necks kissed

By wanton airs, and eyes, whose killing ray
Shone thro' the snowy veils, like stars through mist ;
And fresh as morn, on many a cheek and chin,
Bloomed the bright blood through the transparent skin.

Oh ! these were sights to touch an anchorite !

What ! do I hear thy slender voice complain ?
Thou wailest, when I talk of beauty's light,

As if it brought the memory of pain :
Thou art a wayward being—well—come near,
And pour thy tale of sorrow in my ear.

What sayest thou—slanderer !—rouge makes thee sick ?

And China bloom at best is sorry food ?

And Rowland's Kalydor, if laid on thick,

Poisons the thirsty wretch that bores for blood ?

Go ! 'twas a just reward that met thy crime—

But shun the sacrilege another time.

That bloom was made to look at, not to touch,

To worship, not approach, that radiant white :

And well might sudden vengeance light on such

As dared like thee, most impiously to bite ;
Thou should'st have gazed at distance, and admired,
Murmured thy admiration, and retired.

Thou'rt welcome to the town—but why come here

To bleed a brother poet, gaunt like thee,

Alas ! the little blood I have is dear,

And thin will be the banquet drawn from me.

Look round—the pale-eyed sisters in my cell,

Thy old acquaintance, Song and Famine, dwell.

Try some plump alderman, and suck the blood

Enriched by generous wine and costly meat ;

On well-filled skins, sleek as thy native mud,

Fix thy light pump and press thy freckled feet :

Go to the men for whom, in ocean's halls,

The oyster breeds, and the green turtle sprawls.

There corks are drawn, and the red vintage flows

To fill the swelling veins for thee, and now

The ruddy cheek, and now the rudier nose
 Shall tempt thee, as thou flittest round the brow ;
 And when the hour of sleep its quiet brings,
 No angry hand shall rise to brush thy wings,

CXXII.

FROST.—*Miss Gould.*

The frost looked forth, one still clear night,
 And he said, " Now I shall be out of sight,
 So through the valley and over the height,
 In silence, I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
 The wind and the snow—the hail and the rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
 But I'll be as busy as they !"

Then he went to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
 He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast

Of the quivering lake, he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear,
 That he hung on its margin far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept,
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,

By the light of the morn, were seen
 Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
 There were bevvies of birds, and swarms of bees—
 There were cities, thrones, temples and towers, and
 these

All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair ;
 He went to the cupboard, and finding there,
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,

"Now just to set them a thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three !
 And the glass of water they've left for me,
 Shall "tchick," to tell them I'm drinking !"

 CXXIII.

EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.—*Cowper.*

Dear Joseph—five and twenty years ago—
 Alas ! how time escapes !—'tis even so—
 With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,
 And always friendly, we were wont to cheat
 A tedious hour—and now we never meet !
 As some grave gentleman in Terence says,
 ('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days)
 Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—
 Strange fluctuation of all human things !
 True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,
 But distance only cannot change the heart ;
 And, were I called to prove the assertion true,
 One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it then, that in the wane of life,
 Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,
 We find the friends we fancied we had won,
 Though numerous once, reduced to few or none ?
 Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch ?
 No ; gold they seemed, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,
 Swinging the parlor door upon its hinge,
 Dreading a negative, and overawed
 Lest he should trespass, begged to go abroad.
 Go fellow !—whither ?—turning short about—
 Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out.
 'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end—
 For what ?—An please you, sir, to see a friend—

A friend ! Horatio cried, and seemed to start—
Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart—
And fetch my cloak ; for, though the night be raw,
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,
And was his plaything often when a child ;
But somewhat at that moment pinched him close,
Else he was seldom bitter or morose.
Perhaps his confidence just then betrayed,
His grief might prompt him with the speech he made ;
Perhaps 'twas mere good humor gave it birth,
The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain,
To prove an evil, of which all complain,
(I hate all arguments verbosely spun,)
One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.
Once on a time an Emperor, a wise man,
No matter where, in China or Japan,
Decreed, that whosoever should offend
Against the well known duties of a friend,
Convicted once, should ever after wear
But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.
The punishment importing this, no doubt,
That all was nought within, and all found out.

Oh happy Britain ! we have not to fear
Such hard and arbitrary measure here,
Else, could a law like that which I relate,
Once have the sanction of our triple state,
Some few that I have known of old,
Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;
While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,
Might traverse England safely to and fro ;
An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

CXXIV.

THE CHAMELEON.—*Merrick.*

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times pertter than before ;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The traveled fool your mouth will stop—
“ Sir, if my judgment you’ll allow—
I’ve *seen*—and sure I ought to know.”
So begs you pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
As o’er Arabia wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that—
Discoursed awhile ’mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon’s form and nature.

“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
“ Sure never lived beneath the sun :
A lizard’s body lean and long,
A fish’s head, a serpent’s tongue,
Its foot with triple claws disjoined—
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Whoever saw so fine a blue ?”

“ Hold there !” the other quick replies,
“ Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray :
Stretched at his ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I’ve seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue.
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade.”

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye."
" Green !" cries the other in a fury—
" Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"
" 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,
" For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows—
When luckily came by, a third ;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell them if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother,
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight ;
I marked it well—'twas *black* as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it,"—" Pray, Sir, do ;
I'll lay my life the thing is *blue*."

" And I'll be sworn that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce it *green*."
" Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
Replies the man, " I'll turn him out ;
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him *black*, I'll eat him,"
He said—then full before their sight
Produced the beast—and lo—'twas *white*.

Both stared ; the man look wondrous wise.
" My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
" You are all right and all are wrong :
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others right as well as you,
Nor wonder if you find that none
Prefer your eyesight to their own."

CXXV.

REPORT OF AN ADJUDGED CASE—*Not to be found in
any of the books.*—Cowper.

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,
The spectacles set them unhappily wrong ;
The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,
To which the said spectacles ought to belong.

So the tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause, •
With a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning ;
While chief baron Ear sat to balance the laws,
So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear,
And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,
That the nose has had spectacles always in wear,
Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then holding the spectacles up to the court—
Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,
As wide as the ridge of the Nose is ; in short,
Designed to fit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose
('Tis a case that has happened, and may be again)
That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,
Pray who would or who could wear spectacles then ?

On the whole it appears, and my argument shows,
With a reasoning the court will never condemn,
That the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose
And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,
He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;
But what were his arguments few people know,
For the court did not think they were equally wise.

So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn voice,
Decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*—
That whenever the Nose put his spectacles on,
By day-light, or candle-light,—Eyes should be shut.

CXXVI.

PAPER.—*A conversational pleasantry.*—*Dr. Franklin.*

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were—
 Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
 —By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Called clear blank paper every infant mind ;
 Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
 • Fair Virtue put a seal or Vice a blot.
 The thought was happy, pertinent and true !—
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
 I—(can you pardon my presumption ?)—I
 No wit, no genius, yet, for once will try.

Various the papers, various wants produce ;
 The wants of fashion, elegance and use.
 Men are as various ; and, if right I scan,
 Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray note *the fop* ;—half powder, and half lace !
 Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place.
 He's the *gilt-paper* which apart you store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
 Are *copy-paper* of inferior worth ;
 Less priz'd ; more useful ; for your desk decreed ;
 Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The *wretch* whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
 Is *coarse brown paper* ; such as pedlars choose
 To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next *the miser's contrast* ; who destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match him ? Yes, throughout ;
 He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The *retail politician's* anxious thought
 Deems this side always right, and that stark naught :

He foams with censure, with applause he raves ;
 A dupe to rumors, and a tool to knaves :
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
 While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The *hasty gentleman*, whose blood runs high ;
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry ;
 Who can't a jest, a hint, or look endure !—
 What is he ?—What—*Touch-paper* to be sure.

What are our *poets* ? (take them as they fall—
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all,)
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find :
 They are—the mere *waste paper* of mankind.

Observe the *maiden*, innocently sweet !
 She's fair *white paper* ! an unsullied sheet ;
 On which the happy man whom fate ordains,
 May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring !
 'Tis *the great man who scorns a little thing* ;
 Whose thought, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own ;
 Formed on the feelings of his heart alone.
 True, genuine, *royal paper*, is his breast :
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

CXXVII.

THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND RAZOR SELLER.—*P. Pindar.*

A fellow, in a market town,
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,
 And offered twelve for eighteen pence ;
 Which, certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,
 And, for the money, quite a heap,
 That every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard ;
 Poor Hodge,—who suffered by a broad black beard,

That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose.

With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,

And, proudly, to himself, in whispers said—

“This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

No matter if the fellow be a knave,

Provided that the razors *shave*;

It certainly will be a monstrous prize.”

So home the clown, with his good fortune went,

Smiling,—in heart and soul content.

And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered, from a dish or tub,

Hodge now began, with grinning pain to grub—

Just like a hedger cutting furze :

’Twas a vile razor!—then the rest he try’d;—

All were impostors. “Ah!” Hodge sighed,

“I wish my eighteen-pence was in my purse.”

In vain, to chase his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut and dug and whined and stamped and swore ;

Brought blood, and danced, blasphemed, and made wry
faces,

And cursed each razor’s body, o’er and o’er.

His muzzle, formed of *opposition* stuff,

Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;

So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds.

Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,

On the vile *CHEAT* that sold the goods.

“Razors? a vile confounded dog !

Not fit to scrape a hog !”

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun—

“P’rhaps, Master Razor-rogue ! to you ’tis fun

That people flay themselves out of their lives.

You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,

Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing

With razors just like oyster knives.

Sirrah ! I tell you, you’re a knave

To cry up razors that can’t *shave*.”

“Friend,” quoth the razor man, “I’m not a knave
As for the razors you have bought,—
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would *shave*.”

“Not think they’d *shave*?” quoth Hodge, with wond’ring
eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell,
“What were they made for, then, you dog?” he cries,
“Made!” quoth the fellow, with a smile—“*to sell*.”

CXXVIII.

THE GASCON PEASANT AND THE FLIES.

At Neufchatel, in France, where they prepare
Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
There dwelt a farmer’s wife, famed for her rare
Skill in these small quadrangular delights.
Where they were made they were sold for the immense
Price of three sous apiece,
But as salt water made their charms increase,
In England, the fixed rate was eighteen pence.

This damsel had, to keep her in her farm,
To milk her cows, and feed her hogs,
A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
For digging, or for carrying logs:
But in his noddle, weak as any baby,
In fact a gaby:
And such a glutton when you came to feed him,
That Wantley’s dragon, who “ate barns and churches
As if they were geese and turkeys,”
(Vide the Ballad) scarcely could exceed him.

One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
Of cream, like nectar!
And would’nt go to church (good careful soul)
Till she had left it safe with a protector:
So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,

To watch it, while his mistress was to mass gone.
 Watch it he did ; he never took his eyes off,
 But licked his upper, then his under lip,
 And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
 Begrudging them the smallest sip,

Which if they got,
 Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
 And cried, " Oh happy, happy fly !
 How I do envy you your lot."

Each moment did his appetite grow stronger ;
 His bowels yearned ;
 At length he could not bear it any longer,
 But, on all sides his looks he turned,
 And, finding that the coast was clear, he quaffed
 The whole up at a draught.

Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
 Flew to the dairy ;
 But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
 One sentence mutter,
 Until she summoned breath enough to utter
 " H . ly St. Mary !"

And shortly with a face of scarlet,
 The vixen (for she was a vixen) flew
 Upon the varlet ;
 Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
 Had gulped her cream, nor left an atom?
 To which he made not *separate* replies,
 But with a look of excellent digestion,
 One answer made to *every* question,
 " The Flies."

" The flies, you rogue !—the flies, you guttling dog !
 Behold your *whiskers* still are covered thickly ;
 Thief ! Liar ! Villain ! Gormandizer ! Hog !
 I'll make you tell another story quickly."
 So out she bounced, and brought with loud alarms,

Two stout Gens d'Arms,
 Who bore him to the Judge :—a little prig

With angry bottle nose,
Like a red-cabbage-rose,
While lots of *white* ones flourish'd on his wig.

Looking at once both stern and wise,
He turned to the delinquent
And 'gan to question him, and catechise
As to which way the drink went.
Still the same dogged answers rise,
"The Flies, my lord,—the flies, the flies."

"Psha," quoth the Judge, half peevish, and half pompous,
"Why you're *non-compos* ;"

You should have watched the bowl, as she desired,
And killed the flies, you stupid clown."

"What is it lawful then," the dolt inquired,
"To *kill* the flies in *this here* town?"

"The man's an ass !—What question's this ?

Lawful ! you booby,—to be sure it is :

You've my authority, where'er you meet 'em
To kill the rogues, and if you like, to eat 'em !"

"Zooks," cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.

Constable, catch that thief ! may I go hang

If yonder blue bottle (I know his face)

Is not the very leader of the gang

That stole the cream ; let me come near it."

This said, he darted from his place,

And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows

At a large fly upon the Judge's nose—

The luckless blue bottle he smashed ;

And gratified a double grudge,

For the same catapult completely smashed

The bottle nose belonging to the Judge !

CXXIX.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—*Colman.*

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face :

Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, 'tis well
known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only ;
But Will was so fat he appeared like a tun :—
Or like two Single Gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated :
But all night long he felt fevered and heated ;
And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.—

Next night, 'twas the same !—and the next ! and the next !
He perspired like an ox ; he was nervous, and vexed.
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.—

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him ;
For his skin like a lady's loose gown, hung about him !
So he sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
“I've lost many pounds—make me well—there's a
guinea.”

The Doctor looked wise :—“A slow fever,” he said :
Prescribed sudorifics—and going to bed—
“Sudorifics in bed !” exclaimed Will, “are humbugs !
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs !”

Will kicked out the Doctor :—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor, don't always succeed ;
So calling his host, he said—“Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago ?

“Look ye, landlord, I think,” argued Will with a grin,
“That with honest intentions you first took me in :
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I've caught cold !”

Quoth the landlord—“Till now I ne'er had a dispute :
I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a baker to boot ;

In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven !!!"—says Will ;—says the host, " Why this
passion ?

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion !
Why so crusty, good Sir ?"—" Zounds !" cried Will in a
taking,

" Who would not be crusty ; with a half a year's baking ?"

CXXX.

THE FAT ACTOR AND THE RUSTIC.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Cardinal Wolsey was a man

Of an unbounded stomach, Shakspeare says,
Meaning, (in metaphor,) forever puffing,
To swell beyond his size and span ;

But had he seen a player in our days
Enacting Falstaff without stuffing,
He would have owned that Wolsey's bulk ideal
Equaled not that within the bounds

This actor's belt surrounds,
Which is, moreover, all alive and real.
This player, when the peace enabled shoals

Of our odd fishes
To visit every cline between the poles,
Swam with the stream, a histrionic Kraken,

Although his wishes
Must not, in this proceeding be mistaken ;
For he went out professionally,—bent
To see how money might be made, not spent.

In this most laudable employ

He found himself at Lille one afternoon,
And, that he might the breeze enjoy,
And catch a peep at the ascending moon,
Out of the town he took a stroll,
Refreshing in the fields his soul,

With sight of streams, and trees, and snowy fleeces,
 And thoughts of crowded houses and new pieces.
 When we are pleasantly employed time flies ;
 He counted up his profits, in the skies,
 Until the moon began to shine,
 On which he gazed a while, and then
 Pulled out his watch, and cried—" Past nine ;
 Why, zounds ! they shut the gates at ten."—
 Backward he turn'd his steps *instantly*,
 Stumping along with might and main ;
 And, though 'tis plain
 He couldn't gallop, trot, or canter,
 ('Those who had seen him would confess it) he
 Marched well for one of such obesity.
 Eyeing his watch, and now his forehead mopping,
 He puffed and blew along the road,
 Afraid of melting, more afraid of stopping,
 When in his path he met a clown
 Returning from the town.
 " Tell me," he panted in a thawing state,
 " Dost think I can get in, friend, at the gate ?"
 " Get in !" replied the hesitating loon,
 Measuring with his eye our bulky wight,
 " Why—yes, Sir,—I should think you might ;
 " A load of hay went in this afternoon."

 CXXXI.

THE OLD CHEESE, OR THE HUSBAND ONLY FIT TO BE
 RULED.—*Dr. King.*

Young Slouch, the farmer, had a jolly wife,
 That knew all the conveniences of life ;
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supplied
 The wit that Nature had to *him* denied :
 But then—she had a tongue that would be heard
 And make a better man than Slouch afraid.
 This made censorious persons of the town

Say Slouch could hardly call his own ;
For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
To give him slippers, and lock up his shoes.
Talking he loved, and ne'er was more afflicted
Than when he was disturbed or contradicted ;
Yet still into his story she would break
With "'tis not so—pray give me leave to speak."

His friends thought this was a tyrannic rule,
Not diff'ring much from calling him a fool ;
Told him he must exert himself and be,
In fact, the master of his family.

He said, "that the next Tuesday noon would show
"Whether he were the lord at home, or no,
"When their good company he would entreat
"To well-brewed ale, and clean, if homely, meat."

With aching heart, home to his wife he goes,
And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
And prays dear Sukey—that, one day, at least,
He might appear as master of the feast.

"I'll grant your wish," cries Sue, "that you may see
"'Twere wisdom to be governed still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed, came ;
Each hearty farmer and his simpering dame.

"Ho, Sue!" cries Slouch, "why dost thou not appear ?
"Are these thy manners when Aunt Snap is here?"

"I pardon ask," says Sue ; "I'd not offend
"Any my dear invites ; much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught
To entertain his friends with finding fault ;
And made the main ingredient of his treat
His saying—"there was nothing fit to eat."

"The soup is burnt ;"—"the beef's not done
enough ;"—
"The bacon's rusty ;"—"And the fowls are tough ;"—
"The veal's all rags ;"—"the butter's turned to oil ;"
"And thus I buy good food for sluts to spoil!"

"We are the only Slouches ever sat
 "Down to a pudding without plums or fat."—
 "Why must old pigeons, and they stale be drest
 "When there's so many squab ones in the nest?"
 "This wine is sour;"—the cider, thick and stale,
 "And worse than any thing, except the ale."

Sue, all this while, many excuses made;
 Some things she own'd; at other times she laid
 The fault on chance; but oftener on the maid.

Then cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "This e'en
 shall roll;
 "I'm sure 'tis hard enough to make a bowl."
 "This is skimm'd milk; and therefore it shall go;—
 "And this, because 'tis Suffolk, follow too."

But now Sue's patience did begin to waste;
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.
 "Pray let me rise," says she, "my dear!—I'll find
 "A cheese, perhaps, may be to Lovey's mind!"

Then in an entry standing close, where he
 Alone, and none of all his friends might see,
 And brandishing a cudgel he had felt,
 And far enough, on this occasion, smelt;
 "I'll try, my Joy!" she cried, "if I can please
 "My dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese!"

Slouch, turning round, saw his wife's vigorous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command.
 He knew the twang. "Is't the Old Cheese? my dear!
 "No need, no need of cheese," cries Slouch, "I'll swear:
 "I think I've dined as well as my Lord Mayor!"

CXXXII.

THE MARCH TO MOSCOW.

Bonaparte he would set out
 For a summer excursion to Moscow;

The fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men and more,
Heighho, for Moscow ?

There were Marshals by dozens, and Dukes by the score,
Princes a few, and kings one or two,

While the fields were so green and the sky was so blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

There was Junot and Angerean,
Heighho, for Moscow !

Dombrowsky, and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp and Emperor Nap,
Nothing would do,

While the fields were so green, and the sky so blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

But they must be marching to Moscow.

But then the Russians they turned to ;

All on the road to Moscow,

Nap had to fight his way all through,
They could fight, but they could not parley-vous,
But the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him,

For they set fire to Moscow ;

To get there had cost him much ado,

And then no better course he knew,

While the fields were green and the sky was blue,
Morbleu ! Parbleu !

Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,

All on the road from Moscow,

There was Tomazow and Gomalow,

And all the others that end in *ow* ;

Rajefsky and Noverefsky,
 And all the others that end in *efsky* ;
 Schamscheff, Souchosaneff, and Schepeleff,
 And all the others that end in *eff* ;
 Wasiltschoff, Kostomarcoff, and Tehoglocoff,
 And all the others that end in *off* ;
 Milaradovitch, and Juladovitch, and Karatchkowitch,
 And all the others that end in *itch* ;
 Oscharoffsky, Rostoffsky, and Kazatichkoffsky,
 And all the others that end in *offsky* ;
 And last of all an Admiral came,
 A terrible man, with a terrible name,
 A name, which, (you all must know very well)
 Nobody can speak and nobody can spell ;
 And Platoff he played them off,
 And Markoff he marked them off,
 And Touchoff he touched them off,
 And Kutusoff he cut them off,
 And Woronzoff he worried them off,
 And Dochteroff he doctor'd them off,
 And Rodinoff he flogg'd them off.

They stuck close to him with all their might,
 They were on the left, and on the right,
 Behind and before, and by day and by night ;
 Nap would rather parley-vous than fight ;
 But parley-vous would no more do,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !

For they remembered Moscow !

And then came on the frost and snow,
 All on the road from Moscow ;
 The Emperor Nap found as he went,
 That he was not quite Omnipotent.
 And worse and worse the weather grew,
 The fields were so white and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu ! Parbleu !
 What a terrible journey from Moscow !

The devil take the hindmost,
 All on the road from Moscow !
 Quoth Nap, who thought it small delight,
 To fight all day, and to freeze all night :
 And so, not knowing what else to do,
 When the fields were so white and the sky so blue,
 Morbleu !, Parbleu !
 He stole away, I tell you true,
 All by himself from Moscow !

 CXXXIII.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.—*Colman.*

A man, in many a country town, we know,
 Professes openly with death to wrestle ;
 Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
 Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are ;
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a Fair,
 Who first shake hands before they box,
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,
 With all the love and kindness of a brother ;
 So (many a suff'ring Patient saith.)
 Tho' the apothecary fights with Death,
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
 Lived at New Castle upon Tyne :
 No man could better gild a pill ;
 Or make a bill,—
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister ;
 Or draw a tooth out of your head ;
 Or chatter scandal by your bed
 In gentlest whisper.

His fame full six miles round the country ran ;
 In short in reputation he was *solus* :
 All the old women called him "a fine man !"
 His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, tho' in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will genius fetter)
 Read works of fancy, it is said ;
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd ?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic ?
 Of Poetry tho' Patron-God,
 Apollo patronizes physic.

Bolus loved verse ;—and took so much delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions, on his labels,
 In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables* ;
 Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse ?—and where's the treason ?
 'Tis simply honest dealing :—not a crime ;—
 When patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
 Some three miles from the town—it might be four ;
 To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,

And on the label of the stuff,
 He wrote this verse ;
 Which, one would think, was clear enough
 And terse :

“ *When taken,
 To be well shaken.*”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose ;
 And to the patient's house he goes ;—

Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had :
 It was, indeed, a very sorry hack ;
 But that's of course :

For what's expected from a horse
 With an Apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arrived ; and gave a doubtful tap ;—
Between a single and a double rap.—

The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster ;
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physic'd him,—
And not his master.

"Well how's the patient?" Bolus said—

John shook his head,

"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!

"He took the draught?"—John gave a nod.

"Well,—how?—what then?—speak out, you dunce!"

"Why then?"—says John—"we shook him once."

"Shook him!—how?"—Bolus stammer'd out:—

"We jolted him about."

"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake wont do."

"No sir—and so we gave him *two*."

"Two shakes!—a curse!

'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, sir!—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then sir, my master died."

CXXXIV.

THE MODEST RETORT.

A supercilious nabob of the east
Haught, being great, and purse-proud, being rich,
A governor, or general, at the least,
I have forgotten which,
Had in his family an humble youth,
Who went from England in his patron's suite,
An unassuming boy, and in truth
A lad of decent parts, and good repute.

This youth had sense and spirit ;
But yet with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
 His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade
 Did your good father gain a livelihood?"

"He was a Saddler, sir," Modestus said,
 "And in his time was reckoned good."

"A Saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to sew:

Pray, why did not your father make
 A Saddler, sir, of *you*?"

Each parasite, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,
 Said (craving pardon, if too free he made)

"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
 Your father's trade."

"*My father's trade!* by Heaven, that's too bad!

My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?

My father, sir, did never stoop so low—

He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"

Modestus said, with archness on his brow,

"Pray, why did not your father make

A gentleman of *you*?"

CXXXV.

ODE—TO A PIG WHILE HIS NOSE WAS BEING BORED.

Southey.

Hark! hark! that pig—that pig! the hideous note,
 More loud, more dissonant, each moment grows—

Would one not think the knife was in his throat?

And yet they're only boring through his nose.

You foolish beast, so rudely to withstand
Your master's will, to feel such idle fears !
Why pig, there's not a lady in the land
Who has not also bored and ring'd her ears.

Pig ! 'tis your master's pleasure—then be still,
And hold your nose to let the iron through !
Dare you resist your lawful Sovereign's will ?
Rebellious Swine ! you know not what you do !

To man o'er beast the power was given ;
Pig, hear the truth and never murmur more !
Would you rebel against the will of heaven ?
You impious beast, be still, and let them bore !

The social pig resigns his natural rights
When first with man he covenants to live ;
He barter them for safer styed delights,
For grains and wash, which man alone can give.

Sure is provision on the social plan,
Secure the comforts that to each belong :
Oh happy Swine ! the impartial sway of man
Alike protects the weak Pig and the strong.

And you resist ! you struggle now because
Your master has thought fit to bore your nose !
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impose !

Go to the forest, Piggy, and deplore
The miserable lot of savage Swine !
See how the young Pig's fly from the great Boar,
And see how coarse and scantily they dine !

Behold their hourly danger, when who will
May hunt or snare or seize them for his food !
Oh, happy Pig ! whom none presumes to kill,
Till your protecting master thinks it good !

And when at last, the closing hour of life
Arrives, (for pigs must die as well as man,)

When in your throat you feel the long sharp knife,
 And the blood trickles to the pudding-pan;
 And when, at last, the death wound yawning wide,
 Fainter and fainter grows the expiring cry,
 Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
 To think that for your master's good you die?

 CXXXVI.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.—*Shakspeare.*

I do remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed;
 Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reaped,
 Shewed like a stubble land at harvest home.
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose, and took't away again;
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Took it in snuff.—And still he smiled, and talked;
 And as the soldiers' bare dead bodies by,
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me: amongst the rest demanded
 My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being gall'd
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief, and my impatience,
 Answered, negligently, I know not what:
 He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villainous salt-petre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly : and but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.

 CXXXVII.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay ;
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind ;
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
 He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasure that waited on life's merry morn ;
 While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
 Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise—
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
 The jessamine clammers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall ;
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of *loved ones* reply to his call.
 A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
 His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
 And the lips of the boy in a love kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
 The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
 Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
 “ O God thou hast blessed me—I ask for no more.”

Ah ! what is that flame, which now bursts on his eye ?

Ah ! what is that sound which now larums his ear ?

'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky !

'Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere !

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck,

Amazement confronts him with images dire—

Wild winds and wild waves drive the vessel a wreck—

The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire !

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—

In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save ;

Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,

And the death angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave !

Oh ! sailor boy, woe to thy dream of delight !

In darkness dissolves the gay frost work of bliss—

Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,

Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss ?

Oh ! sailor boy ! sailor boy ! never again

Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay ;

Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,

Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee.

Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge ;

But the white foam of waves shall thy winding sheet be,

And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid ;

Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow ;

Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years and ages, shall circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall roll—

Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—

Oh ! sailor boy ! sailor boy ! peace to thy soul.

CXXXVIII.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.—*Southey.*

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun.
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.
Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
“'Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory.”
“I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The plough-share turns them out!
For many thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in that great victory.”
“Now tell us what 'twas all about,”
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes.
“Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.”
“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“Who put the French to rout;

But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new born baby died ;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."

"Why 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.

"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory."

"And every body praised the Duke
Who this great victory did win."

"But what good came of it at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

CXXXIX.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.—*Byron.*

The Isles of Greece ! the Isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.
The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sire's " Islands of the blest."
The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And nursing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.
A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis,
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they ?
And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ?
'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing suffuse my face ;

For what is left the poet here !
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more bless'd ?

Must we but blush?—Our Father's bled.

Earth ! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead !

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ !

What silent still ? and silent all ?

Ah ! no—the voices of the dead

Sound like a distant torrent's fall,

And answer, " Let one living head,

But one arise,—we come, we come !"

'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;

Fill high the cup with Samian wine !

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,

And shed the blood of Scio's vine !

Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—

How answers each bold bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?

Of two such lessons, why forget

The nobler and the manlier one ?

You have the letters Cadmus gave—

Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !

We will not think of themes like these !

It made Anacreon's song divine :

He served—but served Polycrates—

A tyrant ; but our masters then

Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese

Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;

That tyrant was Miltiades !

Oh ! that the present hour would lend

Another despot of the kind !
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.
 Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
 Exists the remnant of a line
 Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells.
 In native swords, and native ranks,
 The only hope of courage dwells ;
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud,
 Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
 I see their glorious black eyes shine :
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must nourish slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marble steep—
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down your cup of Samian wine !

CXL.

ODE TO MADNESS.—*Penrose.*

Sound the clarion, sweep the string,
 Blow into rage the muse's fires ;
 All thy answers, Echo, bring,
 Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
 'Tis madness, self inspires.

Hail! awful madness hail!

Thy realm extends, thy power prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his venturous sail;
Nor best, nor wisest, are exempt from *thee*;
Folly—folly's only free.

Hark; to the astonished ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,—
Frenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.

Pride—ambition idly vain,
Revenge and malice swell her train,—
Devotion warp'd—affection cross'd—
Hope in disappointment lost,
And injured merit, with a downcast eye,
(Hurt by neglect,) slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,—
Mirth unmeaning—causeless groans—
Bursts of laughter, heartfelt moans—
All seem to pierce the skies.

Rough as the wintry wave that roars
On Thule's desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
(Rage the burden of his song.)
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair—
No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,
Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-born maid,
By too much gentleness betrayed;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She still retains her wonted flame ;

All—but in reason, still the same.

Streaming eyes,

Incessant sighs,

Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair—
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes cross'd,

She mourns herself thus early lost.

Now sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
She starts—she flies—who dares so rude,
On her sequestered steps intrude ?

'Tis he, the Momus of the flighty train,—
Merry mischief fills his brain.

Blanket-robed, and antic crowned,

The mimic monarch skips around ;

Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,

And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from the inmost soul !

“ Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
To finish miseries equal to your own ! ”

Who's this wretch, with horror wild ?

'Tis Devotion's ruined child—

Sunk in the emphasis of grief

Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.

Thou, fair Religion ! wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise ;

To point, where sits in love arrayed,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God and Father of us all.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
 Till superstition, fiend of woe,
 Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
 And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil, the Creator stands,
 (His beams of mercy thrown aside,)
 With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
 And hurling vengeance wide.
 Hope, at the frown aghast, yet lingering, flies,
 And, dashed on terror's rocks, faith's best dependence lies.
 But ah! too thick they crowd—too close they throng—
 Objects of pity and affright!—
 Spare further the descriptive song—
 Nature shudders at the sight—
 Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
 But o'er the hapless group low drop compassion's veil.

 CXLI.

 FUNERAL OF ARVALAN.—*Southey.*

Midnight, and yet no eye
 Through all the Imperial city closed in sleep!
 Behold her streets a blaze
 With light that seems to kindle the red sky,
 Her myriads swarming through the crowded ways!
 Master and slave, old age and infancy,
 All, all abroad to gaze;
 House-top and balcony
 Clustered with women, who throw back their veils
 With unimpeded and insatiate sight
 To view the funeral pomp which passes by,
 As if the mournful rite
 Were but to them a scene of joyance and delight.

Vainly ye blessed twinklers of the night,
 Your feeble beams ye shed,

Quench'd in the unnatural light which might out-stare
Even the broad glare of day ;
And thou from thy celestial way
Pourest, O moon, an ineffectual ray !
For lo ! ten thousand torches flame and flare
Upon the midnight air,
Blotting the lights of heaven
With one portentous glare.
Behold the fragrant smoke in many a fold,
Ascending, floats along the fiery sky,
And hangeth visible on high,
A dark and waving canopy.
Hark ! 'tis the funeral trumpet's breath !
'Tis the dirge of death !
At once ten thousand drums begin,
With one long thunder-peal the ear assailing ;
Ten thousand voices then join in,
And with one deep and general din
Pour their wild wailing.
The song of praise is drown'd,
Amid that deafening sound ;
You hear no more the trumpet's tone,
You hear no more the mourner's moan.
Though the trumpet's breath and the dirge of death
Mingle and swell the funeral yell,
But rising over all in one acclaim
Is heard the echoed and re-echoed name
From all that countless rout :
Arvalan ! Arvalan !
Arvalan ! Arvalan !
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call Arvalan ! the overpowering sound
From house to house repeated rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round.
The death-procession moves along,
Their bald heads shining to the torches ray ;
The Bramins lead the way,
Chaunting the funeral song,

And now at once they shout,

Arvalan ! Arvalan !

With quick rebound of sound,

All in accordant cry,

Arvalan ! Arvalan !

The universal multitude reply.

In vain ye thunder in his ear the name !

Would you awake the dead !

Borne upright in his palankeen,

There Arvalan is seen !

A glow is on his face—a lively red :

It is the crimson canopy

Which o'er his cheek the reddening shade hath shed,

He moves, he nods his head,—

But the motion comes from the bearer's tread,

As the body, borne aloft in state,

Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight,

Close following his dead son, Kehama came,

Nor joining in the ritual song

Nor calling the dead name ;

With head deprest, and funeral vest,

And arms enfolded on his breast,

Silent and lost in thought he moves along.

King of the world, his slaves unenvying now,

Behold their wretched Lord ; rejoiced they see

The mighty Rajah's misery ;

For Nature in his pride hath dealt the blow,

And taught the Master of Mankind to know

Even he himself is man, and not exempt from woe.

O sight of grief ! the wives of Arvalan,

Young Azla, young Nealling are seen !

Their widow robes of white,

With gold and jewels bright,

Each like an eastern queen,

Woe ! woe ! around their palankeen

As on a bridal day,

With symphony, and dance, and song,

Their kindred and their friends come on.

The dance of sacrifice ! the funeral song !
And next the victim slaves in long array,
Richly bedight to grace the fatal day,
Move onward to their death.

The clarion's stirring breath
Lifts their thin robes in every flowing fold,
And swells the woven gold,
That on the agitated air
Trembles, and glitters to the torches' glare.

A man and maid of aspect wan and wild,
Then, side by side, by bowmen guarded, came.
O wretched father ! O unhappy child !
Then were all eyes of all the throng deploring —
Is this the daring man

Who raised his fatal hand at Arvalan ?

Is this the wretch condemned to feel

Kehama's dreadful wrath ?

Then were all hearts of all the throng deploring,
For not in that innumerable throng
Was one who loved the dead ; for who could know
What aggravated wrong

Provoked the desperate blow !

Far, far behind, beyond all reach of sight,

In ordered files the torches flow along,

One ever lengthening line of gliding light :

Far,—far behind,

Rolls on the undistinguishable clamor,

Of horn, and trump, and tambour ;

Incessant as the roar

Of streams which down the wintry mountain pour,

And louder than the dread commotion,

Of stormy billows on a rocky shore,

When the winds rage over the waves,

And Ocean to the Tempest raves.

And now toward the bank they go,
Where, winding on their way below,
Deep and strong the waters flow,
Here doth the funeral pile appear,

With myrrh and ambergris bestrewed,
And built of precious sandal wood.
They cease their music, and their outcry here ;
Gently they rest the bier :
They wet the face of Arvalan,
No sign of life the sprinkled drops excite ;
They feel his breast,—no motion there :
They feel his lips,—no breath,
For not with feeble, nor with erring hand,
The stern avenger dealt the blow of death.
Then with a doubting peal and deeper blast,
The tambours and the trumpets sound on high,
And with a last and loudest cry
They call on Arvalan.

Woe ! woe ! for Azla takes her seat
Upon the funeral pile !
Calmly she took her seat,
Calmly the whole terrific pomp surveyed
As on her lap the while
The lifeless head of Arvalan was laid.
The young Nealling !
Woe ! woe ! Nealling,

They strip her ornaments away,
Bracelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and zone ;
Around her neck they leave
The marriage knot alone,—
That marriage band, which when
Yon waning moon was young,
Around her virgin neck
With bridal joy was hung.
Then with white flowers, the coronal of death,
Her jetty locks they crown.
O sight of misery !
You cannot hear her cries,—all other sound
In that wild dissonance is drowned ;—
But in her face you see
The supplication and the agony,—

See in her swelling throat the desperate strength
That with vain effort struggles yet for life;
Her arms contracted now in fruitless strife,
Now wildly at full length
Towards the crowd in vain for pity spread,—
They force her on, they bind her to the dead.

Then all around retire :
Circling the Pile, the ministering Bramins stand,
Each lifting in his hand a torch on fire.
Alone the father of the dead advanced
And lit the funeral pyre.

At once on every side,
The circling torches drop;
At once on every side,
The fragrant oil is poured ;
At once on every side,
The rapid flames rush up,

Then hand in hand the victim band
Roll in the dance around the funeral pyre ;
Their garments' flying folds
Float inward to the fire.
In drunken whirl they wheel around,
One drops,—another plunges in ?
And still with overwhelming din
The tambours and the trumpets sound ;
And clap of hand, and shouts, and cries,
From all the multitude arise :
While round and round, in giddy wheel,
Intoxicate, they roll and reel,
Till one by one whirl'd in, they fall,
And the devouring flames have swallowed all.

Then all was still, the drums and clarions ceased ;
The multitude were hushed in silent awe ;
Only the roaring of the flames was heard.

CXLII.

CASABIANCA.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
Without his Father's word ;
That Father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done ?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, Father !"—once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone !
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My Father! must I stay ?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And streamed above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
 The boy—oh! where was he?
 Ask of the winds that far around
 With fragments strewed the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part—
 But the noblest thing which perished there
 Was that young faithful heart!

CXLIII.

MARCO BOZZARIS, THE EPAMINONDAS OF MODERN
 GREECE.—*Halleck.*

[He fell in an attack upon the Turkish Camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."]

At midnight in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in supplicance bent,
 Should tremble in his power;
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,

There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day :
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke :
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
 " To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud :
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band ;
 " Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
 Strike—for your altars and your fires,
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
 God—and your native land !"

They fought—like brave men, long and well,
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels
 For the first time her first-born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 Which close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
 Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible : the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

CXLIV.

HOHENLINDEN.—*Campbell.*

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat at dead of night,
 Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
 Each horseman drew his battle blade,
 And furious every charger neighed,
 To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
 Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
 And louder than the bolts of heaven,
 Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
 And darker yet shall be the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
 Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory, or the grave!
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave
 And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
 The snows shall be their winding sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet,
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.*

CXLV.

SATAN CALLING THE FALLEN ANGELS.—*Milton. P. L. B. l.*

He scarce had ceased, when the superior fiend
 Was moving tow'rd the shore; his pondrous shield
 (Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round)
 Behind him cast! the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb,
 Thro' optic glass, the Tuscan artist views,
 At evening, from the top of Fiesole,
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotted globe.

* The above poem has been variously printed in different editions: the Editor has chosen the reading he considers most spirited and elegant.

His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on the Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand)
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl—(not like those steps
On heaven's azure!)—and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Naithless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions; angel forms, who lay, entranced,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, imbower; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when, with fierce winds, Orion, armed,
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast—whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen—who beheld,
From the safe shore, their floating carcasses
And broken chariot wheels: so, thick bestrown,
Abject, and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.

“Princes! potentates!
Warriors! the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits; or have ye chosen this place,
After the toil of battle, to repose
Your wearied virtue,—for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
With scattered arms and ensigns; till, anon,
His swift pursuers, from heaven-gates, discern
The advantage, and, descending, tread us down,

Thus drooping ; or, with linked thunderbolts,
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

—Awake ! arise !—or be forever fallen !”

CXLVI.

OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE VENETIAN SENATE.

Shakspeare.

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters ;
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her ;—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace ;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
'Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself ; yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love : what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal)
I won his daughter with.
Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I run it thro', even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
Of moving accidents, by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,

And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence ;—
 Of battles bravely, hardly fought ; of victories,
 For which the conquerer mourned—so many fell !
 Sometimes I told the story of a siege,
 Wherein I had to combat plagues and famine :
 Soldiers unpaid ; fearful to fight, yet bold
 In dangerous mutiny.

These things to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,—
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs !
 She swore, " In faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :"
 She wished she had not heard it ;—yet she wished
 That heav'n had made her *such* a man ;—she thanked me :
 And bade me if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake.
 She loved me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 —This only is the witchcraft I have used.

CXLVII.

SPEECH OF HENRY V. TO HIS TROOPS BEFORE HAR-
 FLEUR.—*Shakspeare.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends ! once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility :
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger :
Stiffen the sinews—summon up the blood—
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage :
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ;—let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers. Now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you !
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war !

And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not :
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.

The game's afoot.

Follow your spirit : and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and St. George !

CXLVIII.

ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.—*Shakspeare*

Friends, Romans, Countrymen ! Lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones :
So let it be with Cæsar ! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral——

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse ; Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious :
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once ; not without cause :
What cause witholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me :
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ;
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world! now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! If I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong—I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills;
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii—
Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through—
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:—
Through this the well beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
This, was the most unkindest cut of all!
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
(Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar fell.

O what fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel,
 The dint of pity ; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have done this deed, are honorable ;
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That loves my friend—and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
 To stir men's blood—I only speak right on :
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know—
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny.

CXLIX.

MARK ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE DEAD BODY OF
 CÆSAR.—*Shakspeare.*

O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
 That ever lived in the tide of times.
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
 Over thy wounds now I prophesy—
 Which like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;—
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quartered by the hands of war ;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds ;
 And Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
 Cry, *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war !

CL.

MEETING OF SATAN AND DEATH AT THE GATE OF HELL.

Milton.

Meanwhile the adversary of God and Man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight : sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now, shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave, towering high,
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Tunate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs ; they, on the trading flood,
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
 Ply, stemming nightly, toward the pole : so seem'd
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear

Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three fold the gates : three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamant rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape ;
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting ; about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
Nor uglier follow the night hag, when, call'd
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member joint or limb ;
Or substance might be called that shadow seem'd ;
For each seemed either ; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful dart ; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand ; and from his seat
The monster moving, onward came as fast
With horrid strides ; Hell trembled as he strode.

The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not fear'd : God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunn'd,
And with disdainful look thus first began.

“ Whence and what art thou, execrable shape !
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way

To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave ask'd of thee :
 Retire, or taste thy folly ; and learn by proof,
 Hell-born ! not to contend with Spirits of Heaven !"

To whom the goblin, full of wrath replied,
 " Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then
 Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons
 Conjured against the Highest, for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemn'd
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
 And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of Heaven,
 Hell-doom'd ! and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and to inflame thee more,
 Thy king and lord ! Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive ! and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
 More dreadful and deform'd : on the other side,
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Level'd his deadly aim : their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend ; and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on .
 Over the Caspian, they stand front to front
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air :
 So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown ; so match'd they stood ;

For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

 CLI.

SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN.—*Shakspeare*

PRINCE ARTHUR, HUBERT, AND ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—A room in the castle, Northampton.

Enter HUBERT and two ATTENDANTS.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot : and, look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence and watch.

Attendant. I hope, your warrant will bear out the
 deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you ; look to't.—
[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I :
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be merry as the day is long ;
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practices more harm to me :
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son ?
 No indeed, is't not ; and I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate,
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 Therefore I will sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? You look pale to-day.
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How
 now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out the door !
 I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? Is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but
 ache,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time ;
 Saying, What lack you ? and, where lies your grief ?
 Or, what good love may I perform for you ?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,

And call it cunning : do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it?

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age would do it;
 The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench its fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence :
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

[stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of the bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough :
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
 Nor look upon the irons angerly;
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go stand within; let me alone with him;

I Atten. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend :
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a moat in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief—
Being create for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.*
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,—
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

* Set him on.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes ;*
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more : Adieu !—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies will false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven ! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence : no more. Go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

CLII.

THE TENT SCENE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Shakspeare.

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in
this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein, my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.

Brutus, You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

* Owns.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake !
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers ;—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me :
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ! you're not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible !

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this !

Bru. All this ? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart
break :

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth ; yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For my own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me,
Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love.
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold which you denied me :—
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachms, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions ;
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him in pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come Antony ! and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius :
For Cassius is a-weary of the world :—
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note book, learned and conned, by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes?—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth :
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And strait is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

CLIII.

CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.—*Shakspeare.*

Auf. Where is this fellow?

Whence comest thou? what would'st thou? Thy name?
Why speak'st not? Speak man: what's thy name?

Cor. If Tullus

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

Auf. What's thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscian's ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in it; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
Great hurt and mischief; whereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service,
The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited

But with that surname ; a good memory,
 And witness of the malice and displeasure
 Which thou should'st bear me : only that name remains ;
 The cruelty and envy of the people,
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest ;
 And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth ; not out of hope,
 Mistake me not, to save my life ; for if
 I had fear'd death, of all men i' the world
 I would have 'voided thee : but in mere spite,
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that will revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop these maims
 Of shame seen through the country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn ; so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee ; for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou art tired, then, in a word, I am also
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice :
 Which not to cut, would show thee but a fool ;
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. O! Marcius, Marcius,
 Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter
 Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,
 'Tis true ; I'd not believe them more than thee,
 All noble Marcius.—— O let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against

My grained ash a hundred times hath broke,
 And scarred the moon with splinters ! Here I clip
 The anvil of my sword ; and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valor. Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married ; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath : but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my wrapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for it : Thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dream'd of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepared against your territories,
 Though not for Rome itself.

Cor.

You bless me, Gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 The one half of my commission ; and set down,—
 As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways :
 Whether to knock against the gates of Rome ;
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fight them, ere destroy. But come in :
 Let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
A more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

CLIV.

CARDINAL WOOLSEY AND CROMWELL.—*Shakspeare.*

Wol. (alone.) Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!

This is the state of man;—to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,
His greatness is a ripening, nips his shoot,
And then he falls—as I do. I have ventured
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye.
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched
Is that poor man who hangs on princes' favor!
There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell.

Why how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amazed at my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace?

Wol. Why, well—

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden—

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome;
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,

Going to chapel : and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down, O
Cromwell !

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever !
No sun shall ever usher forth my honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor, fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy Lord and master. Seek the king,
That sun I pray may never set ; I've told him
What and how true thou art ; he will advance thee :
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Must I then leave you ? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forced me,
Out of thine honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee—
Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in :
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me :
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;

By that sin fell the angels : how can man then,
 Though the image of his Maker, hope to rise by it ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that wait thee ;
 Corruption wins more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not,
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
 Thy God's and Truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king—
 And prithee lead me in—
 There, take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny—'tis the king's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, are all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of Court ! My hopes in Heaven do dwell.

CLV.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HAMLET AND HORATIO.—*Shakspeare.*

Horatio. Hail to your Lordship !

Hamlet. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor *servant* ever.

Ham. Sir, my good *friend* ; I'll change *that* name
 with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio !

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 To make it *truster* of your own report
 Against yourself. I know, you are no truant.

But what is your affair at Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee do not mock me, fellow student ;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ; the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my direst foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio !

My father—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once ; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Hor. My lord, the king, your father.

Ham. The king, my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while,
With an attent ear ; till I may deliver
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered : a figure, like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slowly and stately by them : thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,
In dreadful secrecy, impart they did ;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch :
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father ;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none. Yet once, methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night ?

Hor. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

Hor. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Hor. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there !

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like ;—staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Ham. His beard was grizzled?—no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant 'twill.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you, sir,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love: so, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

CLVI.

ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK.—*Shakspeare.*

Venice. *A public place. Enter Bassanio and Shylock.*

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me?
Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an

argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies ; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath squandered abroad : But ships are but boards, sailors but men : there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves ; I mean, pirates ; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks : The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient ;—three thousand ducats ;—I think I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may : and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me ; May I speak with Antonio ?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into : I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following ; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here ?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks ! I hate him, for he is a Christian : But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. I am debating of my present store ; And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross

Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
 Will furnish me : But soft : How many months
 Do you desire ?—Rest you fair, good signior ;

[To Antonio.

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking, nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom : Is he yet possessed,
 How much you would ?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
 Well then, your bond ; and, let me see,—But hear you ;
 Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
 Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
 Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you ?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my monies, and my usances :
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
 Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies ; You say so ;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money ? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? or,

Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this, ——

*Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.*

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend ?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm !
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me :
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith : I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it ;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are ;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on : in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

CLVII.

SCENE FROM HAMLET.—*Shakspeare.*

Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Ham. Come, some music.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, Sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him ?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvelous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir ?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer,

to signify this to the doctor ; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir :—pronounce.

Guil. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right sort. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment : if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot. .

Guil. What, my lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's diseased : But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command ; or, rather, as you say, my mother : therefore no more, but to the matter : My mother, you say——

Ros. Then thus she says ; Your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother !—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration ? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us ?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper ? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with recorders.

O, the recorders :—let me see one.—To withdraw with you :—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too-bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe ?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Ros. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying : govern these ventages, with your fingers and thumb ; give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Ros. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony ; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me ; you would seem to know my stops ; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery ; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass ; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ ; yet cannot you make it speak ? Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe ? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

CLVIII.

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.—*Shakspeare.*

Enter Falstaff, Gadshill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been ?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry, and amen !—Give me a cup of sack, boy.

—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? *[He drinks.]*

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter; pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the son! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or any thing; a plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee, like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you son of a gun! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee gibbeted ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing? give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack.—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O, villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. *[He drinks.]*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: If they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four sat upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them: or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: If there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rouges in buckram let drive at me——

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal!

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine men in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But three knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father of them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, thou knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-keech.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason? What sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell

you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin : this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh ;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish—O, for breath to utter what is like thee ! you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again : and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four ; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four : and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it : yea, and can show it you here in the house :—and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done ; and then say it was in fight ! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame ?

Poins. Come, let's hear Jack ; what trick hast thou now ?

Fal. Why, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir apparent ? Should I turn upon the true prince ? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules : but beware instinct ; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter : I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life ; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess clap to the doors ; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants,

lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

CLIX.

DOGBERRY AND VERGES SETTING THE WATCH.

Shakspeare.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbor Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desertless man to be constable.

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbor Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favored man is the gift of fortune: but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favor, sir, why, give thanks, and make no boast of it; and, for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern; this is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand ?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go : and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are not to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets ; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk ; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman ; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend : only have a care that your bills be not stolen :—Well, you are to call at the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not ?

Dogb. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober ; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man : and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may ; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled ; the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of you company.

Verg. You have always been called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will ; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think, it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night—Come, neighbor.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbors: I pray you watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night; adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of ~~five~~ cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

JUN 14 1962 H

